

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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WILLIAM FAREL.

AT the beginning of the last century there could be seen in the church-yard at Neufchatel, in Switzerland, a tombstone with a picture of the cross, or, as others would think on looking at it, of a sword. Probably it was a picture of both, but no picture could truly represent the character of that man who, banished from France for the sake of his pure faith, spent his whole life in holding aloft the cross and wielding the sword of the Spirit, while passing through varied sufferings and dangers in behalf of his Savior. We mean Farel, whom Western Switzerland regards as its first evangelical teacher and reformer, though not its greatest.

On the green hills of Dauphiny, in a little village between Gap and Grenob, which still bears his name, William Farel was born in the year 1489. His ancestors were noblemen, and they had ever preserved a spirit of earnest religious zeal according to the method of the times, when Catholicism reigned supreme. They adhered strictly to the doctrines and traditions of the Church, believing in miracles and the worship of saints and pictures. The boy William, a son of the South, and full of imagination and enthusiasm, followed them in his attachment to the Church. His dark eye indicated a deep earnestness of soul, and his small, vigorous body exhibited activity and energy. He tells us with sorrow how he devoutly made a pilgrimage with his parents to a miraculous cross in the neighborhood, and how corrupted his views were before his spiritual eyes were open. His intense earnestness of heart, his love of truth, his deep though misguided religious feeling created in him a wish to study; and by pressing through many obstacles he finally conquered the objections of his father. The province in which he lived did not afford

good schools for his higher culture, but in 1510 he visited the world-renowned University of Paris, where a new life awaited him. Among the learned men who lived there was a doctor of Sorbonne, Jacob Lefevre, who sought to renew the old scholasticism by a higher form of philosophical clearness, and by the return to the profound principles of the Bible. But it was Lefevre's attachment to the Catholic faith that attached Farel to him. They both were drawn by their early zeal and piety. They were ever attentive to mass and to prayer, always observing the holy days with the greatest strictness, and on the great occasions aided in ornamenting the churches and altars.

But, as Lefevre sometimes enjoyed a glimpse of a higher life in the midst of the darkness surrounding him, he kindled in the breast of his young friend and scholar a kindred disposition to know the whole truth. Young Farel never forgot what his teacher said to him one day: "William, God has something new before you in the world. You will be a witness of the truth." Farel took refuge in the Scriptures themselves, though their words seemed to him to be in open opposition to the spirit of the day. He attributed it to his defective training in philosophy that he could not understand the Bible.

After Lefevre had been led by the Divine guidance from Romish allegiance to the epistles of Paul, and when he comprehended the great fundamental doctrine of Christianity—justification by grace through faith—he commenced to teach and to defend it. He explained it to Farel, saying to him, "Nothing by merit, every thing by grace," and the young man who heard the Word believed it. One error tumbled down after another; the worship of saints vanished before the one Savior, and the authority of the Pope lost its foothold in their hearts. With great earnestness and desire

to know the truth, Farel studied Greek and Hebrew; the ecclesiastical worship in which he had long engaged losing all of its hold upon him. This was in 1512, many years before Luther's mighty voice thundered through the world.

Meanwhile the religious movement of the day began to spread, and a circle of men of evangelical sentiment was formed, the very soul of whom was Lefevre. Farel became attached to it as well as Lemoine, Brisconnet, Count Mont Brun, and Bishop Meaux. This cluster of inquiring men found friends at court, among whom were Margaret of Valois, and, in a certain sense, by her influence, King Francis the First. But he was soon constrained by his mother and by Duprat to conclude the well-known concordat, and enter into an intimate political connection with the Pope. The King stopped all evangelical inquiry at the university. A series of reforms was inaugurated in Paris. A theological school was instituted, and Farel was appointed to a high position in it, where he could exercise his wisdom and talents. Lefevre published his excellent translation of the Bible in the French language; many edifying and earnest tracts appeared; and a great number of people were always convened to hear the Gospel; and unions were formed for reading the Bible together, and for religious conversation; and all this happened in spite of the severe opposition of those who were in the interests of strict Catholicism.

Brisconnet took his first backward step, and Lefevre was stripped of his influence by the hand of authority. Farel, after a short stay in Paris, returned to his home, where he continued to preach the Gospel in simplicity and truth, and had the happiness of winning his three brothers to the cause of Christ. But he was summoned by the tribunal in Gap, and after being banished with great indignity from the city, he continued his missionary work in the country. But the small result of his labors, and the wish to become acquainted with the reformers in other lands, as well as to accept the invitation of friends who had preceded him, led him to go to Basle, in Switzerland, where he arrived in 1524 by somewhat difficult paths.

Having been heartily and hospitably received by Ecolampadius, the fugitive attached himself to him with great affection. Ecolampadius was not at all blind to the foibles of his friend, for he saw the too great enthusiasm and haste of his character. Farel, desirous to be active, asked for permission to defend thirteen theses in public disputation, but was refused. Having made a journey into eastern Switzerland, where

he became acquainted with Zwingle, he returned to Basle, where he found the sentiment and the council so very much changed in regard to him that he received an order to leave the city. Ecolampadius could do nothing more for him than to submit to this decision, and to give him a letter of introduction to Capito and Luther. In Strasburg Farel formed intimate relationship with the ministers resident there, while the journey to Wittenburg remained unfinished because a field nearer at hand demanded his labors.

Mompelgard, at that time the residence of the banished Duke of Wurtemberg, had expressed a desire for an evangelical preacher, and Farel was selected for the position. He went there in the Summer of 1524. The position of that place was very favorable for preaching the Word, and for circulating the Scriptures and evangelical books into Burgundy, Lothringia, and Southern France. Farel's preaching was received with great pleasure by the people, but at the same time rigidly opposed by the nobility and clergy. A monk of Besançon, who entered into public controversy against him, was compelled to withdraw his statements since he could not prove their truth, and of course Farel's fiery zeal was all the more excited by this circumstance, though he had been cautioned in Basle to observe great moderation.

It is said of him that he once met on a narrow bridge a procession in honor of St. Antony, and in his fiery haste he snatched the image of the saint from the priest, and threw it into the river with these words: "Poor worshippers of idols, will you never leave off your idolatry?" He escaped the anger of the throng, it is true, but it was impossible for him to remain any longer in Mompelgard. He went through Basle again to Strasburg, where he met with his old teacher Lefevre, among other fugitives from France. A new door was now open to him, since Berne had expressed a desire to share in the Reformation. Through the invitation of the citizens of Basle he was chosen, in the Autumn of 1526, as missionary in the mountain corner between Vaud and Vallis, at first having only the title of school teacher, he then receiving the name of Ursinus, without salary. Afterward he was formally chosen preacher and teacher. It was a hard position for him to occupy, for not only were the ignorant masses against him, but the clergy used every effort in their power to disarm him of his influence. But he never grew weary of the task before him, and preached and prayed with undiminished fervor. Sometimes he was waylaid and captured by a party in ambush,

but he always escaped, and continued the service of his Master as ardently as ever. He went to other parts of Switzerland, determined that no opposition or danger should make him renounce his faith. At Serrieres he preached upon a stone, and was then invited by the citizens to go into the town and preach in the streets and market-places. In the Summer of 1530 he continued his labors in spite of every opposition, and was invited to proclaim the Gospel in the chapel of the hospital. Farel, however, soon became imprudent in his expressions, and excited the opposition of many of the people. Accordingly a division sprung up among the citizens, some favoring him and others opposing him, and he found that his words did not have the power that he wished.

But Farel, if unsuccessful in one place, would go to another, and, like the apostle Paul, regarded all places which he could enter as a proper scene of his ministerial activity. He often preached in the midst of the shouts of the populace, some of whom convened from curiosity to hear, others from opposition, and still others because they loved his message. He would preach the whole week through twice a day, and it seemed as if he had the zeal of an apostle. He advanced the Reformation by every effort in his power among the common classes. He made a journey to the Waldenses of Piedmont in order to aid the people there in the better arrangement of their ecclesiastical matters. He arrived, in 1532, at Geneva, for the first time.

His name was already known there, and many people visited him in the little inn where he lodged. The council of the city, fearing opposition, and intimidated at the decided course of some of the citizens who were attached to Catholicism, were about to banish him and his attendant Sonieur, though they defended themselves with the Bernese protection in their hands. They escaped, however, for the present, but were soon summoned by the citizens to the cathedral of the city, under pretense of an invitation to enter into a discussion of their principles. The people said to them: "Such a thing is very common when we have strangers in our midst." Farel accepted the invitation and went to the great cathedral. He saw many people coming there with weapons in their hands, and he heard some of them make use of very harsh words against him. Farel, however, quietly pursued his course, and expected to preach in the cathedral the Word of God to all who would hear him.

During the secret transactions against him

a shot was fired at him, but the gun burst and he was not injured. He and his companion were ordered to leave the city within three hours, on penalty of death, and they only received this opportunity to leave from favor and respect to the people of Berne. When Farel rejoined that he was condemned without a hearing, the people hurled at him all manner of severe language. They cried out, "We do not need any further witness. He is worthy of death now." They again cried, "It is better that the heretic should die than that the whole world should be corrupted by him." Farel, full of the spirit of the hero and the martyr, replied, indignantly, "Talk with God, and not with Caiaphas." The people crowded upon him, trampled him under their feet, struck him in the face, and pierced him with their daggers, and if it had not been for the intervention of the syndic he would have been killed. Early in the morning his friends accompanied him over the lake, while Farel's countryman, at his request, remained in Geneva.

It was plain enough that the old Romish party was still in the ascendant. In order that all Farel's influence in Geneva might be destroyed, the people employed a Dominican preacher, Guy Furbity, to preach after his departure. Furbity went into the cathedral and delivered a harangue against the Germans and other heretics. The Bernese regarded this insult as directed against themselves, and they accordingly sent an embassy to Geneva, in whose protection Farel and Viret also went. The council of Geneva hesitated as to what course to pursue. But, unwilling to offend the Bernese any further, and fearing that they would dissolve the Swiss union, of which they formed a part, it concluded to give Farel a hearing, but also to counteract every thing he might say. Accordingly a discussion was arranged between him and Furbity, which took place on the eleventh of February, 1534, in the City Hall. The discussion was opened by Farel, in these words: "The most beautiful victory is the maintenance of the truth, and willingly would I give my life in order that all could become acquainted with it." Furbity was not able to justify his reply by Scripture, and in the estimation of all the people was overpowered by the weighty arguments of Farel. Another preacher, more competent than he, took his place, and the Bernese embassy demanded the right that Farel should have the same privilege of public disputation as the council of Geneva had desired for its preacher.

While the council was undecided as to the yielding of this request the people took the matter in their own hands and conducted Farel into the church of the barefooted monks, where, on the first of March, at the ring of the bell, the Gospel was preached for the first time. Farel's words had power, and the people did not forget them. Henceforth the Gospel made great progress, and from that day the beams of the new light streamed forth from Geneva to other parts of Switzerland. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated according to the instructions of Christ himself; many priests left their altars, and there was a universal stir in favor of the great doctrines which Farel had proclaimed.

But with an increase of Gospel truth there was renewed opposition on the part of the Romish Church, yet it was plain enough that it could not succeed, and that the Reformation was fast becoming a fixed fact in Geneva and throughout Switzerland. On the twelfth of July Farel spoke to the people so convincingly and with such great power that nobody dared to raise a voice against him, and on the 27th of August the Reformation was firmly inaugurated in Geneva, and it has existed from that day to this. Farel was not intent merely on proclaiming new doctrines, but he also paid great attention to an improved spiritual life. Having succeeded in Geneva, he went elsewhere, preaching the Gospel with renewed confidence.

He was now in search of a helper, for he stood greatly in need of one amid his multitudinous duties, and God sent him the very man he sought. One day, in the year 1536, a pale-looking, thin young man, whom the world has become familiar with as Calvin, called to see him, and told him that he would like to spend the night there and in the morning continue his journey to Basle and Strasburg. Farel, seeing what kind of a young man he was, asked him to remain a little longer, but Calvin seemed to be in a hurry, and declined, saying to Farel that he must proceed. Farel told him of the duties which he had thought it would be his part to perform, but Calvin replied that he had a preference for literary life, and that he must pursue that course. Then the man of God rejoined: "Your studies will be cursed henceforth if you try to escape for their sake from God's Word." That was a decided sentiment, and from that moment Calvin became a reformer.

The communion between those two persons was of the most intimate character, for it was one work in which they engaged. Calvin soon

acquired great celebrity throughout Switzerland and throughout Europe; but this, instead of exciting the jealousy of Farel, only increased his confidence in the growing work of the Reformation. The good cause went rapidly forward in Neufchatel and in other places. The people soon professed their adherence to Protestantism with a unanimity and enthusiasm which could only be attributed to Divine influence. Farel went across the borders of Switzerland into Germany and France, and was invited by princes to become their guest. Wherever he went he was received with open arms by the friends of the Reformation, though there were multitudes still attached to the Protestant faith, and ancestors of the present race, and Catholics in those countries who would have devoured him if they had dared to do it.

He was now in advanced life, and on the occasion of a certain missionary tour he preached with his former strength to the great edification of the people, but it was the last effort of his powerful spirit. He returned home to Neufchatel, and still lived several weeks. Many people visited him, especially his brethren in the ministry, and they confessed their great attachment for the cause which he had told them to love, and for the doctrines for which he had so bravely fought. On the 13th of September, in 1565, at the advanced age of seventy-six, and fifteen months after the death of his beloved Calvin, he fell asleep in Jesus.

The opinion of the world has been much divided on Farel. He was not a mild spirit, like *Æcolampadius*, nor was he gentle, like *Melancthon*, but his nature was very similar to *Luther's*—a bold and knightly character, ready to storm a fortress and to scale a mountain at a moment's notice. The cause which he had so dear at heart was an object ever before him, and no man possessed the power to intimidate him; fear was something to which he was a stranger, and he was as ready to preach the Gospel before enemies as to friends.

Thus he had a special mission. He was one of the pioneers of the great Reformation in Switzerland and in Europe; and though his name is not so familiar to us as some of the other reformers, yet his services in his own sphere were honored by the approval of God and by success among the people. All honor to the men who did such noble service! All praise to God for permitting their mantles to fall on others who proved themselves worthy of those who first held up the flag of the Reformation.



## THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF A TRANSCENDENTALIST.

AMONG the literary celebrities of New England twenty-five years ago, was Margaret Fuller, subsequently Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Nor was she less widely known as an ardent and eloquent disciple and champion of Emersonian transcendentalism. It may somewhat surprise the reader that persons of this philosophical stripe should ever be the subjects of a decided religious experience. Margaret Fuller, however, "Boston infidel" though she was, seems yet to have had as marked and positive a religious experience and religious life as, to say the least, most professing Christians. I would call attention to it, not merely as a psychological curiosity, but for the purpose of considering whether there may be such a thing as a lively religious experience—a deep current of religious life, which is not yet, after all, either evangelical or saving.

Margaret Fuller, whose native intellectual force, association with distinguished contemporaries, and melancholy fate, will secure her a permanent place among the biographies of remarkable American women, was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, the 23d of May, 1810. During her early years her whole attention was confined to books. Taught the Latin and English grammar at the same time, she began, under the tuition of her father, to read the former language at six years of age. At fifteen she was studying Greek, French, and Italian literature, Scottish metaphysics, and writing a critical journal of the whole at night. The result of this was a forced product of parental discipline, which so unstrung the body and warped and unduly stimulated the mind, that her physical experiences thereafter were generally painful, her mental exercises fitful and extravagant, and her career woefully erratic. At twenty-two, led by the review articles of Carlyle, she entered upon the study of German literature, reading the works of Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, Novalis, and Richter within the year. In 1833 she removed to Groton, where, in 1835, she was bereaved of her father—an occurrence which not only prevented a visit to Europe, for which she had already arranged, but imposed on her domestic responsibilities that, upon her youthful shoulders, were weighty in the extreme. Shortly after she became a teacher in Boston of Latin, French, German, and Italian—reading with her pupils portions of Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante. In 1837 she became principal teacher in the Green-street school, Providence,

Rhode Island. This arrangement not having proved congenial, she took up her abode in Boston or vicinity, employing herself during several Winters in a sort of lectureship or series of conversations, as they were called, in which German philosophy, æsthetic culture of the fine arts, etc., were made the topics of instruction. She also employed herself much at this time and afterward in composition, publishing several translations from the German, editing a philosophical journal called the *Dial*, and publishing withal an original volume entitled, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." In 1843 she traveled to the West to Lake Superior and Michigan, and published an account of the journey, full of subtle reflection, and with some studies of the Indian character, in a volume entitled, "Summer on the Lakes." In 1844 she went to New York, having obtained employment upon the *Tribune* newspaper as its literary editor. In the Spring of 1846 she visited Europe, journeying through England and across the continent to Rome. Shortly after her arrival here she was married to a young Italian boasting the title of Marquis Ossoli, and a devout Roman Catholic—a very singular connection. As Margaret and the young Marquis had identified themselves with the Liberals in the Roman uprising under Mazzini, upon the failure of the Liberal cause our friends had to flee the country. Passing some time in Florence, they embarked, May 17, 1850, from Leghorn, in the ill-fated *Elizabeth*. On the 15th of July the vessel was off the Jersey coast, and the passengers made their preparations for arriving in port the next day. A gale of great violence, however, that night drove them upon the beach of Fire Island, where, after a few hours, the vessel went to pieces, and Margaret, her husband, and little child, together found a watery grave.

Now, then, for an examination of the religious character and experience of this remarkable woman. Margaret Fuller was naturally intensely selfish, though it is true in that better, nobler sense of aiming simply and solely at self-development. In her description of her own youth she observes, "Very early I knew that the only object in life was *to grow*." But high, noble, and even religious as was this aim, it was yet very far removed from being Christian. The profound desire for a full development of one's whole nature by means of a full experience of life, may, indeed, give dignity to one's career and make it heroic, but it manifestly falls as far short of the ambition to live to do good, as the desire for self-culture transcends that utterly aimless life, in which

"impulse gives birth to impulse, and deed to deed."

Such an aim as the one just ascribed to Margaret, may, indeed, be characterized as *religious*, recognizing, as it does, something divine, infinite, imperishable in the human soul. It is almost Christian in its superiority to all low, vulgar, worldly thoughts and cares, in its recognition of a high standard of duty and a great destiny for man. In its strength one may be enabled to do and bear what would quite crush a soul not thus supported; and in the case of Margaret Fuller, the doctrine of self-culture was a devotion to which she could cheerfully sacrifice all earthly hopes and joys. It may, indeed, be admitted, better to pursue with such devotion even an imperfect aim than to worship with lip-service, as many persons do, even though it be in a loftier temple and before a holier shrine. Yet, manifestly, as already suggested, this is by no means the highest aim. Too generous for any low form of selfishness, too noble to become an Epicurean, too large-minded to become an ascetic, the defective nature of Margaret's rule of life shows itself in that in all its forms, whether as personal improvement, the salvation of the soul, or ascetic religion, it has at its core a profound selfishness.

When the necessity of a religious faith as a foundation of character was first brought to Margaret's attention, she testifies as follows: "I have hesitated much whether to tell you what you ask about my religion. I have formed no opinion. *Loving or feeble* natures need a *positive* religion, a *visible* refuge, a protection, as much in the passionate season of youth as in those stages nearer to the grave. Mine is not such. My *pride* is superior to any feelings I have yet experienced, my affection is strong admiration, not the necessity of giving or receiving assistance or sympathy. When disappointed, I do not ask or wish consolation. I know, I feel the time must come when this proud and impatient heart shall be stilled and turn from the ardors of search and action to lean on something above. . . I believe in eternal progression. I believe in a God, a beauty and perfection to which I am to strive all my life for assimilation. From these two articles of belief I draw the rules by which I strive to regulate my life. Reverencing all religions as necessary to the happiness of man, I am yet ignorant of the religion of Revelation. Tangible promises! well-defined hopes! are things of which I do not *now* feel the need. At present my soul is intent on this life."

This was when she was nineteen years of

age. Four years after she records in her Journal the following sentences, expressive of the religious purity of her aspirations: "Blessed Father, nip every foolish wish in blossom. Lead me *any way* to truth and goodness. O, lead me, my Father! root out false pride and selfishness from my heart, inspire me with virtuous energy, and enable me to improve every talent for the eternal good of myself and others. My heart swells with prayer. I am quite sure I am getting into the right track."

About this time she happened to meet a lady who, having suffered keenly from a severe trial, had at length entered into peace. For two long years the latter had sat in darkness waiting for the light. In full faith that light would come, she had kept her soul patient and quiet—had surrendered self-will to God's will—had waited and watched till at length his great mercy came in infinite peace to her soul. Margaret, who, with affectionate interest, had sought to draw her friend away from her gloom, listened with the most absorbing attention to a recital of this her religious experience, saying: "I would gladly give all my talents and knowledge for such an experience as this." Several years after, as this friend and Margaret were traveling together and looking one lovely night at the river as it rolled beneath in the yellow moonlight, the former, referring again to the blessedness of "God's light in the soul," asked, "Margaret, has that light yet dawned on your soul?" She answered, "I think it has. But O, it is so glorious I fear it will not be permanent, and so precious that I dare not speak of it lest it should be gone!"

In view of the part subsequently acted, and especially in view of the opinions always advocated by the subject of this sketch, one is naturally deeply interested to know the history of this remarkable spiritual transition. Fortunately we are not without a very satisfactory clew to it.

It seems that when about twenty-one years of age Margaret, for the first time, began to feel the need of a home for her heart; began to feel how empty and worthless are all the attainments and triumphs of the mere intellect. Her account of how, after having descended into the lowest depths of gloom, she emerged from this valley of the shadow of death, and passed on and up, ever higher and higher, to the mountain-top, "leaving one by one the dark ravines and mist-enshrouded valleys, and rising ever to higher planes of conviction and hope—ascending to where above the region of clouds a perpetual sunshine lay—to where she was able to overlook, with eagle glance, the

widest panorama," can hardly be read without sympathy—without pain.

It was Thanksgiving-day—November, 1831. She had been to Church, but such was her feeling of disunion with the hearers and her dissent from the preacher, that she had not enjoyed the services. Wearied out with mental conflicts she was in a mood of childish, child-like sadness. The past seemed worthless, the future hopeless. She was filled with a strange anguish, a dread uncertainty. No longer able to bear the weight of her feelings, she walked away over the fields, hoping, by dint of violent exercise, as she had often done, to weary out the anguish that weighed so heavily upon her heart, and which seemed now to have reached its height. She felt as though she could never return to a world in which she had no place. She could not act a part or *seem* to live any longer. All was mockery—all vanity of vanities. A sad and fallow day of late Autumn was that Thanksgiving-day. "Slow processions of clouds were passing over a cold, blue sky; the hues of earth were dull and gray, and brown with sickly struggles of late green here and there; sometimes a moaning gust of wind drove late reluctant leaves across the path—there was no life else. In the sweetness of my present peace, such days seem to me made to tell man the worst of his lot. I paused beside a little stream which I had envied in the merry fullness of its Spring-life. It was shrunken, voiceless, choked with withered leaves. There was no stay for me, and I went on and on till I came to where the leaves were scattered thick about a little pool, dark and silent. I sat down there; I did not think. All was dark, and cold, and still. Suddenly the sun shone out with that transparent sweetness, like the last smile of a dying lover, which it will use when it has been unkind all a cold Autumn day. And, dear reader, even then passed into my thought a beam from its true sun, from its native sphere, which has never yet departed from me. Then and there I saw there was no self, that selfishness was all folly, that it was only because I was absorbed in self that I suffered, that I had only to live in the idea of the All, and all was mine. This truth came to me, and I received it unhesitatingly, so that I was for that hour taken up into God. In that true way most of the relations of life seemed mere films. I was dwelling in the ineffable, the unutterable.

"But the sun of earth set; it grew dark around; the moment came for me to go. I had never been accustomed to walk alone by night, but now I had not one fear. When I came back

the moon was walking clear above the houses. I went into the church-yard, and there offered a prayer. . . . Since that day I have never more been completely engaged in self. . . . This first day I was *taken up*, but the second time the Holy Ghost descended like a dove. I went out again for a day, but this time it was Spring. I will not describe that day; its music still sounds sweetly in my ear. Suffice it to say, I gave myself all into the Father's hands, and was not sternly weaving fate any more, but one elected to obey, to love, and at last to know."

Now I submit whether this is not a remarkable religious experience. Who can read this and deny that transcendentalists may be the subjects of some sort of experimental religion as well as the rest of us? Had we listened to this testimony in class meeting, would we not have unreservedly regarded the subject of it as a genuine disciple? It is, most undoubtedly, for instance, the *religious* sensibilities that are here excited. Moreover, we have at least one important element of *Christian* experience indicated by the foregoing testimony; namely, the *submission of the soul to God*. Self seems to surrender to the Almighty, the human to become merged in the Divine will, and life to be moving, on the whole, in the line of Divine activity. But, after all, is this—this seeming manifestation of the life of God in the soul, in this case—a genuine evangelical experience—a really distinctively valid *Christian* experience? Observe that in this testimony we read nothing—we search in vain for one word about conviction or sorrow for sin—about repentance, faith in Christ, pardon, salvation, sanctification. Can this, then, be a saving experience? But some one suggests: may not the mental exercises in the case under consideration be in reality the same as those which confessedly characterize genuine conversions—the only difference between this and the experience of most Christians consisting in matters purely technical—in different modes and habits of thought, and, consequently, in different forms of expression? Supposing the interior work, in this particular case, was not quite "regular:" has a soul got to be wrenched in a particular way, and must its struggles to adjust itself to God's scheme of life proceed according to a certain preconcerted plan—all mapped out, and technically or scientifically described in order to have the conversion genuine—indisputably "orthodox?" Provided the soul be really humbled before God, and submissive to his will, is not this the essential thing, whatever may be the name or term employed to characterize the act?



Would n't the rose still smell as sweet, though called by some other name?

This is unquestionably a difficult question to adjudicate upon. Perhaps it would not be wise confidently to dogmatize in regard to it. Yet we incline decidedly to the opinion that there is a radical difference between the exercises of a truly repentant sinner, saved by grace, and those described in the eloquent testimony already quoted.

Having conducted our meditations thus far, our attention has been directed to an experience every way similar to that of Miss Fuller. The biographer of Madame Roland thus writes, in regard to her early religious feelings: "God thus became, in Jane's mind, a vision of poetic beauty. Religion was the inspiration of enthusiasm and sentiment. The worship of the Deity was blended with all that was ennobling and beautiful. Moved by these glowing fancies, her susceptible nature, in these tender years, turned away from atheism, from infidelity, from irreligion, as from that which was unrefined, revolting, vulgar. The consciousness of the presence of God, the adoration of his being became a passion of her soul."

The comment which the writer proceeds to make upon this experience is as follows: "This state of mind was poetry, not religion. It involved no sense of the spirituality of the divine law, no consciousness of unworthiness, no need of a Savior. It was an emotion sublime and beautiful, yet merely such an emotion as any one of susceptible temperament might feel when standing in the vale of Chamouni at midnight, or when listening to the crash of thunder, as the tempest wrecks the sky, or when gazing entranced upon the fair face of nature in a mild and lovely morning in June, when no cloud appears in the blue canopy above us, and no breeze ruffles the leaves of the grove or the glassy surface of the lake, and the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers fill the air. Many mistake the highly poetic enthusiasm which such scenes excite for the spirit of piety."

It may be asked, in reply to the above, but does not the imagination enter largely as an element into faith; though the exercise of the æsthetic faculty alone is not religion, does not the lively exercise of the faith-faculty necessarily involve an active imagination; and would n't we naturally expect that in the case of the poet especially his religious sensibilities would be reached through the æsthetic, and that in the case of a poet-philosopher like Margaret Fuller, of extraordinary intellectual force and remarkable independence of character, his religion,

like every thing else about him, would, to say the least, be emphatically *sui generis*, and consequently not to be judged of by the ordinary and accepted standards of faith?

We admit that the foregoing reasoning is sufficiently valid, and the distinctions suggested ought, we think, to be borne in mind in passing judgment upon the experiences of the classes referred to. But we hold that an experience needs to be not only something more than æsthetic, but something more than religious, to be strictly evangelical, to be Christian, to be radically saving.

Whatever may be the value, therefore, of Miss Fuller's inward life, that it can not be considered "salvation" in an evangelical sense of the term—Christian conversion—is sufficiently evident from the fact that it does not proceed from personal repentance toward God, and faith in Christ. It is true Miss F. could say, "This Unitarianism has had its place. There was a time for asserting 'the dignity of human nature,' yet the time seems now to have come for reinterpreting old dogmas. For one I would now preach the Holy Ghost as zealously as they have been preaching man, and *faith* instead of the understanding." And again: "As he began, I made mental comments with pure delight, but straightway the preacher commenced to deny mysteries, the second birth, spiritual influx, and to renounce the sovereign gift of insight, all for the sake of what he deemed a *rational* (?) exercise of the will." And yet, again: "I see a necessity in the character of Jesus, why Abraham should have been the founder of his nation, Moses its lawgiver, and David its king and poet. I believe in the genesis of the patriarchs, as given in the Old Testament. I believe in the prophets—that they foreknew, not only what their nation longed for, but what the development of universal man requires—a Redeemer, an Atoner, a Lamb of God, taking away the sins of the world. I believe that Jesus came when the time was ripe, and that he was peculiarly a messenger and Son of God. I have nothing to say in denial of the story of his birth, whatever the actual circumstances were; he was born of a Virgin, and the tale expresses a truth of the soul. I have no objections to the miracles as such. Why should not a spirit, so consecrate and intent, develop new laws, and make matter plastic? I can imagine him walking on the waves. He could not remain in the tomb, they say; certainly not; death is impossible to such a being. He remained upon the earth; most true, and all who have met him since have felt their hearts burn within



them. He ascended to heaven; how could it be otherwise?"

She was in the habit, withal, of enjoying seasons of remarkable spiritual illumination. "I was in a state of celestial happiness which lasted for a great while. For months I was all radiant with faith, and love, and life. Night and day were equally beautiful, and the lowest and highest equally holy. Before it had seemed as if the Divine only gleamed upon me, but then it poured into and through me a tide of light. I have passed down from the rosy mountain now, but I do not forget its pure air, nor how the storms looked as they rolled beneath my feet. I have received my assurance, and if the shadows should lie upon me for a century they could never make me forgetful of that hour."

Her biographer remarks: "The last passage describes a peculiar illumination—the period when, as it were, her earthly being culminated, and when, in the noontide of loving enthusiasm, she felt wholly *at one with God*, with man, and the universe. It was ever after to her an earnest that she was one of the elect." And yet notwithstanding this experience on the mount of transfiguration, on which she was wont so fondly to linger, and which she was sure she should never forget, no, not though centuries of shadows were to lie upon him, when in after years she was wading through the deep waters of trial, instead of saying, as real, faithful, trusting Christians are wont always to say, often with blinding tears, "*Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight,*" she indites the following bitter, blasphemous, as even her biographer admits, "words of transient madness:" "O, God, help me, is all my cry. Yet I have little faith in the paternal love I need, *so ruthless or so negligent seems the government of this earth.* I feel calm, yet sternly toward fate. I submit because useless resistance is degrading; I submit, but I do not acquiesce; I submit, but demand an explanation."

How much piety in this! Who ever heard of an eminent saint in the evangelical Church declaring, "I submit, but I submit under protest?" Even Christ could say, "Yet not as I would, Thy will, not mine, be done!" This explosion of a rebellious heart sufficiently indicates, we think, that the palingenesis under review was not genuine, was not *radical*, that the subject of the same was not *saved to the uttermost*—was very far from being *sanctified, body, soul, and spirit*. Accordingly, we are not specially surprised to meet with such superlatively silly and frivolous statements concerning Christ and his Gospel, as the following: "As

in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,' if understood in the large (?) sense of every man his own Savior, and Jesus only representative of the way all must walk to accomplish our destiny, is indeed a worthy Gospel." "Ages may not produce one worthy to loose the shoes of the Prophet of Nazareth; yet there will surely be another manifestation of that Word which was in the beginning. The very greatness of this manifestation demands a greater. As an Abraham called for a Moses, and a Moses for a David, so does Christ for another ideal. *We want a life more complete and various than that of Christ.* We have had a Messiah to teach and reconcile. Let us now have a man to live out all the symbolical forms of human life, with the calm beauty of a Greek god, with the deep consciousness of Moses, with the holy love and purity of Jesus."

Margaret Fuller Ossoli may be regarded as the "bright consummate flower" of the transcendental philosophy in New England. A woman of prodigious intellectual energy, her philanthropic impulses were as steady and strong as her intellectual and scholarly attainments were varied and vast. But her character wanted symmetry, her temper wanted sweetness, her heart wanted peace—a profound and abiding peace. "The beauty of holiness" was something entirely foreign to her. Who would ever have thought of calling her a saint? Notwithstanding all her beautiful illuminations, how little she really knew about having her *life hid with Christ in God!* How completely a stranger to the moral elevation of a Mary Lyon, the genial piety of a Hannah More, the self-sacrificing spirit and martyr-like heroism of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, to the heavenly mindedness and personal saintliness of a Mary Fletcher. In view of the erratic, troubled, and comparatively fruitless, nay, disastrous career of the illustrious subject of this sketch, on the one hand, and the truly beneficent and ever-expanding circle of influence of that constellation of Christian women just named on the other, shall we not unite with Paul in paying our heartiest tribute to the superlative "excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord?"

A MAN that is fit to make a friend of, must have conduct to manage the engagement, and resolution to maintain it. He must use freedom without roughness, and oblige without design. Cowardice will betray friendship, and covetousness will starve it. Folly will be nauseous, passion is apt to ruffle, and pride will fly out into contumely and neglect.

## CONVERSATION AS A FINE ART.

WHY is it that the history of the world presents so few who have acquired pre-eminence in the art of conversation? We can understand why there are so few brilliant orators, or philosophers, or soldiers. Few, comparatively, enter these different and peculiar departments of life, and few have the opportunity, even if they had the power, to rise. But talking is the inalienable birth-right of the race. Society has its talkers, but how rare the instances of refined and elevated conversational power! Talking is indeed a *vulgar* art every-where, but how few make it a *fine* art! The endless repetitions of the commonest platitudes; its gossip—if not mischievous or malicious, yet empty of good—discover often a talent and a tact of no ordinary grade; but how unworthily employed! How few there are who really comprehend the value of conversation as one of the educational forces by which society may be elevated and refined! How few there are who comprehend its worth as an element of personal or social power! Men regard it a worthy ambition to become brilliant orators. Why is it not an equally honorable ambition to become brilliant talkers? Both mold the sentiments and guide the actions of society by the power of speech. But the one can be used only on rare occasions; the other can be employed day by day. If the one commands large assemblies, the other finds its advantage in the frequency of its occasions, and in the direct personal contact which gives an individualizing power.

To women especially is there opened here a field in which cultivated powers may be employed for the noblest ends. In the social circle her influence is almost unbounded, and by the exercises of the cultured graces of thought and speech she may diffuse everywhere in social life enrichment of intellect, as well as refinement of manner.

The following odd advertisement appeared in a Brussels paper: "The Baron Frederic d'A. has the honor to inform the public that, being gifted with a remarkable talent for conversation, nourished by such solid studies as are rare in these times, and having garnered up in his various travels numerous interesting and instructive observations, he offers his services to the masters and mistresses of houses, and to all that unfortunate class of persons who are dying of *ennui* because they do not know how to talk. The Baron d'A. holds conversations in his saloon, which is open twice a day to subscribers at five dollars per

month, and is the *rendezvous* of a polite circle of talkers. He here consecrates three hours of the day to instructive and agreeable converse. The evenings are devoted to news, literature, the arts, and observations on manners, which are made satirical without being bitter. Politics are wholly excluded. The Baron will attend at private houses at the rate of two dollars an hour. The Baron will not accept more than three invitations a week to dinner, at four dollars each, not including the evening. He graduates the tone of his conversation by the amount of his pay. The Baron d'A. is also prepared to furnish any number of talkers, elegantly dressed, who will aid him in varying and sustaining the conversation in case his employers wish to avoid the embarrassment and trouble of taking part in the conversation. He will also provide friends for strangers, and for those who are seeking an entrance into good society."

In this day and age no philanthropic teacher of the art appears, and we are left to study and prepare ourselves for the conversational coterie.

Among the varied means for attaining a more elevated conversational power, the proper cultivation of the voice is too important to be overlooked.

In one of the southern provinces of fairy-land there reigned a queen, celebrated for the exceeding homeliness of her face and figure. It would be impossible to give an idea of her appearance, it was so unusual. One day, in her self-communings, she thought—"Well! I'm not beautiful. I must acknowledge it. I am not so obtuse but that I notice the ill-concealed scorn of my court-beauties when they look upon the coarse outlines of my face, on my large, heavy features and my hideous complexion. When I walk out, even the children notice my distorted figure and huge, misshapen hands and feet. No! I believe there is not one single redeeming feature in my personal appearance. What is to be done? I repel my people when I would attract them. They look upon me with dislike and even disgust. I must win their hearts if I would keep my crown, but my repulsive appearance seems to defeat all my good desires and intentions toward them. Let me think! I can not change my features nor my form. Is there no grace, no charm I can acquire? My laugh! my voice! My heart is warm and true; could it not speak through them and win me what I so long for—the love of my subjects? I will try."

And so the good queen set to work. Thoroughly she understood what she had to do;

and, her plans completed, the active work began. She studied carefully the strength and compass of her voice, and noticed its every intonation and inflection. No opportunity was lost, no impediment allowed to retard her progress. And soon the results began to show. The fairies wondered among themselves—"Has not our queen greatly improved since she came into power? Truly she grows more beautiful. Was ever any thing more enchanting than that low, gurgling laugh? It is like the ripple of the sea! And then her voice!

'Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
Piercing sweet! blinding sweet!'

One lives in the dream of the beautiful sounds. O, she is a good queen! We love her! Long live our beautiful queen!" The victory was won! How, but by the power of the voice?

Many a soul, rich in the culture of intellect and in the beauty of knowledge, but not gifted with the attractions of personal beauty, might, by the right culture and management of the voice in graceful and intelligent conversation, sway a dominion more potent than that of the queen in fairy legend.

The poet Rogers was annoyed by the twisting and torturing of words by some people. It was a favorite fancy of his, that, perhaps, in the next world, the use of words might be dispensed with, that one's thoughts might stream into the minds of others without any verbal communication. His theory we can not admit. Language, as well as thought, is the attribute of the angels of God, and of the just made perfect in heaven. Among all the myriad utterances of nature, none is so beautiful, so weird in its power, as that of the human voice. The utterance of the single word, Mesopotamia, by Whitefield, would make men tremble. The repetition of the Lord's Prayer, by Murdoch, in a social circle, has drawn tears from the eyes of all present, not excepting his own. How often has the most turbulent nature been calmed, subdued, and controlled by the soft, sweet cadences of a woman's voice! Who would think lightly of the possession of these conquering tones?

Cultivation, study, determined effort, with a pure and well-stored mind, will win the prize. The human voice is not only susceptible of wonderful power, but also of wonderful cultivation. A musical voice is often the gift of Nature; but, when Nature has denied the gift, true Art, her handmaid, will compensate for the paucity of our endowments.

How often have kind, pleasant tones hushed the rising storm within, and at the same time

averted the gathering storm without! How often has soft, persuasive speech won its way, when harsh, dogmatic tones would only have provoked resistance! The very infant will be moved to smile or weep by its intuitive rendering of the tones of the voice. Genuine sensibility finds expression in tones of corresponding beauty and power. They are an electric chain, links in the social compact, binding heart to heart. They linger long in the memory; and when, for years almost uncounted, the loved one has been a dweller in the spirit-land, yet the mysterious melody, heard in the olden time, is still round and about us, both in the morning and the evening tide.

John Randolph of Roanoke was gifted with wonderful conversational powers. Though he had peculiar intellectual qualities, he could convey as much by a look or a gesture as others by a whole oration. Before disease and premature old age shriveled him his face was fair and delicate as a woman's, eminently expressive of either passion or thought, and lit up by lustrous eyes that of themselves almost spoke. To these personal advantages he joined a clear voice and utterance. Nothing could exceed them for purposes of conversation, and he managed them with wonderful dramatic effect. It was impossible not to listen to him as long as he chose, for you could no more escape the "thralldom of his speech" than could the wedding guest the glittering eye and wonderful tale of the Ancient Mariner. This, however, was in his more genial time. With the approach of disease, and the imbittering effects of blasted ambition, he grew morose, sarcastic, selfish, sad; and the charm of his conversation departed.

To shine in conversational circles, reading and a various knowledge of men and books is absolutely essential. The realms of history, biography, and travels; the investigations of science and philosophy; the current literary news; painting, sculpture, music; the numberless incidents, phases, and accidents of human life, all afford fertile themes of conversation.

Conversation has been compared to a lyre with seven chords—philosophy, art, poetry, politics, love, scandal, and the weather. Leaving out scandal, the only jarring chord, we might accept this lyre as embracing the principal topics of conversation, and take it as a course of study. We would add to it, however, a knowledge of the Bible. A knowledge of its theology, history, morals, poetry, and eloquence will add largely to one's materials for conversation. De Quincy, the able literary critic,



traces a part of the power and worth of the great English poets—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey—to their admiration for and use of the Scripture dialect. Fisher Ames, the great orator of New England, recommended the Scriptures as “a fountain of style.” And New England’s greater son—Daniel Webster—was an earnest admirer and student of the same Divine Volume, regarding it as “a repository of great images and phrases, no less than of great and peerless facts.”

Another object of cultivation, with the end—conversation—in view, should be acute habits of observation. The book of nature lies open around us—Flora, with her variegated treasures; natural scenery, with its ever-changing and exquisite beauties; the vast dome of heaven, full of unfathomable glory; the sunsets, fair portals to “the house not made with hands.” Here, to the acute observer, countless stores of conversational lore are unfolded. We would also include a study of human nature, in all its varied phases and ranks of life. This supplies a knowledge than which nothing is more available in conversation. Charles Dickens, through this knowledge, won his enviable title of master delineator of human life and character.

Meditation and deep, searching thought, must be added to reading and observation. It is not sufficient to read a book, it must be studied and thought over. Trenchant points must even be memorized. Close, familiar intercourse with transcendent minds can not fail to leave its imprint upon us. We must have thought, as well as reading, to prepare us for conversation upon ethics or morals. The profound questions of science, nature, or art, at our first glance may seem chaotic, dim in their details, and beyond our mental grasp; yet, as we meditate upon them, study, and marshal in order established facts, these profound and recondite subjects will unfold themselves more and more, and we shall achieve the intellectual mastery over them. A lady requested of the Abbe de Lille a few verses on rural subjects. Thought upon thought, sketch upon sketch, produced the volume—*Les Jardins*. In the Pleasures of Memory, the poet, at first, proposed a simple description in a few lines, but the meditation of years produced one of the finest poems in the English language.

The mind, being cultivated by various knowledge, and strengthened by deep, searching thought and observation, a felicitous and fluent habit of expression in words of that which is within us remains to be acquired.

A study of words, memorizing of phrases, expressions, quotations, habits of writing, and

then a deliberation and self-possession in speaking, that the choicest words may be selected, will aid in the formation of a ready and happy style of speech.

Pitt attributed his fluency of speech to having been required by his father to translate freely every evening, before him and the assembled family, the portions of Livy, Virgil, etc., which he had read in the morning with his tutor.

Griswold tells us that the greatest charm in the conversation of Edgar Allan Poe was his wonderful command and nice selection of words. He would hold his hearers enchained by the effect of his wonderful imagery, sometimes demonstrated in forms of the gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur, and again in those of the most airy and delicious beauty.

An article on conversation could not be complete without mention of Madame de Stael, the greatest conversationalist the world ever produced. Byron said of her, she wrote octavos and talked folios. Accustomed to be the cynosure of the saloon, she stunned Schiller and teased Goethe by her lively egotism and Parisian volubility. Of her it might be said, as she herself remarked of Coleridge, “he is gifted in monologue, but not at all in dialogue;” and yet, such were Madame de Stael’s powers of language that her auditors were once unconscious of a severe thunder-storm that swept round them. She was the leading star of the most brilliant society in the world. Mrs. Child, in her admirable Memoir of Madame de Stael, enumerates among the attendants of her saloon Wellington and Lafayette, Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, and Prince Laval, Humboldt and Blucher from Berlin, Constant and Sismondi from Switzerland, the two Schlegels from Hanover, Canova from Italy, the beautiful Madame Récamier and the admirable Duchess de Duras, and from England a general emigration of British talent and rank. In conversation with men like these Madame de Stael shone in the fullness of her splendor. Madame Tessé declared if she were a queen she would order Madame de Stael to talk to her always. Her most beautiful writings, her most eloquent remarks in society, were far from equaling the fascination of her conversation, when she threw off the constraint of conforming to various characters, and talked unreservedly to one she loved. She then gave herself up to an inspiration which seemed to exercise as supernatural an effect upon herself as it did upon others.

Specific preparation, that is, for anticipated conversations, has undoubtedly been the practice of all, or nearly all the world’s great conversationalists. Many of the witticisms and



brilliant repartees that have flashed out upon the social circle, have been conned and studied, and not unfrequently repeated and acted secretly, before the brilliant scintillations, apparently all impromptu, sparkled and blazed for wonderment and admiration of the circle for which they were prepared. Johnson, the "intellectual gladiator," always desired a day's notice when he was to meet Lord Thurlow, that he might prepare for the rencounter. After Sheridan's death some curious relics of preparation were found in slips of paper with some of his best known witticisms upon them, the point shifted from one part to another of the sentence, to try the effect in different positions.

Sidney Smith gave a sort of literary breakfast party. He would prepare himself upon some certain topic of conversation, arrange eloquent passages or pathetic incidents, and then with exquisite tact guide the conversation into the prepared channels, and be at once the astonishment and admiration of his hearers, on account of his extraordinary readiness of thought and flow of speech.

One day, at Madame Necker's the Chevalier de Chastellur arrived first of the company invited to a dinner party, and so early indeed that the mistress of the house was not in the drawing-room. In walking about he saw on the floor under a chair a little book, which he picked up, and in it read several pages in the handwriting of Madame Necker. It was the *preparation* for this very dinner to which he was invited, and contained all that Madame Necker was to say to the most remarkable persons at table. After reading it, he replaced the book under the chair, and presently a footman entered to say that his mistress had mislaid her pocket-book. It was found and carried away. The dinner was delightful to M. de Chastellur, who saw that Madame Necker repeated word for word what was written in the book.

Her celebrated daughter, Madame de Stael, tells in her *Ten Years' Exile*, "I was invited one day to dine at General Berthier's when the First Consul was to be of the party. As I knew he had expressed himself unfavorably about me, it occurred to me that he might accost me with some of those rude expressions which he took pleasure in addressing to ladies, such as, 'How red your elbows are!' and 'Pray tell me, do you ever change your gown?' For this reason I wrote a number of tart and piquant replies to what I supposed he might say. Had he chosen to insult me it would have shown a want both of character and understanding to have been taken by surprise; and

as no person could be sure of being unembarrassed in the presence of such a man, I prepared myself beforehand to brave him. Fortunately, the precaution was unnecessary. He only addressed the most common questions to me." All this indicates that even the greatest genius of the conversational art, did something more than merely to rely upon her genius for those sallies of wit and repartee as well as of learned and varied discourse, that have made her name memorable.

Conversation has a nobler aim than simply to lend luster to the passing hour. It is a divine power given for self-improvement and to aid in the great work of social instruction, education, and refinement. When themes worthy of our God-given intellect become current in social intercourse, and when these are handled with the mastery of cultivated thought and elegant diction, then shall conversation find its true position, with painting, and poetry, and sculpture, and music; and be enthroned as one of the fine arts, its mission every-where recognized as one that is to ennoble our race and bless the world.

#### THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

THE evidence we have to convince the world of the truth of Christianity has been accumulating with the investigations and discussions of the ages, till it has become so voluminous that it is hardly possible for one mind to master it all. We have volumes on the prophecies which refer to cities and nations, proving that they were destroyed according to the predictions of those men of old who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. We have many volumes on the Messianic prophecies, which show that Jesus, in his person, character, and work, is a complete fulfillment of the ancient promise of God concerning a Redeemer. And the progressive triumph of the Christian religion over the world, since the ascension of Jesus to his mediatorial throne, is a proof of the divinity of his doctrines, to which reference is continually made by preachers and theological writers.

All these evidences are very valuable; they improve the minds and strengthen the faith of those who study them in a candid spirit. But those who have not time to study the extensive evidences of prophecies and miracles, can find enough evidence in the perfect adaptation of Jesus to the work which he came from heaven to accomplish, to convince them that his religion is no "cunningly devised fable."

If we admit the facts of sin, the moral ruin of the world, and the necessity of a Redeemer, we can not avoid the conclusion that Jesus Christ is the only being within the range of our knowledge capable of redeeming the world. If he fail in this work we are left without hope, because we can not imagine any qualifications a Redeemer of lost sinners could have which Jesus does not possess. Should we reject the moral law as a rule of human life, on account of some fancied imperfections in it, would we not be without law because of our inability to conceive any thing better than the Ten Commandments? Yes, and just as truly as that Jesus Christ kept the moral law—loving God and man with an infinite love—manifesting his love for us by dying on the cross, so truly will those who reject him be left without a Savior. We love to study the character of Jesus, for we are ever finding something new in it. It is remarkable that the person and character of Christ are the most prominent theological specialties of the present age. There will, perhaps, be more works on Christology published in our generation than have appeared during the eighteen centuries preceding us. The thought of the educated world has never in any age had such a Christward tendency; and we are constantly reminded of the prophetic declaration of the Divine Master, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me."

We can not imagine any other way in which our lost world could have been redeemed than by the incarnation of Jesus, the second person of the Trinity. Putting out of view the necessity of an atonement, which no other than Christ could have made, we can not imagine *how sinners could have been drawn back to God, from the great distance to which they had wandered, except by Divine love and sympathy manifested through human nature.* God can, in a degree, manifest his goodness and love through the materiality of external nature. In the sunshine and showers of Spring, and in the golden luxuriance of Summer and Autumn, the great Creator and Ruler makes known his beneficence; but nature is not a personality—through it the sympathy, the tender compassion of God for lost sinners could not be revealed to us—and if after the fall of man God had chosen the innumerable stars for his eyes, and commanded them to weep over our world continual tears—had he given to all the winds the deepest tones of sorrow—had he arranged to have perpetual earthquakes represent the throbbings of his infinite heart—had all the forces and all the voices of the material universe been united to manifest the sympathy of God—by

which sinners would have been encouraged to return to him—all these would not have equaled in attracting, redeeming power one glance of compassion, one tear of pity, that fell from the tender human face of Jesus Christ!

If the material world could not manifest the love and sympathy of God for lost sinners in such a way as to draw them back to his tender bosom, neither could angels, nor any order of intelligences *distinct in their nature from man.* We can not see that an incarnate angel could have any more redeeming power, either by virtue of his sympathy, or any kind of suffering he might endure, than a mere sinless man would have. Indeed, an angel by incarnation, by being brought down into human conditions, would lose his angelhood and become only a man.

Taking, therefore, the ultra Unitarian standpoint, and leaving the necessity for an atonement through the shedding of blood out of the question, we would still feel that, as an *attracting power* to draw us to God, we need more love and sympathy than can be manifested by the material elements of nature—more than an incarnate angel could express—more than a sinless man could express; yes, we would still profoundly feel the truth, that we need the love and sympathy of God, manifested through human nature. The loud cry of our ruined souls would still be for a GOD-MAN, through whom the beams of Heaven's compassion might stream upon us and draw us up into that orbit of purity and harmony where we were created to move.

In the lowly conditions and circumstances of Christ's earthly life, as being favorable to the cultivation of that intense sympathy which qualified him for his high-priesthood, we have a revelation of the wisdom of God. The Divine sympathy needed no cultivation; it was perfect from eternity; but the human nature which was to become its channel to the lost world, must be so educated that the poorest sinner would feel that in the penniless, homeless Christ he had a friend, touched with the feeling of all his infirmities, and knowing all his trials and wants. Therefore Jesus was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. He grew up in poverty, working, no doubt, daily with his foster-father at the carpenter's trade till he was thirty years old. A complete history of those thirty years would probably furnish us many incidents through which we would see how naturally Jesus became "a man of sorrows." The flight of his parents into Egypt when he was an infant, and the story of the murdered babes of Bethlehem—which we may

suppose his mother told him as soon as he could understand it—gave a hue of peculiar sadness to the morning of his earthly life. Living so long among the lowly of earth, with a perception of their condition such as no mind affected by sin could have, with a soul sensitive and capable of feeling in proportion to his spotless purity, Jesus was made perfect in sympathy for his high-priesthood through suffering.

It is remarkable that very few, if any, of the great religious reformers mentioned in history were born and raised in what the world would term "the higher class of society."

Those who are born of wealthy and distinguished parentage, who have cradles of down in their childhood, whose education is begun in very select private schools and finished in the most celebrated colleges, are objects of envy to many who are born in poverty and obscurity, and who educate themselves by the labor of their own hands, or by teaching during their vacations; but pity should take the place of such envy; for while those fortunate young men of the first families, if they enter the Christian ministry, may take an easy place in the Church and read prayers in exquisite style for the benefit of the rich and externally cultivated, they never can have that knowledge of the poor, that sympathy for the lowly, possessed by those who have learned from experience what poverty, toil, and suffering are—they never can have the glory of true reformers; and just in proportion as they fail to be true reformers, they fail to be like Jesus Christ.

A distinguished Christian philosopher in a work that will live through all the ages, has said that the purpose of God in placing his Son in the lowliest conditions of human life, was that the rich and proud might have a lesson of humility, and that the poor and oppressed might see the possibility and be inspired with the hope of elevation.

We think another purpose was that Jesus, by his experimental familiarity with lowly life, might be educated as the sympathetic high-priest of the lowly, and be prepared to feel in his human nature the infirmities of all men.

It is also true that Jesus was prepared for his sympathetic priesthood by temptations. "In all points he was tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Admitting the divinity of the Savior, that he was both God and man—and we think the Scriptures teach this as plainly as they teach any thing—there is a profound mystery in his temptation which we will never in time be able to understand.

As the obedience of Christ's human nature to the divine law was voluntary, we can not

take away from him the possibility of disobedience; and yet, as the divine nature was inseparably united with his humanity, we shrink from the assertion that it was possible for him to be disobedient or to sin. Hence the difficulty in conceiving how he could be tempted; but we believe many things we can not understand and accept as the infallible word of God the declaration that Jesus was tempted as we are.

As we have no record of more than one temptation in the history of Jesus, the impression is perhaps general that Satan never approached him till after his baptism, when he went into the wilderness. But though the sacred record tells us of no temptation during the previous thirty years of Christ's life, it does not say he was untempted before his baptism, and we think it unreasonable to suppose that he never felt the power of the great adversary till he met him in the wilderness. What merit can we ascribe to him for his thirty years of spotless innocence, if he was not a subject of temptation? Jesus was perfectly human, and he kept his innocence from childhood till he died on the cross, by constant watchfulness and prayer—by guarding all his natural appetites and desires, keeping them in harmony with Heaven's perfect moral law.

"For verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." Hebrews ii, 16-18. We rejoice that so many incidents are recorded in the Gospels which prove that Jesus is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. In his weeping over obstinate Jerusalem, and at the grave of Lazarus—in his compassion for the widow of Nain when she was going to the sepulcher with the dead body of her only child, and in the tenderness with which he looked down upon his own mother from the cross, providing her a son and a home, we have revelations of the profound sympathy of Christ. In him we see united the courage and strength of the holiest manhood, with the tenderness and sensibility of the purest womanhood. He was incarnated to show us what God in our creation intended we should be, to make an atonement for us by the shedding of his blood, to melt our cold hearts with the warm beams of his love, to purify us by the power of his Spirit, and to provide for us an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that will never fade away.

## ONLY A CURL.

A CURL of many a silken thread,  
 "Taken at seventeen," he said,  
 And then the old man bent his head  
     Above the shining tress;  
 And I—I sat apart and thought  
 Of hints the waves of time had brought,  
 Like fragments of some wreck, o'erwrought  
     With signs of deep distress.

I thought of her, sweet Anna Clair,  
 Wearing that lock of auburn hair  
 Upon a queenly brow, and fair  
     As human brow could be;  
 I thought of hopes which woke and died,  
 Of all life's sweetness crucified,  
 And her who vainly strove to hide  
     A life-long agony.

O, was it well or was it ill,  
 "A promise must be sacred still,"  
 They said, "and bind the truant will,  
     Though breaking hearts betide."  
 And so they shunned her pleading eyes,  
 Drowning with laugh and jest her sighs,  
 And decked the trembling sacrifice  
     To be Luke Hunter's bride.

But there was one of noble blood,  
 A pleasing youth, and brave as good,  
 Who from his casement leaning stood  
     And heard the marriage bells;  
 Each ringing stroke which cleft the air  
 With music soft and debonair,  
 Seemed like the phantom of despair  
     Mocking at funeral knells.

Formed after nature's rarest plan,  
 He loved the maid, this gentleman,  
 And won her heart—the story ran—  
     But won it all too late!  
 For ere they met, in girlish glee,  
 Unconscious of its sanctity,  
 She gave the curl as pledge to be  
     Some time Luke Hunter's mate.

With Luke it was a selfish claim,  
 Or business matter, just the same  
 As any other well-played game,  
     And yet he liked the girl;  
 Her voice had such a silv'ry tone,  
 Her dark, deep eyes so softly shone,  
 He counted it as luck to own  
     The wearer of the curl.

And thus without a blush of shame,  
 Or even the consciousness of blame,  
 He took a life—and with a name  
     His costliest tribute gave;  
 A worthless price, and base, and mean,  
 For all the tears which fell unseen,  
 And all the griefs which came between  
     The bridal and the grave.

O that a heart so true and tried,  
 Of simplest claims should be denied

While others crowned and deified  
     Are pampered, every whim!  
 Yet little higher than his beast,  
 His cringing dog, or horse at least,  
 He held the mistress of his feast  
     As servitor to him.

And musing thus, that waning day,  
 I watched the old man, grave and gray,  
 Until he brushed a tear away!  
     O, was it for her sake?  
 Hers who, in walking by his side,  
 With woman's uncomplaining pride,  
 Hungering for kindness, drooped and died?  
     But seeing me he spake:

"'T was hers—my wife's," darting a glance  
 Toward where I lingered by mischance,  
 Then something choked his utterance,  
     And silently we sate;  
 Until, as if wrung out by pain,  
 With quivering lips he spoke again,  
 "It's true, I rent her heart in twain!  
     Too late, my friend, too late!"

In vain my lips essayed to speak,  
 All human solace seemed so weak,  
 And what was I, that I should seek  
     To stay Heaven's chastening rod?  
 So rising, with some slight pretense,  
 I left him mid the shadows dense,  
 To struggle with this new-born sense  
     Of guilt, alone with God.

Two years therefrom the old man died  
 Subdued, repentant, justified;  
 They laid him down from Anna's side  
     A little space apart;  
 But ere they closed the coffin-lid,  
 Hearing the story, some one slid  
 Into the darkened room, and hid  
     The curl upon his heart.

And they who knew it said, "'T is best,  
 She, crowned and walking with the blest,  
 In robes of purest whiteness drest,  
     With clear, unbiased sense,  
 For years of untold bitterness,  
 Estranged from all love's tenderness,  
 Will deem contrition such as this  
     The holiest recompense."

## BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

WHEN on the verdant mead you tread  
 And soothe your heart with Nature's charms,  
 Think of the land above your head,  
 Which Spring, and Spring eternal, warms;  
 Where ripen fruits on earth unknown  
 And flowers without or blight or thorn,  
 Though great the God whose word alone  
 Could thus with flowers the earth adorn.  
 Yet cull in thought those fadeless flowers,  
 And seek in heart those happier bowers.



## ARIEL SEATON'S RAINY DAY.

ARIEL SEATON stood at the window, winding the chain of her little pearl portmonnaie carelessly around her fingers as she watched the clouded sky growing thicker and darker, till, at last, the heavy drops came plashing against the glass.

"It's of no use, Guy; we shall have to give it up for to-day," she said with a little sigh, turning away. "I wanted so much to go, too."

"I am very sorry, little coz," he answered, as regretfully as if he were, in some unaccountable way, the cause of her disappointment.

She laughed at his tone. "It is a pity that the weather could n't be arranged to suit me—quite an affliction, indeed; but as some writer affirms that there is an instinctive tendency to martyrdom in woman's nature, I may perhaps find some comfort in wearing my palm gracefully. Do n't I begin to look beautifully resigned, cousin Guy?" turning her face archly toward him.

A lovely face it was, with its softly flushed cheeks, its bright, dark eyes, and golden-brown hair. He thought so—this young gentleman, whose relationship was so distant that the "cousin" was more a matter of courtesy than of fact—and answered smiling, "You look 'beautiful,' certainly. I'm not so sure about the resignation."

A carriage drove up swiftly, and stopped. There was a sound of quick steps, and a great stamping and shaking of garments in the hall. Then the door was thrown open, and there entered an animated bundle of water-proof cloak, brown balmoral, and dripping, flapping hood, under which last was dimly visible a pair of spectacles, and considerable cap border.

"Dear sakes, but I am a lookin' creetur!" said a voice in no wise diluted. "It does 'pear to me that this is a leetle mite the wettest rain I ever did see."

"Why, aunt Kezzy!" said Ariel, starting forward in surprise, "where in the world did you come from?"

"Taint a bit o' wonder you ask," answered the old lady, vigorously removing her hood, and shaking it over the fender, "though, for that matter, I started right from home—most folks do, I s'pose, when they go any where, 'cept its some circus preacher that just keeps a travelin' round, an' do n't have no startin' place. Lau suz! sich a rain! an' I wa'n't a comin' here nuther. Airly, child, what shall I do with the bunnit? and my Sunday cap, too! a bran new one that I hain't had more 'n two years. Sam-el's son's wife's sister made me a present on't,

and she said it was real valiant-ann, or somethin' of that sort; but I'm afeared it's clean spiled now," turning it ruefully around on her hand.

"O, I guess not, aunty!" said Ariel, laughing. "Suppose you come up to my room, and remove your wet clothing; its warm and comfortable there."

"Any where at all, child," said aunt Kezzy, following her resignedly. "Well, well! it's true enough we poor mortals can't see what's agoin' to happen one inch afore our own noses. Here I started to go to brother George's, 'cause I'd heerd through Sam'el's folks that he was down with the bilious fever, an' Joe was a drivin'. I do s'pose we'd 'a got there, too, but so many folks wanted to send for somethin', they allers do in our place, when any body's a goin' to Clintonville—an' so we had to stop to all the houses. There's Miss Jones, she sent for a handkercher with varses printed on to it, an' a red border, for her Billy. Miss Gregg, she wanted a picter of George Washington to hang over the chimbley, an' a new parler looking-glass, 'cause she's raised a lot of sparrow-grass an' hain't got no place to put it, I s'pose. Then Deacon Snyder's Mandy wanted me to get her six yards of white ribbin an' some lace—guess Mandy's goin' to git married—weak-lookin' young man he is, too, with pale, red eyes, 'pears as if he had a chronicle cold in his head. An' Miss Giles wanted somethin', an' Miss Green, an' they all had to ask about George, an' tell what was good for't an' send some along, till I had sich a budget! Why, if it had rained hot water 'stead of cold there might n't ha' been any thing left of me but some yarb tea. So, as I was sayin', 't was late when we got fairly on the road, and jest as we was nigh about half a mile from here, down comes the rain, so I jest says to Joe, 'Drive right on to 'Lizabeth's, says I, an' I'll stop there'—so here I am."

"That was right," Ariel said, "only I am sorry father and mother are away."

"Do tell? Well, I hope they won't get ketched in the rain. Joe, he would go right back home; he said he was as wet as he could get, any how, so 't would never make a mite of difference. I'm ready to go down now, Airly, an' if you've got any sewin', do for pity's sake give it to me. I can't bear to be an indolence."

"O, aunt Kezzy!" said Ariel regretfully, "if it had only been to-morrow, I should have been so glad of your help, for you sew beautifully. I saw the loveliest Spring silk at 'Glenn & Lester's' the other day; I had decided to take a dress from it, and was going for it to-day—

Guy and I"—blushing a little, "but the rain has spoiled all our plans."

"Well, well," said the old lady thoughtfully, "I do s'pose when our plans is spilt, it's 'cause there's some better ones a goin' to be carried out."

"Look here, Ariel!" called Guy from his seat on the sofa, as they returned to the pretty parlor; "here's a choice morsel for you—just listen," and holding up his open book he began to read.

"Every day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music, and sings itself all the way through.' What do you think of that! to-day, for instance?"

"Humph! cries itself all the way through, more likely," said Master Jemmy Seaton, looking up from his occupation of crowding his books into his sachel, "swashing big tears they are, too, and I'll have a good time getting to school through 'em. Good-by, sis."

Ariel laughed.

"It may be true," she said, "but certainly there are some days that seem any thing but musical, so far as they come into our lines, I mean—the tunes are, to say the least of it, curious."

"And the most astonishing accompaniments," laughed Guy. "O, Ariel, some of the musical performances I have witnessed in my boarding-house life! Muddy coffee for breakfast; laundress didn't bring my clothes home; debtors forgot to pay, and creditors remembered to dun; man you walk the length of three muddy streets to see, is out of town, and the friend you have been wanting for two weeks to see, calls while you are gone. Then add a few toothache variations, and you have melody with a vengeance!"

"Well," said aunt Kezzy, shoving up her spectacles, "I don't know no great about music, to be sure. All these arrears, and do-its, and chrisindy-ann-ders that Airley here talks so much about, is all pretty nigh about Greek to me. But I do know what's a pretty tune when I hear it on the pianner, an' what's only a jinglin' noise, yet I s'pose there's pretty much the same sounds in 'em both, only they ain't substituted right. I take it that's about the way 't is with our lives, too; the things that's to fill 'em is all sent us, an' arter that we're left to do as we like about makin' 'em into a pretty tune, or having 'em all in a jar an' clatter."

"And thou shalt make of them a dance, a dirge, or a grand life march, as thou wilt," quoted Ariel, a thoughtful shadow stealing over her bright face. "Perhaps you are right, aunty; but then," smiling again, "here I had arranged

the nicest little glee for to-day, and you see I can't play it at all."

"Aunt Kezzy did n't say you could choose your own sheet music, lady Ariel," said Guy laughing, and rising to answer a summons presented at the door a moment before.

"Please, Mar'se Guy, come look 'bout dis yer hoss, he's done got some ting de matter wid hisself."

Ariel sat silent for a few moments, her head upon her hand. If she accepted this new theory, then out of this rainy day's disappointment—out of this mantle of petty housekeeping cares, fallen upon her for to-day; out of cook's scolding because it was too stormy to go out for marketing, and Bridget's lamentations because the washing could n't be done; little Bertie's wail for "mamma," and Jemmy's boisterousness, she was to make a day of harmony. Verily, the materials were unpromising, and with trembling fingers she struck the key note—a prayer.

"Will ye be plazin' to come out a minit, Miss Ariel," said Bridget, opening the parlor door and inserting her red face. "Shure, did n't I go an' put the clothes to soak the mornin', not takin' the day for the nasty, wet crather as it is; and what'll I be doin' wid 'em now?" she asked, with sorely clouded face.

"I do not see that you can do any thing at all," answered the young lady, resisting a strong inclination to laugh, and hastily casting about for some sunbeam to fling upon this stormy temper. "Why, Biddy, I do n't think you need to be so troubled about it. You were wishing the other day that you had time to fix your little Maggie's bonnet; now, to-day is just the time for that, you can do it as well as not. Come to me when you are ready, and I'll give you a pretty ribbon to trim it with."

"Och, thin, an' I niver thought of that at all at all!" and the woman went off with brightened face, and Ariel presently heard her voice in a blithe song in the kitchen. As the hours passed, cook's lowering brow began to catch some light from the reflection of her companion's face, and she finally forgot her pride of martyrdom so far as to grow sociable, and at last went upstairs with a petition.

"Miss Ariel, if you'd be so good as to write a bit of a lether to a famale frind of mine, Miss, not botherin' to put his name inside of it at all, though him an' me has been acquainted—this long time, an' she's just the same intirely, as if he was my own sister—if ye'd be so kind, Miss Ariel." So the indoor atmosphere was cleared.

"Tell you what, sis," said Master Jemmy,

making his entree with a flourish of books, and a slamming of doors, "school is n't a nice place such a dolefully wet day as this! Every body looked blue as so many jail-birds! Ain't going to have any second session though, that's one comfort. Any thing to eat? I'm hungry as a bear, and I can't wait for dinner."

"Now, Jemmy," said aunt Kezzy, looking up from her stocking darning, "jest you go to my travelin' basket, what's in the hall; there's some frustrate gingerbread in there, nice an' fresh, an' I made it myself off a precipice I got from Miss Jones."

"Did n't it fall?" asked Jemmy mischievously, following her directions.

"Fall? no! why, it's as light as it can be."

"So it is," said Jemmy, returning. "Your gingerbread is always good. O, that makes me think of something! Sis, have I got any pair of shoes to spare, do you know?"

"I do n't know, I'm sure. I can't see any connection between aunt Kezzy's gingerbread and old shoes," answered Ariel, wonderingly.

"Well, the way of it is, there's a fellow comes to our school—a little fellow, you know, not so big as I am. I've thought this good while that he must be very poor, for his clothes was n't over good, but this last week he has been barefoot. Tell you what, sis, it makes a fellow feel kind of queer to see him that way such a wet, cold day as this. Why, to-day in class he missed a question that I knew the answer to as well as any thing; and I was just going to say it, when I happened to catch sight of his bare feet, and somehow I could n't get the words out; so he kept his place. Another thing, when we have double session, and the rest of the boys carry lunch, he never has any. Yesterday one of the fellows gave him an apple, and he went at it savage, I tell you! He is too proud to say he is hungry, though."

"Where does he live?" Ariel asked.

"In that queer little house out beyond Greyly's. His mother washes, I guess. Don't know whether he has any father—s'pose not, though," said Jemmy, meditatively; "poor boys do n't hardly ever have any thing but a mother, and she's a widow."

"I wonder," said Ariel, thoughtfully, "if she is n't the poor woman that washed for us one day last Summer, when Bridget was sick? Well, Jemmy, we will look after the shoes, and go and see these people some day soon—tomorrow, perhaps;" and she took up her work again, the "valiant-ann" cap whose faded beauties she was trying to restore for aunt Kezzy.

Jemmy said no more, and left the room presently, though a little slowly and reluctantly.

Ariel grew restless; she could not settle down quietly to her work again. The pretty room, her easy chair, and the bright fire, seemed in such strong contrast to the picture that rose in her mind of the dark, dreary little house, children hungry and cold, and the weary, hard-working, discouraged mother. In vain she said to herself, "I will certainly go to-morrow, and find out something about them." She could not banish the thought that they might be suffering, and it made the morrow seem far off. She laid aside her work at last, and went to look for Jemmy. He was in the dining-room, standing by the window, drumming drearily upon the glass.

She laid her hand lightly upon his shoulder. "Would you very much dislike going out again such a stormy day, Jemmy?"

"Not so much as I dislike staying in, besides it's not raining so hard as it was a little while ago. Why?" then looking up brightly into her face, "Did you mean to go to Joe's, Ariel?"

"Is that his name—Joe? Yes, I thought may be we had better go to-day; the walk won't hurt me any, and perhaps they are really suffering. I'll be ready in a few minutes, Jemmy."

The discomforts of the walk, to healthful spirits like theirs, was scarcely more than a grand frolic; but when they reached the steps of the old house the girl hesitated. She had not thought before of how she should introduce herself, or what errand she should plead. She feared that her coming might wound or offend; this delicate, sensitive, little Ariel. Suddenly a low moan sounded from within, and Jemmy pushed open the door, without waiting for knock or question, and entered. A dreary, fireless, little room it was, scantily furnished, and three frightened little children huddled in one corner; but Ariel had only time for one swift glance, for lying on the floor was a woman, her lips colorless, her face white with pain. She raised her eyes imploringly to the visitors with a faint exclamation.

"O, I'm so glad some one has come at last!"

"What is it? are you sick?" Ariel asked, kneeling down beside her.

"Not sick—hurt. I slipped on the wet steps a few minutes ago. I crawled into the house, but I'm afraid my leg is broken—I can't move it."

Ariel glanced at a bed that stood in the corner, then at Jemmy. Could they lift her? she wondered. Just then the door was again pushed open, and the barefooted Joe, of whom

they had come in search, entered; but he caught sight of his mother, and scarcely noticed them.

"O, mother! what is the matter?" he cried, springing forward, "are you sick?"

"She has fallen and hurt her limb," Ariel explained. "Can we move her to the bed, do you think?"

The united strength of the three accomplished it, though not without great pain to the sufferer. "Now go for the doctor," Ariel said, turning to Joe.

The boy hesitated. "I do n't know," he began, then looked at his mother. Her white face unsealed his proud lips. "It's no use," he said, sadly, "he won't come. He owns this house, you know, and we owe him a good deal of rent; he was so angry about it the other day that he said he would n't wait much longer. I know he won't come."

The little village boasted but one doctor—a skillful physician, but a selfish, avaricious man. Ariel knew him well enough to feel that the boy was probably right. She took out her *porte-monnaie* and slipped a bill into his hand. "He will come for that," she said, and Joe was off in an instant.

"Now, Jemmy, you go for aunt Kezzy."

Aunt Kezzy was swift to obey the summons, and in a short time her step was at the door.

"Dear me," said the old lady, almost out of breath with her quick walk, "such a collision to happen the poor woman when she was all alone—fallin' down sich rickety steps as them is! Why, it's a wonder every bone in her body was n't desolated;" and, throwing off her shawl, she manifested her sympathy by going directly to work for the comfort of the sufferer.

The money proved an eloquent appeal to the doctor, and he also came without delay. Then Ariel, leaving her patient to his more experienced hands, and aunt Kezzy's, turned her attention to other matters. With Jemmy's assistance, she succeeded in obtaining some fuel and making a bright fire in the old grate. Then the two held a secret consultation, casting furtive glances at Joe, who was too busy to notice them; and the result was that the little pearl *porte-monnaie* was slipped into Jemmy's hand, and he went away, to return presently with a large basket, well filled. With the help of the eldest girl, a little creature of some eight years, the few dishes the house afforded were placed on a small table, and the contents of the basket set before the hungry children.

The doctor completed his work and departed, and then the mother, leaning back upon her pillow, faint and exhausted, had time to glance

about her room, and her eyes grew suddenly tearful. The bright fire, the well-spread table, and the children around it, and Joe sitting on the floor drawing on a pair of new shoes, seemed all like some pleasant dream.

In a few brief words she told these new friends the story that is so very common—that only strikes us as at all uncommon when we meet it face to face; of widowhood and poverty, no means of support but hard labor, and not enough of that to do; dependent children and accumulating rent; pain, hunger, cold, and pride, withal.

Ariel's little hands had done more real work in those last two hours than in her whole life before, and she was well pleased with the result. The invalid had been served with a dainty supper of aunt Kezzy's preparing, warm stockings drawn upon the children's feet; the little room placed in comfortable order, and a kind-hearted neighbor had offered to "come and stay a bit." Yet still Ariel lingered for one last pleased look about the room before she followed aunt Kezzy. Not the faintest shadow crossed her face as she remembered that it was the price of her "lovely Spring silk" that had so brightened it; that yards of that shining fabric were about the feet of Joe and his little sisters; yards more of it roaring up the old chimney.

The sun broke through the clouds, and was throwing a flood of light upon their home as they reached it. Aunt Kezzy looked up at the clearing sky, and murmured, meditatively,

"Well, well, rainy days an' spiled journeys ain't no accidents, arter all. Airley, child, I do n't know what would have become of that poor creetur if you had n't 'a' gone there."

A little later Ariel sat alone, gazing into the fire with brightly thoughtful face, and Guy's entrance broke upon her dreams.

"Ah, little coz," he said, seating himself beside her, "are you meditating here all alone? What sort of a tune has the day been singing you?"

"O, I had forgotten all about that," she answered, laughing.

"Had you? I have been thinking of it all the day, and, Ariel, I am so tired of these lonely solos. Could we not make of the 'days of the years of our lives' a duett that would be sweetest harmony?" and Guy's voice—the brave, clear voice that she had never heard falter before—trembled a little then.

Ariel nestled her hand in his, but answered not a word. But when she raised her eyes again, and glanced through the window, the sun had vanished behind the western hills—her day had "sung itself through."



## NELLIE.

NELLIE lies dead in the house! the shutters are closed; the curtains are closely drawn; crape hangs from the door-knob; footsteps are muffled; voices are hushed; a great shadow hovers in every room—broods in every heart.

Dear Nellie! the womanliest woman—the wifeliest wife—the truest of friends. The glory of her life was in her heart. One year a wife—the mother of an hour, and now one of the white-robed of the Lord—

"Beyond the coming and the going,  
Beyond the abbing and the flowing,  
Beyond the ever and the never."

I lift the white canopy; the face is beautiful in death; I stoop and kiss the white forehead—but the icy touch chills me. Death has snatched the love-light from the eye, the carnation from the cheek, the ruby tint from the lip, and left the face very white and still, the lips forever mute. I turn to a life-size portrait over the mantle.

Here is Nellie with all her warm, rich nature in her face; brownest of hair rippling over a low, broad forehead; brownest of eyes with brown, curling lashes, in which all the intense lovingness of her heart lies mirrored; red lips forever curving in smiles that seem just ready to speak and welcome me in the old, loving way; a bright, warm, womanly, winning face! O, Nellie, Nellie! we shall miss you; through all the years that come and go we shall miss you; in all the changes that the years must bring to us we shall miss you; but ah, *the* most of all.

Your faithful, wifely devotion, the constant ministrations of your loving hands and willing feet made his home a hallowed place—his life an ecstasy of bliss; your love glorified his present—brightened all his future; and now lonely and desolate and comfortless, he sits by his desolate hearth. It is terrible to see a strong man, in the prime of manhood, standing at the very threshold of a brilliant career with undisputed talent on the one hand, sure, speedy success on the other; a man to whom life is dear only as it blesses those who are dearer to him than life, to whom life is precious only as its beauty and glory crown them—terrible to see such a man with all the purposes of his life suddenly struck from him—with all his nature rent and torn by such agony as comes to a human soul but once in a lifetime, be that lifetime long or short; terrible to see the current of his life wrenched from its channel, as by some volcanic shock the bed of a river is upheaved and its waters forced to heave out for themselves a new

passage; terrible to see all the chords of his being swept so rudely that ever after they will only attune themselves in the minor key.

Nellie! Nellie! in that far-off land where you walk in white does it sadden you to see this? Does your heart, faithful still to its earth-love, yearn to comfort him? to hush the little, wailing voice that vaguely misses the mother's bosom? The child will wax and grow; soon tongue, and hands, and feet will learn the lessons of life; the baby's crowings will develop into childish, lisping prattle; the little hands will be swift to do mischief; the wavering little feet will grow steady and assured, then perchance be quick to enter forbidden paths. There will be no mother's exhaustless tenderness to sympathize with his little griefs and joys; no mother's loving hands to check and guide his wayward steps. Doubly orphaned because no memory of a dead mother's love goes with him with its hallowed influence to shape his future. The sorrowful earth-valleys will open their bright but false vistas; paths bordered with roses will beckon him on; but the paths are paved with sharp stones; the roses are full of thorns; the eager, little hands will be rudely torn; the darling little feet bruised and cut! Other children will pass by tenderly lifted over the sharp stones; the roses will be plucked for them by careful hands and the stems freed from thorns; he will perceive this, yet dimly understand. Here he will learn his first lesson of sorrow. With his little heart full of unutterable longing—his great brown, questioning eyes full of tears—his little mouth tremulous with expectancy, he will send a keen, sharp knife to the father heart—"Papa, papa, where's my mamma?" Will the portrait over the mantle satisfy? Will a toy placed in the hand of a starving child, bring a smile to the famished lips? He will turn away hungry and disappointed; you can't throw shams in the face of a child with impunity; either he will trust every thing or trust nothing. The portrait over the mantle will not satisfy. There must be the dear, familiar face ever beside the nursery door—the daily nestling to the mother-heart—the every-day caress—the silent, down-dropping touch of loving hands—the sweet, tender, loving voice, patient and forgiving always—the visible, tangible presence of its mother—

"Stringing pretty words that make no sense,  
Kissing full sense into simple words."

Poor little unmothered-babe! The want of all this will come to you. Time will not fail to set in your young mouth this heart-cry of Aurora Leigh:

"If her kiss  
Had left a longer weight upon my lips

It might have steadied the uneasy breath,  
And reconciled and fraternized my soul  
With the new order. As it is, indeed,  
I feel a mother-want about the world,  
And still go seeking, like a bleating lamb  
Left out at night in shutting up the fold—  
As restless as a nest-deserted bird  
Grown still through something being away, though what  
It knows not."

Nellie! Nellie! does the knowledge of all this trouble you? Does a thought of the tiny life cast adrift on a stormy ocean, which a little wrong turning of the rudder may send either to heaven or hell, stir the motherhood in you? O, questioning heart! shall the clay say unto the potter, why hast thou made me thus? A voice from the heavens crieth, "Be still and know that I am God."

The snow is very deep, and white, and cool: Nellie lies a fathom beneath; there is no snow upon the grave; the earth is fresh heaped. The house has a vacant emptiness about it; everywhere it breathes of terrible loss. In her room all that could remind or give pain has been carefully folded and packed away; one little slipper, bearing the print of the dear foot, somehow, has been overlooked; the husband picks it up tenderly as if the touch might tarnish it, passionately and reverently kisses it, then locks it away from human sight as a dear forget-me-not of a lost hope. He turns into the library and takes up a book—the very book she was reading last with the leaf turned down at the corner where she left off; she always had a fashion of turning down the leaves of her book, like a school-girl, and marking passages that she loved the most. He strides from the room across the hall, as if impelled by some uncontrollable impulse, enters the parlor, flings open the shutters, and stands a repressed volcano before the portrait over the mantle.

O, the agony of a strong, impetuous nature! the grief of an ordinary man is as incomparable to it as a genuine diamond is incomparable with paste. A nature

"Large-rounded as the globe"

must necessarily bear the measurement of a world's anguish; and that man, who comes forth from the sevenfold heat of the furnace with his humanity and his faith in God untarnished, is most godlike and stands nearest heaven with hope arching his future in both worlds; for they who are longest in the crucible, braving its white heat, show the purest lives; they, who suffer most here, are capacitated to enjoy most there. But the desolate heart standing silent in the grandeur of its mighty grief, has yet to learn its lesson of submission; there must come to it the blackness of a starless, moonless night before it can see the glory

of the dawning, the agony of Gethsemane before it can feel the after-quiet which shall be eternal.

The sad, slow steps go out of the parlors—out of the front door, and down the street; the sorrowful, defiant heart flees the thick-strewn memories of the lonely house; they are too newly gathered to give joy; their fragrance is full of subtle pain. He closets himself with the musty books of his down-town office. Does he find nepenthe?

An invisible hand with invisible agencies pictures the dead face on every page; there is a quick whirring of wings—Nellie stands by his side—her arms are about his neck in the old loving manner, her breath floats on his cheek, her lips touch his, her voice falls on his ears sweet and clear as silver bells. O, the ecstasy! After all it was but a frightful dream; he opens his arms and clasps blank vacuity. God! it is pitiful, he bows his head with the look of a man who has lost hopes of either world. Yet, O, despairing heart! be strong, be brave, be patient. Time will soften every grief; the years will come and go, and the face that haunts you now will be faint and dim as a long-remembered dream; you will cherish it fondly still, but it will no longer give you pain; the bitter memories that sting you so, will become hallowed into a sacred joy; you will even dare to play with them, to toss them about, to handle them freely; now you can not do it; they prick you too sorely. And then—and then, perchance,

"From some long trail of chanting priests and girls  
A face 'll flash like a cymbal on your face,  
And shake with silent clangor brain and heart,  
Transfiguring you to music. Thus, even, thus  
Again you 'll take your sacramental gift  
With eucharistic meanings."

Once again love, which you thought dead and buried for all time, will, suddenly, flame your pulses to a fever's heat; the subtle, rhythmic grace of this new face will give you neither rest nor peace till it sits beside your board and blooms within your home. Nellie will not grieve at this; she 'll hold her cloistered place forever in your heart, to which you 'll journey oftentimes, and kneel as reverently as devoted to some sweet, pallid saint niched high above him, and like the bronze figure of that old Roman Pontiff, standing in the public square of Perugia, she will stretch out her approving hands in silent benedictions.

It will be better so. There would be such narrowing down of life, and heart, and brain to finite limits, which should ever grow outward and still outward to God's infinite. Because of this God's license will lie about the act and hal-low it with love's deep, rich fruition.

## TWO FAULTS IN AMERICAN CHARACTER.

WE are an irreverent people, comparatively *W*-speaking. It is not to our praise that our sense of wonder and our senses of awe are not stronger. Our danger lies in the direction of a utilitarianism, that virtually recognizes nothing higher than human force; nothing superior than human wit. This is natural; excusable, perhaps, but not commendable. We have every temptation to deal and come into the closest relations with material things; and how we yield to this temptation is very visible in our devotion—almost exclusive devotion—to business. Not merely in giving to it our time, but our whole thought. As a consequence of this our minds get shut up, in the present, are mainly concerned with what men seemingly create, and with what men apparently achieve of their own will and tact. We worship steam engines and grain elevators. Our faith is in railroads, factories, farms, and mines. Of these and what can be made of them in the way of pecuniary profit or pecuniary speculation is all our talk, except that which is given to the pleasure of the senses. It takes some great crisis like the late civil war to disenchant us from this intense earthly-mindedness, and bring out the heroic element, quicken the deeper and noble sentiments.

This imprisoned condition, this limited range of the faculties, is not all wrong, but there is a grievous wrong in it. From it comes insensibility to the all-surrounding mystery; a sad forgetfulness of the solemn and inspiring realities of being; reckless overlooking of the supreme laws to which we are subject. Hence the want of veneration that meets us everywhere, and the poor deification of humanity, which is a form of practical atheism. One evidence of this, and the only one we need cite for an exemplification of the general fact, is the extent to which profanity abounds. The ungentelemanly and vulgar habit of dealing in imprecations and blasphemous phrases is in most cases, we say, only thoughtlessness; that nothing serious or intentionally bad is meant by it. This undoubtedly is so; but the very carelessness signifies a great deal, inasmuch as it signifies that there is no present recognition of the mystery and the mighty power about and over us, to which we are so indebted for all we wear and all we have.

Of a late truly noble man, who associated his name with the white hills of New Hampshire as long as they shall endure by his almost adoring admiration and love, even as he asso-

ciated with it all that is heroic in patriotism, liberal in thought, and tender in humanity, there is told this anecdote. Gordon, the old guide and his friend, used to say that he never could "swear the leastest" on the mountains when he was with King, for he would say when he did it, "Do n't do it, Gordon; we are half a world nearer God than when we are below there; he will mind it more here." How much there was in that protest, and how would the feeling that prompted it be the universal feeling, were men alone on the lofty heights, where the works of man do not shut out the works of God, and where the weakness of man would be pressed upon them by the overarching and surrounding sublimity? The reverent emotion and the consciousness of dependence and frailty would be awakened, unless the soul had become utterly coarse and brutal.

But are we not always as much encompassed by the Divine strength, and as much under obligation to the Divine bounty as if we were thus on the towering summits alone and away from the truth of the multitude? How far can we go with our thinking into the cause of things and origin of things before finding the line where human agency ends? As we lift ourselves to remembrance and mindfulness of the free gifts and stupendous manifestations of the intelligence that is superhuman, so shall we be careful not merely to abstain from profane speech, but also from acting as if we were wholly the builders of our fortunes, the architects of our success.

Another peril which threatens our social system is an aristocracy of wealth. The respect paid to money, the indulgence granted to money, the exclusiveness claimed by money, no matter how it is obtained or how used, no matter whether it be or be not accompanied by intelligence or character, is an increasing evil of the times. The impression is getting to be common that riches will purchase deference, service and exemption from censure, no matter how their possessors conduct themselves. Hence the lust of gain, taking every form of gambling, and rash speculation; and hence the assumption of superiority by many, their pretensions as leaders in society, based on no personal merit, but only on the fact that they are owners of large funds, or in the enjoyment of large incomes. The domination of ignorant opulence, the demoralizing influence of uninstructed and vicious wealth, are imminently dangerous, in a free country especially.

No where, therefore, more than in a democracy, does the fact need to be dwelt upon that

the riches which tempt the people to put on airs, spurn restraints, and yield themselves up to selfish caprices and impulses, are not necessarily proofs of true manhood. Money is easily won and lost in this land of large resources; and the winning and losing of it often owing to circumstances, serving respect. Moreover, if he who calls millions his own, will only carefully examine, and see how much he owes to agencies and opportunities he neither created nor controlled, and how much Heaven must do for him before he can manage a single dollar of his treasures, he will learn that most of his demands for the deference of his fellow-men are false pretenses; that he claims for himself the regard due to the Providence which has favored him—meaning to make of him a steward of its bounty, as well as confer upon him the means of liberal living. In a word, wealth should among us have personal worth to back it, and be attended by personal modesty, before it deserves any distinguishing consideration.

#### OUR HOMES.

LET God be thanked for the many pleasant, happy, religious *homes* of our country. Thousands are being taught in such homes the great lessons of life; thousands are being built up into Bible scholars, and Bible Christians. Besides this, thousands are being instructed in the indispensable lessons of practical worldly wisdom. Many of our fathers are wise and pious men; many of our mothers are devoted, sensible women; and, as a result, many of our children receive safe and prudent instruction at their own firesides.

And yet we turn from this pleasant view of the subject to consider the great lack of wisdom which parents too often manifest in the training of their children. It is true that very many parents who are Christians, and desire to train up their children in the way they should go, yet signally fail to prepare them rightly for usefulness in life. This is, with few exceptions, doubtless the fault of the head, and not of the heart. We are all familiar with the semi-slander that the children of ministers are worse than other children. This is, as a general assertion, without doubt, incorrect; and yet many ministers, busy with other matters, and many zealous Christians, give too little attention to, and often affect to despise that peculiar prudence which is so necessary in the instruction of children. Many are acting on the theory that the *training* referred to by the wise man is entirely religious training, and that all the knowledge

necessary is religious knowledge. Behind this religious knowledge there should most certainly be a *practical wisdom* which can teach how best to use all our knowledge, both secular and religious, and which is the key to success, and even usefulness in life.

Setting aside religious instruction, then, for the time being, let us consider the training of children from the stand-point of practical wisdom—or common-sense, if you choose. The lack of this will be manifest in families whether religious or otherwise.

The great evil of such careless instruction is, that the children are taught many things which they have to unlearn in after life. To speak plainly, the parents were not wise, were not prudent, were not discreet, had not correct views of life, and the children, in attempting to apply their home theories to the practical questions of life, find themselves balked at every step. It is often unfortunate that children are taught so much at home. If they knew less of home philosophy there would be more room for something better. They often have to set it entirely aside if they would meet with success in the paths of progress and usefulness. Many men of good talents and good hearts are doing nothing in the world, because they are trying to act upon principles taught them in childhood by those whom they considered perfect. It is not pleasant to grow into a realization of the fact that our beloved parents taught us many things we ought never to have believed—and yet it is often the case. Home beliefs often act as a permanent emetic to the mind, ever active, and ready to contract it to the disgorgement of all outside opinions. Generous minds in after years may overcome this chronic nausea, but the rule runs the other way. Generally home opinions give a permanent bias to the mind of the child, and continue to warp and hinder it all through life.

Many persons are accustomed to express great satisfaction at the fact that children retain so vividly their early impressions. This should be a cause of rejoicing only when we are sure we are teaching them the right thing. Wise men often lament that children persist in remembering, and acting upon the earliest lessons taught them. They lament when they see how much unwise teaching there is in the world, even by those who are trying to do right. The best of men are sometimes almost led to wish that the young would not so implicitly follow their example. We all find it much easier to preach to others than to practice ourselves. How many of us are not at times afraid of our own example? How many of



us would wish to make others just like ourselves? We often, and perhaps always, try to make them better than ourselves, but this is next to impossible. It is hard to lift others higher than we climb ourselves. It presupposes and necessitates hypocrisy. To accomplish it we must conceal faults and counterfeit virtues. Example must be the teacher of the young. In view of these facts, parents have need to meet their responsibilities with fear and trembling. Their most fervent prayer should be a prayer for wisdom.

Let us look at some of the most noticeable results of improper training.

In many families the children, especially the boys, perhaps, are praised, pampered, and flattered, till their inflated egotism and the admiring folly of their parents bring them to be masters of the household. Thus they are allowed to rule, and lord it over the other members of the family, till they grow to become men. During this time every one has yielded to them, every one has praised them, every one has showed them deference. All obstacles that stood in their way have been removed by eager, willing hands—life has been made smooth, and all the thorns removed from their pathway. As a result of all this, they become puffed up with pride, self-confident, boastful, insolent, impatient. Accustomed to no crosses and no cares, the bustle of life frets and annoys them. They go out into the world, and attempt to treat people as they have been wont to treat the members of their own family. They attempt to put in practice the lessons of their childhood. Instead of yielding to their insolence the world snubs them, elbows them, insults them, and, in a thousand other peculiarly worldly ways, shows them their proper place. Instead of praising and flattering them, it takes especial care in the very outset to teach them how very little they know. For want of deference and flattery their well-fed pride is left to absolute starvation. They are mortified every day of their lives, and given to feel the vast difference between life at home and life out in the world. In some instances the beautiful ventilation which the world gives them does them good, and assists to cure them of their folly. Too often, however, they are only carried on to greater folly. They may become misanthropic, and keep up a lifelong warfare with the world, urged on by the gnawing, hungry pride within them, or they may attempt to counterfeit a humility which they do not feel. We have many men of this latter class. Taught the severe lesson of their own folly and littleness by the rough, uncharitable

world, they have learned to treat that world with becoming respect; but still retaining the memory of their childhood greatness, they exact a kind of obsequious worship from their wives and children, and continue to be petty, contemptible tyrants at their own firesides. Thus they have two faces, one for the world, and one for home; thus they live two lives, in fact, one of respectful, deceitful humility to the world, and one of proud, insolent, unmanly oppression at home over those dependent upon them.

These baneful results are almost entirely due to that injudicious training which of necessity makes the child insolent and self-sufficient. Parents often ignorantly set their children at sword's points with all the experiences which they must meet in after life. They often rouse them to open rebellion against those lessons which life will surely teach the wise, and it costs them many sighs, many tears, many struggles, and many regrets, to ground the weapons of their rebellion. It costs any loyal boy a mighty struggle to reconcile himself to the fact that his father was wrong in teaching him many things. Especially is it a heart-rending task for such a boy to believe himself not half so smart and clever as his parents predicted. The "dream of his youth" continues to haunt him, and adds a bitterness to his whole life. Parents might save their children many of these sad struggles by being more discreet in their training. Prudence might guard against false views of life, false hopes, unreasonable expectations, and save from many chilling disappointments.

Again, children are often brought to full maturity by a regimen of the most sickly indulgence, and then, by some unexpected turn of the wheel, set adrift in the world, to meet the experiences of hot-house plants exposed to the burning sun. Petted, and pampered, and shielded from every toughening experience, they grow up to be feeble, effeminate, easily discouraged, and wholly inadequate to face the winds and storms of life. This indulgence may have a refining influence, perhaps; it may make them kind, loving, and agreeable, but it assuredly leaves them unprepared for the rough experiences which will inevitably overtake them in life. Accustomed to have every want supplied, they go out into the world and look for the same there; accustomed to meet with elaborate sympathy in every affliction, and to lean upon others in every trial, they shrink from the personal responsibilities which life imposes, and grieve and mourn that they must carry the burden alone.

Many persons so trained spur themselves up in after-life to remedy this defect, but there should be no need for such remedy. Children should learn at least the rudiments of all those lessons which after-life will teach them. It does so dishearten them to find life different from what they were taught, or even to meet with experiences of which they had heard nothing. Parents might, by proper precaution, get them measurably ready for the inevitable future. Especially should they be ready for the trials, and disappointments, and hardships of life. Unlooked-for *pleasures* are seldom unwelcome, but it is well to be somewhat warned of the *trials* before us. Children trained in this effeminate manner feel the effects of it during all subsequent life. As men, with families dependent on them, they often manifest weaknesses which are nothing less than fruits of the seed sown in their childhood. Instead of standing up manfully in the struggle of life, they too often shrink in the contest, and only half do that which should be done well. Thus they lose the confidence and respect of their comrades in arms, and go through life humbled, disheartened, and unsuccessful. Worse than all this, they seek in their own homes the same kind of indulgence that was given them in the homes of their fathers, and so fly home every hour of the day from the bustle and toils of life to burden their families with those personal cares which every *man* should carry for himself. Parents must know that all sentimental indulgence is a positive injustice to the child. It is so much subtracted from its future effective power, and so much added to its mortification and sorrow; so much taken from its strength to be added to its weakness.

Parents are well aware of these things, and yet a morbid love urges them to continue the indulgence. It is a common thing to hear them confess that it is all wrong, and that they would not treat other children so foolishly. Many a mother have we heard remark that if it were not her own "little dear" she would make it act differently. This is only saying that she loves other children better than her own, that she desires to make other children better and wiser than her own. She would fain have us believe that she loves her own child too well to make it as good, and wise, and useful as she might otherwise make it; that she loves her own child too well to save it from a thousand sorrows and disappointments in the future. Such parents are not wise, and while they speak earnestly of the great love they bear their children, are really their children's worst enemies.

In the instances of improper training already cited, the parents have generally acted ignorantly. In addition to these we may mention faults that are indulged knowingly. Children often learn many things through the carelessness, impatience, and petulance of their parents which the parents themselves do not wish nor intend to teach them. This results from their passing hasty judgment on matters which they do not fully understand. They often express opinions which they hardly believe themselves, reserving the right to take testimony on the subject, and change their minds, forgetting that the children are not partakers of their mental reservations. There is also a powerful tendency to criticise their friends and neighbors in the presence of their children. The family circle is a kind of private audience, to whom they can say all the uncharitable and foolish things which they are too wise to say out in the world. They are less wise, less charitable, less Christian at their own firesides than any where else. In fact, many discreet persons, who exercise all charity in their intercourse with the world, always come home with a fund of critical gossip, which they discharge with a secrecy that only tends to make the impression the more lasting on the minds of the children. Many embarrassing consequences result. The children, trusting implicitly to the opinions expressed by their parents, attempt to act on them, and so bring to light many things which had better never been secrets. It is certainly the worst of folly to talk before docile, unsophisticated children what we dare not talk before others. Instead of giving their children the best of their life experiences, parents often give them the worst, and spend the hour at home in giving vent to their ill-will and petulance.

As a teacher we have for many years found both amusement and profit in determining the feelings of parents toward us by the actions of their children. It is very easy to know with almost certainty. Children are truthful in act, if not in word. The greatest candor should always characterize opinions expressed in the hearing of the young. If censure be passed let it be justly and with discrimination. A child will misunderstand when a person of maturer years would not. The words of parents are often interpreted too literally, and made to mean more than is desirable, as we have all doubtless observed. The only remedy is carefulness—prudence in speaking. Especially ought we not to teach others, by our want of care, what we do not believe ourselves.

Many other consequences of improper training

might be pointed out, but is perhaps sufficient to call attention to the subject and give these few illustrations. Those who are willing to learn can easily carry the lesson farther. Those who will carefully study the *faults* of their children, may often find in themselves as parents the cause of those faults. This fact will at once give direction to the remedy.

As a general rule, covering all cases, we may add: *Make home a miniature world.* Let home experiences be to some extent like the experiences of life. Let home theories be in harmony with those settled theories which have come to regulate life. Teach the child what it will be called upon to practice when it goes out into life. Let it act at home as it may with propriety act in the world. (There can hardly be danger of misunderstanding this rule. We are speaking of the *good* in the world, and not the *evil*.) If the child will have need of humility in after life, let it learn to be humble while at home. If it must needs "endure hardness as a good soldier," let it early be taught to do many unpleasant things, and to do them patiently. Let it not be shielded during childhood from every wind, and then turned out suddenly at manhood into the storms of life. Speak in the same manner with reference to many other things and we have a broad rule to cover the entire ground. It certainly is not necessary that persons going out into life should be obliged to unlearn nearly all they were taught at home. If they find such a necessity some one has been at fault. Parents should not compel their children to learn two entirely different lessons—that of home and that of life, when these should be only harmonious parts of *one great lesson*. It is a great waste of time. And, besides, many fail to learn the second lesson thoroughly, or do not learn it at all. Many such men we have who have learned the first, and seem determined to leave the second unlearned. They are admirable in all their home relations—good husbands and kind fathers, but very inefficient *men*. They continue to live by the rules of their childhood, and these were by far too feeble, and narrow, and incorrect to make them equal to the stern realities of life.

How much of all this is entirely due to improper and insufficient training it would be difficult to determine. That much of it is there can be no doubt. Parents can only stand justified then while doing all they may do. Their duty is a duty of the intellect, as well as of the heart. They should seek Wisdom by every avenue, and act in accordance with her precepts after she is found.

## CHARITY VS. SLIPPERS.

"YES, rest is a great blessing, particularly when well earned; and certainly, if there is one thing conducive to rest, it is a pair of comfortable slippers."

Be it known that I was addressing no one in particular, unless, indeed, my slippered feet, as they towered above me on the mantelpiece, could be supposed to contain a listener. I think it is as well to explain that I am not in the habit of elevating my toes, Yankee fashion, or, indeed, of committing myself in any manner unbecoming the dignity of a rather fashionable clergyman; but now and then I indulge myself a little, and on this particular day I had been performing my Christmas charitable duties with a zeal which I thought deserved reward. This by the way.

"Yes," I continued with no small satisfaction, "if ever I discharged my yearly duties aright, I have done so to-day, and that with great bodily and mental fatigue. I think my Christmas text will be, 'But the greatest of these is charity.' I could preach feelingly on these words."

"Rubbish!"

"Eh!" and I stared round the room; but nothing unusual met my gaze, save the waxy Christmas rose that my little daughter had placed on the table to gladden the eyes of papa. "Rubbish, indeed!" I echoed indignantly. "I wonder what can have put such a notion into my head. Rubbish! I only wish my hearers may follow their pastor's example. There will be no lack of charity then."

"Nonsense!"

There was no mistake about it this time, and as I again glanced at the innocent-looking flower, I perceived a little, wretched sprite, in yellow attire, nodding and grimacing at me from behind its white petals. "Pray, sir," quoth I, rather testily, "what may you be pleased to term 'nonsense?'"

"Your charity," and he grimaced again.

"Indeed! Perhaps you do not like good works?"

"Excuse me, I was merely insinuating that what you term charity is not the genuine article."

I felt myself getting rather hot. "Perhaps you would favor me further with your opinions," I retorted with terrible irony.

"Certainly. I am Charity's clerk, looking after her interests, and I do n't consider that they flourish in your part of the world. You may have been doing your duty, but as for Charity—ugh!" and he snapped his fingers at me.

I was too astonished to speak, so he continued:

"Charity, indeed! Was it charity that induced you to hand over a larger gift than usual to the F.'s, because they lived in a dissenting neighborhood, and could laud to advantage the Church's liberality? Or, again, was it charity that made you dole out a smaller bounty to widow B. and her family, because you suspected her of prejudice in favor of the Methodists? 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind'—was it charity, then, which made you neglect N., whose son was so uncivil to you? Or, again, was it charity which made you forget Mrs. A., who lives such a long way off from that bazar where you stepped in to buy some things for your children?"

"Really," I stammered with blushing consciousness, "I could not forget my family. 'Charity begins at home.'"

"But it does not end there," quoth my mentor; "and 'charity seeketh not its own'—that is Scripture, and your quotation was not."

"But I really forgot Mrs. A. and N. I regret it extremely."

"Do you? Then why do n't you start off at once to amend your errors?"

"Really," I remonstrated, the mere suggestion sounding most unpleasantly—"really, I am quite exhausted with my day's work;" and I looked wistfully at my slippers; and the said slippers, incasing my feet, looked placidly at their owner from their marble resting-place.

"Exhausted! Very likely; so are N. and A. L., with all his little children, who will not taste meat on Christmas day if you do n't go to him."

"But I can go to-morrow," I groaned.

"Not at all. To-morrow you have to superintend your children's Christmas treat, after writing your sermon. Think of L.'s little children, with no treat at all, not even this natural one of food; go at once."

I thought of my own happy little ones, and I reluctantly thrust my feet into walking boots preparatory to departing on my charitable expedition; but a few minutes later my hall door was slammed in a very uncharitable fashion.

I wonder by whom!

I was very cold and tolerably cross when I returned to my study, and to my fire, which had dwindled down to its last embers, and to my much esteemed slippers, which last, toasting cosily on the rug, looked far more comfortable than their owner. Nevertheless, I settled myself in my arm-chair with the agreeable satisfaction of a man worn out in the performance of his duty, and who feels that, come what

may, none can reproach him; and forthwith I began to soliloquize on the ingratitude of some of my poor people. "There," I reflected, "was John A., who only greeted me with black looks, as if my advent were a bore; and B. took the relief as a matter of course. As for that garrulous widow N., I thought I should never hear the end of her long complaints; nor a thought as to my bodily fatigue in ministering to their wants. The only one who at all appreciated my doings was Mrs. P., the Irish woman, who compared me to the Angel of Mercy—flattery, no doubt, but still very pleasant to a frame wearied in the exercise of charity."

"Hum," quoth my little friend, peering over the petals of my rose.

"So you are still there, my small Mentor? Well, you may have your say now without incommoding me, as you can certainly not now reproach me with a want of charity."

"O, indeed!" was the curt rejoinder.

"Well, and pray what have you to object to now?" and I settled myself back haughtily. "I am sure I have been very busy carrying out your injunctions. Pray, what is troubling your mind now respecting my proceedings?"

"Not much. I was only remembering, 'Charity seeketh not its own.'"

"And of course I was seeking my own while plodding about those weary streets! You are remarkably cool in your conclusions."

"You are seeking praise."

"I?"

"Yes; praise from those you ministered to."

"I dare say," I replied sharply, feeling all the more nettled that I could not deny the fact. "Perhaps if you were tired to death, you would not object to a little sympathy."

"It was not sympathy you wanted—it was praise."

"You are a little demon, and I have done with you," I retorted, as I whirled my chair round, with my back to the tiny monitor.

"Demon or not," urged the voice behind me, "demon or not, I have not done with you. Do you hear your children shouting over their work in the next room?"

"Yes, they are preparing their Christmas-tree for to-morrow."

"Why are not your brother's children with them?"

"My brother's children?" I faced angrily the impertinent questioner. "Perhaps, since you know so much about my affairs, you are aware that my brother and I have not spoken for years?"

"Yes."



"And pray what do you mean by asking why his children are not with mine?"

"Are you going to let another Christmas pass, and enter upon a new year, without making up that quarrel?"

"Make it up? It is more his doing than mine. Let him make it up; I have no objections."

"He is the offender; and you may be sure he will not come forward."

"He ought to."

"You have not to concern yourself with his duty, but with your own. Go at once to him, and strive to make up the breach."

"I have no such intention," I replied sulkily; "it is not my place."

"And yet you are a clergyman, and intend preaching a sermon upon charity! Shame upon you! That is not charity."

"It is—the highest."

"Charity thinketh no evil," says the Book you ought to know well. 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind.'"

"I am sure I suffered long."

"Charity beareth all things."

"Dear me. I am sure I have borne long."

"Yes, but not forgivingly."

"Well, if I were to attempt a reconciliation, I am sure Tom would frustrate my intentions; he would be most unwilling to make it up."

"Charity hopeth all things."

"But what has that to do with it?"

"Every thing, if you are wishing to practice the virtue."

I mused—"Well, it is worth trying. I shall think of it to-morrow."

"To-morrow has plenty of work of its own; and first, that said sermon on charity."

"Ah, well; I can see about it next week."

"Then you will have lost the opportunity of a Christmas reconciliation."

"What matter, so long as a reconciliation is effected?"

"Did you never hear that procrastination is the thief of time?"

"Well, I certainly can not think of going out to-night."

"You can if you choose."

"I can't if I do n't choose."

"No, certainly not. Hark!"

It was my wife and children trying over their new Christmas chant, and the sweet voices rang out to the notes of the harmonium. I felt the sacred words echo through my heart. "On earth peace, good-will toward men."

Good-will, ah! and with a sudden determination I seized my hat, and again departed on an errand of duty.

Our friends are always more ready for a reconciliation than we fancy. Need I say that my long-estranged brother greeted me with open arms, that his wife received me warmly, and that before half an hour was passed there were little ones climbing on the knee of the new uncle?

An hour later I was telling my wife of the additional guest to be of our party.

"Your brother?" she said, greatly startled.

"You do n't mean Tom?"

"Yes."

"Did you go to him?"

"Yes."

"James," she said, with a proud, loving look, "you are a saint."

I knew it was the partial commendation of an affectionate wife, but still it greeted my ears pleasantly. "At least, I try to be," I said, as I reëntered my study; "I try to be, and I trust success may attend me. Well, small one, are you satisfied?" This to the sprite in the flower.

"Not quite."

"What in the world do you want now?" I cried, quite aghast.

"The most difficult thing of all—that you should not make such speeches, or think such thoughts as those of a moment ago."

"Eh?"

"Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up."

A pang of remorse twitched me, and almost for the first time in my life I uttered a fervent prayer for humility.

It was a very merry party next evening, and we elders watched with delight our children gamboling round the gift-laden tree, but amid all our glee the true words of my little Mentor forced themselves on my thoughts.

"James," said my wife to me late in the evening, "I forgot to ask you what your text for to-morrow is?"

"Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up."

She looked puzzled a moment. "Well," she said, "it is a very good text, and one to which I am sure you can do justice."

"Can I?" Next day I was complimented on my sermon. I trust that one of the most earnest listeners was the preacher.

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To behold, is not necessarily to observe, and the power of comparing and combining is only to be obtained by education. It is much to be regretted that habits of exact observation are not cultivated in our schools: to this deficiency may be traced much of the fallacious reasoning, the false philosophy, which prevails.

## NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

ALL on road, and roof, and ledge,  
And the icy gable edge,  
Cold and soft the fallen snow-flake evermore is  
lying;  
As yielding up his breath  
To the shadow-land of death,  
In a weird-like hush of stillness, the old year is  
a-dying.

Never murmur, never sound  
Wakes the deathlike hush around,  
Save the owls that in the church-yard from the  
belfry tower call,  
And the big moon lying low  
Gleams athwart the silent snow,  
While a million crystal starlights hang their lanterns  
over all.

Here within my closet-room,  
In the deep and slumb'rous gloom,  
I watch the frosty fire-light in the ingle rise and  
fall—  
Like elfin sprites at play,  
In a mocking, madcap way  
The lights and shadows mingle with the pictures  
on the wall.

And as I pondering gaze  
On the flickering Winter blaze,  
Old fancies ghostlike haunt me in this death-watch  
of the year;  
While dim shadows of the past,  
In deep cohorts thick and fast,  
Come thronging on my senses with a silent sort of  
fear.

In a weirdly shapen dream,  
Old faces round me seem  
To look on me familiar from the middle of the  
gloom,  
Till fain I am to hear  
Old footsteps falling near,  
Old whispers dropping softly all about the curtained  
room.

Days that I loved to know  
In the years long, long ago;  
Old friendships, long forgotten, in the golden times  
of yore;  
Old smiles that shed their light  
On my sorrow's darker night,  
Seem to burst in newer sunlight on my soul forever-  
more.

Till sadly comes the thought  
How each dying year hath brought  
Its moral, ever changeless through the lapses of all  
time,  
Of memories old and sad,  
Of memories sweet and glad,  
That come back to us only as a distant belfry chime.

How the gala-days of life,  
And the darker hours of strife,

Come and go by chance alternate ere we know that  
they are gone.  
How each for one brief day  
Treads his weary pilgrim way,  
Then the footsteps of his travel vanish faintly one  
by one.

How life is one wild dream,  
Whose record doth but seem  
A story sad and checkered of aims all unfulfilled.  
Ever toiling, ever panting,  
Ever yearning, ever wanting,  
Till the restless spark forever in the hollow grave  
is stilled.

Gone our day-dreams one by one!  
As the sterner task is done;  
For the Future is a phantom that is melted all too  
fast;  
And our life-deeds only live  
As the rain-drop that doth give  
A tribute all unnoted to the Ocean of the Past.

Yet grander still forsooth  
Updawns the glorious truth—  
That all our meaner efforts tend onward unto one,  
When all the earth may say,  
In the great dread Latter Day—  
"Yea, truly hath the purpose of the ages now been  
done."

Thus I dreamed, till, almost fain  
To chase fancies from my brain,  
Came sudden chimes of music wild and sweet upon  
mine ear,  
And I watched and heard again  
The old familiar strain  
Of bells that in the starry night rang in another year.

## MIDWINTER.

THE frost-work shines about the pines,  
The merry bells are chiming,  
The happy ways of happy days  
I can not turn to rhyming.

Who leaves life's care and labor's wear,  
And acts a merry part,  
May find midwinter in the air,  
Midsummer in the heart.

Yet while Springs flush and Summers blush,  
And Autumns color deeper,  
While Winters pale, still some must yield  
Their treasures to the reaper.

Midwinter's bells ring out like knells  
Upon their startled hearing;  
How vainly swells the song that tells  
The loss of joys endearing!

God pity those borne down by woes  
Who act life's saddest part—  
Who find midwinter in the air,  
Midwinter in the heart.

## A DAY AT SPIRE AND WORMS.

THE day which we divided between Spire and Worms is full of interesting reminiscences. Leaving Heidelberg early in the morning, we had time, before reaching Spire, to attempt to conjure up some of the great figures of the sixteenth century, the locality of whose heroic acts of faith we were about to visit. But in this we found a difficulty. Nature about us, the peasants at their toil, the sporting children at the wayside, the green fields, and the blue sky above us, looked just as young, just as recent as they would have done in my own American home. I could hardly persuade myself that I was on the ground which was trodden by the heroic Luther and Melancthon, and by the haughty prelates against whom they pleaded so mightily for the cause of truth and of God, and that it was here that so many historically memorable Imperial diets were held. For the cities of Spire and Worms, though among the most ancient in Germany, have suffered so much from the ravages of war, have so often been taken, sacked, and burned by French armies, that, in the main, they have a quite modern appearance.

The city of Spire, the one we first visited, and which now contains 13,000 inhabitants, two-fifths of whom are Protestants, was known to the Romans under the name of *Noviomagus*, and in the early middle ages was often a royal capital. Its cathedral, the first object we visited, was founded by Conrad II, in 1030, and is the resting-place of many German emperors. Here are the graves of Philip of Swabia, Rudolf of Habsburg, and of the pious Empress Gisela. But the church, in its present form, is modern rather than ancient, so often has it been ravaged and rebuilt. And it now stands, beside the churches of Munich, one of the most beautiful of existing Catholic temples. Since the completion of its magnificent frescoes by Schrandolph and his pupils, it is constantly visited by artists from all parts of Europe.

These frescoes, as in most cases, consist of a great variety of Scriptural and legendary paintings, the latter being intimately associated with the local history of the church. Some of the larger pieces relate to the doings of St. Bernard, who, in 1146, preached here the crusade with so much zeal as to decide Conrad III to march to the Holy Land. The enthusiastic monk is said to have entered the cathedral chanting the hymn of praise to the Queen of Heaven, the *Salve Regina*, and, in a moment of exultation, to have added thereto: *O clemens, O pia, O dulcis virgo Maria!* words which

since then have been incorporated into the hymn, and which now beam in golden letters upon the great arch of the choir.

The thirty-two large compositions which adorn the choir and the chief nave, are masterpieces of the modern German school, and well repay a careful examination. For the non-Catholic, however, they offer some points which seem odd and even shocking. A gorgeously dressed Roman Pontiff chasing a partially nude man and woman out of a beautiful pleasure garden, would doubtless be a fine subject for a picture, if it were not intended that the Pope should be the Almighty. The halo around the head of the young Christ teaching in the temple, though doubtless contrary to fact, does not hinder the whole piece from being a splendid composition. The piece, representing Joseph and the youthful Jesus at work in their carpenter's shop, with Mary sitting near at hand and dividing her attention between them and her tow-spinning, was, to say the least, curious. Here also reappears the halo around the head of the young Christ, who is earnestly helping Joseph at whip-sawing. But these incongruities must always appear whenever it is attempted to represent by painting, which is so much more materializing a process than writing, scenes which seem almost too sacred for even verbal description.

In the sycamore grove on the south side of the cathedral there are two objects worthy of a moment's examination. The one is a curious heap of mossy stones and grotesque sculpturing surrounded by Gothic columns, the whole dating from 1411, and intended to represent the Mount of Olives. It was once inclosed in a chapel long since destroyed. The other is the *Domnappf*, an immense stone vase, standing on the border between the episcopal and the city jurisdiction. It was an ancient custom that every new bishop, after swearing to respect the liberties of the city, was to fill the vase with good wine, which the citizens thereupon drank to his health.

But a more interesting object for us, and in fact the only one which brought us to Spire, was the spot upon which the word *Protestant* obtained its ecclesiastical significance. As it was at Antioch that the people of God were first called Christians, so it was at Spire that Christians obtained the name of Protestants. But of the imperial palace, the *Reitscher*, in which twenty-nine Imperial diets were held, and especially that celebrated one in which, on the 19th of April, 1529, the memorable *Protest* was presented to Charles V, there remains now only a single broken, crumbling, Gothic-windowed,

ivy-overgrown, and stucco-incrusted stone wall. It stands in the court of an unpretending Protestant church, and bears a plain tablet descriptive of its historic associations. To one end of it is attached an unseemly peasant's hut, and along its side is a little garden of cabbage, and beans, and onions, among which latter a large domestic cat lay half sleeping and half watching for prey, seemingly entirely unconscious of the weighty historic associations that hover about the place.

But it was at the old city of Worms that the more interesting half of our day was spent. Space has been so overcome by means of railroads that it requires but a very short time to traverse a whole dukedom or so, and therefore our passing from Spire to Worms was but a moderate noonday repose. Here also we gave our first attention to the old Romanish cathedral. It is especially rich in stone carving, and I have seen in no single building any where so much and such oddly grotesque forms of beasts and of all manner of curiously compounded creatures of fable. Among the strangest of these works is the one above the large Gothic portal on the south. It consists of a life-sized and crowned woman riding upon a beast with four different kinds of heads and as many different legs; namely, those of the symbols of the four Evangelists, the eagle, the lion, the ox, and the angel, in the order of John, Mark, Luke, and Matthew. By some this work is supposed to refer to the terrible execution of the eighty years' old, ambitious Brunhilde, the queen of the Austrasian king Siegbert, which took place at Worms in the year 613. She was tortured for several days, and then placed upon a beast and exposed to the scorn of the army of Clothaire II, of Soissons. Finally, the animal broke forth, and the aged woman was dashed to pieces upon the stones. The better opinion as to its signification, however, is, that it is a symbol of the church riding forth to victory. But a more interesting and, for the reader of the Niebelungen Lied, almost historical association, is, that it was upon the open space in front of this southern portal, that the fabulous heroines, Brunhilde and Crimhilde, had that celebrated quarrel which resulted in so many woeful catastrophes. And many other events of the great German epic, such as the heroic strength and exploits of Siegfried, his fall through the treachery of Hagen, the sinking by the latter of the rich bridal treasure in the Rhine, Crimhilde's revenge and the downfall of the Burgundians through Etzel, (Attila,) are inseparably connected with the history of Worms.

But events of another and more truly historical character had their theater in the vicinity of this ancient church. If we go round to its northern side we will see the lower, red-sandstone walls of what, in the sixteenth century, was a princely episcopal palace. The upper part of the building was torn down by the French republicans in 1794. It was in this palace that in April, 1521, that imperial diet was held in which Luther, during his fourteen days' stay in Worms, defended, in the presence of the Emperor Charles V, six electoral princes and a vast assembly of the most learned men of the world, his celebrated Biblical theses, and terminated with the memorable words: *Such is my conviction, I can not do otherwise, God help me. Amen.*

In this same palace was subsequently held, at the instance of the Emperor Ferdinand, in 1557, a last and resultless colloquy of reconciliation between the Catholics and Protestants, in which the latter were represented by Melancthon.

With all these historical and fabulous reminiscences floating in our mind we could but feel that, while strolling about this old moss-covered church, we were treading upon sacred ground. It was here in fact that the intellectual and moral liberty which we now enjoy had its birthplace. Here the brighter phase of modern history was inaugurated.

But our time of lingering was brief, and, plucking a few ivy leaves and pebbles from the crumbling palace-walls, we turned away in a thoughtful mood to other scenes.

We next visited the apocryphally ancient synagogue. The Jewish society of Worms equals that of Prague in its claims to antiquity. If we are to credit the story of the cheerfully garrulous old Jewess, who showed us the wonders of the old synagogue, the society of Worms was founded at the time of the destruction of the temple by the Babylonians, 588 years before Christ. "This part of the synagogue is more than two thousand years old," said the dark-eyed and swarthy faced old lady; and hardly waiting for us to assume a doubtful mood, she quickly added, "You may not believe it, but it is true notwithstanding." "This Bible," said she, throwing open a really venerable manuscript book on the reader's desk, "is more than five hundred years old." But we were impatient, and, handing her the customary number of *kreutzers*, we hastened out of the architecturally unpretending, dark, chilly old structure, and were starting away, when the smiling conductress cried out: "Stop, stop! I must show you one thing more;" and turning into



a narrow alley, one side of which was formed by the synagogue wall, she showed us a concavity in that wall, looking much as if, while building, it had been turned eight or ten inches inward to avoid a large boulder or other obstruction that then lay there. "That recess was wrought by a miracle," said she. "Many years ago a good Jewess happened to be there just as a heavily laden wagon was passing by. While on the point of being crushed, she shrunk in terror against the synagogue, and, to her amazement, the wall receded far enough to save her life." But without rehearsing the good lady's own words, we will merely give the key of the matter, which is, that the miracle was wrought in the interest of a young rabbi who was very soon to be born.

And with this comic incident ended our visit at Worms. The modern city contains only 10,726 inhabitants, something more than the half of whom are Protestants. It once numbered full seventy thousand.

#### JEANNE D'ALBRET.

**A**MID the stirring scenes of the latter half of the sixteenth century in Western Europe, three regal women played a prominent part. They were the subtle and wicked Catholic Catherine de Medici, the politic and ambitious Protestant Elizabeth Tudor, and the pure and pious reformer Jeanne d'Albret. In an age marked by supreme devotion to the miserable intrigues of politics and voluptuousness, it is truly cheering to see one prominent person fix her eye upon heaven, and subordinate her life to the principles of the Gospel. Such a person was Jeanne d'Albret.

Jeanne was born in 1528. She was the only child of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, and Margaret d'Valois, sister of the French King, Francis I. Her father's sovereignty—tributary to France—was composed of the province of Navarre, lying between France and Spain, mostly on the south side of the Pyrenees, and Bearne and some small neighboring provinces lying on the north side of the same mountains. In the year 1512 Ferdinand, of Spain, seized the greater part of Navarre on some pretext, and would not restore it, so that it was likely to be lost both to France and to the d'Albret family. This fact had a most important bearing on the life of our young princess, for the selfish and despotic Francis, fearing that her hand might be bestowed on the heir of Spain, or some other foreign prince, carrying her patrimony with it, determined to keep her under

his own eye till her matrimonial relations were fixed. So when she was yet at the tender age of two years, he sent her to the gloomy fortress of Plessis les Tours to spend her childhood. Her mother, however, had the superintendence of her education, and she appointed her tutors and governesses from those who, like herself, sympathized with the Reformers.

The young princess showed at an early age the energy and strength of will which formed the salient traits of her mature character; but she wearied of Plessis. Her royal uncle visited her occasionally, and when she was ten or eleven years of age, the truth forced itself upon his mind that he could not confine her thus much longer. So one day stealing from a hunting party which led him into the vicinity, he entered abruptly and announced to her that he had promised her hand to William, Duke of Cleves. Young as she was, she felt astonished and indignant at this summary disposition of her fortune without her consent. She burst into tears, but soon controlling her emotions she entreated the King not to oblige her to marry the Duke of Cleves.

This outburst displeased Francis exceedingly, for he was ever impatient of contradiction, and coldly renewing his orders he quitted her as abruptly as he had entered. In spite of her earnest and persistent protestations she was married when twelve years of age. The nuptials were celebrated with great display. The bride was so laden down by the weight of her jewels and cloth of gold that she could not walk, and the constable de Montmorency was deputed to carry her to the church in his arms.

It is a striking comment on the heartlessness of political marriages that this pompous ceremony, intended to bind her ultimately to a man whom she detested, was, to some extent, welcome for quite another reason. It released her from the sad durance at Plessis, and restored her for the time being to the society of her mother. For three years she enjoyed this happy freedom, making the acquaintance of her dear Bearnese, and listening to the instructions of the evangelical ministers that thronged her father's court. Then the shadow that had rested in the horizon overspread the sky. The Duke of Cleves sent to claim his bride, and Francis himself undertook to be her escort. Perhaps the weight of his authority was needed to overcome her reluctance; certain it is that she went most unwillingly to redeem the nuptial vows that she had so unwillingly given. But while the royal cortege rested at Soissons, word was brought that the expected bridegroom, vanquished by Charles V, had made terms with

him and relinquished his alliance with France. That was enough to cause the reconsideration of a political marriage. The Pope was appealed to, the marriage annulled, and Jeanne returned thankfully to Plessis.

After this she frequently visited court, and her presence at Fontainebleau created a veritable sensation. She was frank, handsome, gracious, and dignified; and her simple and affable demeanor had none of the affectation and obsequiousness which characterized the courtiers of that day. In short, she appeared like a magnificent natural flower in the midst of an artificial bouquet. The subject of her marriage was now of greater importance than ever. The Emperor Charles V had already named her in his will as a desirable match for his son Philip II, of Spain. He spoke of her as a princess of vigorous health, admirable character, great virtue, and possessing a spirit worthy of her royal birth. Various matches were proposed, but when Francis died in 1547 she was yet unmarried. His successor, Henry II, proposed the Duke de Guise. But it seems that a brother of this aspirant had married a daughter of the notorious Diana de Poitiers, and Jeanne, who considered herself demeaned by such a proposition, answered the King in terms so pointed and indignant that the subject was not resumed.

In spite of all the difficulties that beset Jeanne, and the perils by which she was surrounded, she was yet permitted to follow the choice of her heart, though it fell upon a man really unworthy of her. True, Antoine de Bourbon was a prince of the blood royal, as well as a valiant soldier, and he was supposed to favor the doctrines of the Reformation, but he was a weak and vacillating man and a complete spendthrift. In vain her parents opposed the match; Jeanne was pleased and the King was satisfied. They were married in October, 1540; but the rejoicings attendant upon this event were cut short by the death of Jeanne's beloved and revered mother.

A son, the first-fruits of this union, died at the age of three years, through the unskillfulness of his French nurse. She had kept him in overheated and unventilated rooms, saying that it was "better to sweat than to shiver." A second babe, through the inexcusable carelessness of his attendants, fell from a window and was killed. Her father was much grieved at the loss of these prospective heirs to his kingdom, and he severely reproached her as unworthy of the sacred name of mother. Still Heaven smiled upon her once more, and to redeem a pledge previously exacted by her

father, she repaired to Bearne to confide the child to his care. He hailed its birth with delight, and rejoiced in the attendant prognostications of health, strength, and good humor, declaring that the boy would be a true Bearnese. Such were some of the circumstances attending the birth of one who afterward became Henry IV, of France. His grandfather lived to watch over him but a year and a half, and Jeanne and Antoine were crowned sovereigns of Bearne on the 18th of August, 1555.

Not long afterward, while on a visit to the court of France, they were threatened with the loss of their new inheritance. Henry II, under the pretense that they were too much exposed on the frontier to the claims and incursions of Spain, proposed to give them some interior provinces in exchange for those. Antoine referred the matter to his wife as the birthright inheritor, but she dared not risk an open refusal. So she started for home with the avowed purpose of laying the matter before her people, who she very well knew would consent to no such arrangement. Finding, some time afterward, that he was outwitted in this, he proposed to deprive them of their authority on account of the heresy that they encouraged in their dominions. To avert this new danger they returned to Paris, accompanied by their son, now about four years old. Their reception was cold, but happily the precocity of the young prince came to their aid. His naivete was so pleasing to the King that he covered him with caresses, and finally asked him if he would not be his son. Without embarrassment the little fellow, pointing to Antoine, replied, "There is my father." "You are right," replied the King, "but will you not then be my son-in-law?" The child readily assented to this proposal, which was the first mention of an alliance that, at a later day, was consummated amid the most lugubrious auspices.

Bearne was still, as it had been during the lifetime of Margaret de Valois, the asylum for the persecuted French Reformers, and Antoine upheld them publicly. He had for his own preacher an eloquent monk named David, sometime an evangelist, and he sent to Geneva for a renowned minister called Boissnormand. This man organized the Churches at Pan—the capital—and elsewhere, and installed pastors, thus giving a valuable element of permanency to the Reformation that had already extended through these States. But the rumors of these doings stirred up the Pope as well as Henry II, and altogether it was found advisable to put the Reformers under greater constraint. Antoine yielded somewhat from motives of policy, but

to all appearances he favored the cause of the Reformation thus far more than Jeanne. The latter, like many of the great Protestants of that day, still clung to the idea of reforming the Church rather than withdrawing from it. Still they both openly favored the cause of reform. Upon the occasion of their visiting Paris to attend the wedding festivities of the dauphin and Mary Stuart, their advent was hailed with joy by all the Protestants of that city. Antoine was accompanied by his preacher David, and he did not hesitate to hold service publicly, and to sing the psalms of Clement Marot, which soon became very popular in the gay capital. On his return home he recalled Boissormand, and sent for Theodore de Beza and Peter Martyr, thus giving high hopes to all the Protestants of Europe.

The sudden death of Henry II greatly changed the face of affairs in France. The Guises, thanks to the young queen, Mary Stuart, possessed themselves of power to the prejudice of the princes of the blood royal. They ruled with a sway so oppressive that many of the leading Protestants, with Antoine and his brother, the Prince of Condé, entered into a league against them, called in history the Conspiracy of Amboise. For this Antoine was thrown into prison and Condé was condemned to death. The latter escaped his sentence only through the death of the young king, Francis II. His brother and successor, Charles IX, was only ten years of age, and in the regency thereupon formed, the queen mother, Catherine de Medici, fearing the power of the Guises, played into the hands of the Bourbons. Thus the recently condemned princes found themselves occupying important positions in the kingdom.

While her husband was thus busy at Paris, Jeanne was left with the government of her little realm and the education of her two children, Henry and Catherine. She administered religious affairs in her domain in such a manner as to bring about the most charming mutual toleration, giving the Calvinistic ministers a share in the clerical revenues and in the use of the churches. But these cares were far from absorbing all her thoughts. Her companions remarked with surprise that she often appeared to forget their presence and lose herself in profound reveries, and that sometimes her fair face was stained with furtive tears. She was learning the vanity of worldly ambitions and the folly of worldly hopes. Especially did she suffer the sorrows of a deserted wife. This man to whom she had given every thing had forgotten her for a courtesan, through the infamous devices of

Catherine de Medici. The utter corruption of the French court at this time was probably beyond the conception of any virtuous mind, and yet a Catholic historian dares to excuse it in these words: "Catherine, by the gentle influence of her noble ladies, softened the warlike and the religious impatience of the gentlemen!" The voluptuous Antoine could not well escape the snares thrown around him by the tools of that perfidious woman, and the noble Jeanne was wounded to the very depths of her faithful heart. It was doubtless this heavy blow that at last decisively threw her into the arms of her Savior. "Seeing, then," says Theodore de Beza, "that her human espousals were trampled upon, and touched to the heart by the love of God, she had recourse to him with all humility and tears as to her only refuge, promising to keep his commandments, so that in the time of her greatest trial she made a public profession of her faith, sustained by the faithful ministers of the Word." This occurred about the close of the year 1560.

But her love for her husband was too strong to permit her to give him up without a struggle, and she returned once more to Paris. Antoine was now the special object of the intrigues of Philip II, of Spain, who was in league with the Guises. Jeanne, through her superior discernment, saved him from many of the snares spread for his feet. By this means she incurred the hatred of the Spanish monarch, who, through his subordinates, instigated Antoine to procure a divorce from her. This, it was urged, would leave him free to form some more advantageous alliance, one with the brilliant Mary Stuart, the widow of Francis II, being particularly recommended. Various other seductions were used, and withal a pretext was not wanting. Jeanne had been previously married, and, though the contract was annulled by a Papal bull, it was quite as easy to rescind the annulment by another. These projects would doubtless have been successful but that, after all other remonstrances had failed, Jeanne startled her husband by a sudden picturing of its effects upon their children, and he desisted. His next attempt was to overrule her religious principles, and he even resorted to violence to induce her to attend mass. Catherine de Medici brought her finesse to bear on the subject, and tried to persuade Jeanne to change her religion, showing how greatly it would advance the interests of herself and her son. "Madame," was Jeanne's noble reply, "if I had my son and all the kingdoms of the world at my disposal, I would sooner throw them all into the bottom of the sea than to peril my soul's salvation."

The unfortunate occurrence at Vassy soon rekindled the flames of civil war, and Jeanne and the Prince of Condé became the acknowledged leaders of the Huguenots, as the Reformers were now called. Antoine was urged to arrest his wife; but his courage failed him in face of the overt act. So he gave her liberty to retire to Bearne and live *à la Calviniste*, secretly intending to secure her arrest upon the route. But she, forewarned of her danger, and fully escorted, hurried on in spite of illness, and at last found herself safe among her dear Bearnese, where she succeeded in preserving her freedom. Antoine soon took the field against his former friends, and while laying siege to Rouen he received a gunshot wound which proved fatal. He died in the same vacillating and uncertain state of mind in which he had lived; but it was a great consolation to the faithful Jeanne that he had showed any signs of returning to the Protestant faith or of reviving tenderness for her.

As she was queen in her own right, the death of her husband but left her alone in the government that she had previously shared with him. She soon proved herself abundantly competent to its administration, and she also showed great ability in taking care of herself. This, indeed, she had long been obliged to do, only now she had to conduct a more direct and open warfare. Her enemies seemed determined to crush her. Philip II coveted her little domain, and the Pope was angry with her for deserting the true faith. The two leagued together for her destruction and the confiscation of her estates. Cardinal Armignæ was charged with the undertaking, and he commenced by addressing her a long letter composed of threats and entreaties, commands and remonstrances; but, though summoned like a subject, she answered like a queen. She argued out the points of the true faith, defied his threats and despised his entreaties. She then wrote to all the other sovereigns of Europe, except Philip II, asking their support against this unwarrantable stretch of Papal authority. Especially did she rely upon the French court, since the matter involved some of their possessions, and they so took her part that the Pope thought best not to press the matter. She also received assurances of regard and support from all the other sovereigns whom she had addressed, for they saw the ground of their own safety involved in this attack upon princely power.

But, though his plans had thus signally failed, Philip did not yet relinquish his undertaking. Jeanne d'Albret was considered the head and heart of Protestantism in France, and he could

readily conceal his covetous designs under the mask of devotion to mother Church. He set on foot an expedition to seize Jeanne and give her up to the Inquisition. This infamous plot, however, was discovered and revealed to Jeanne and to the French Court by his own wife, Elizabeth of France, who was devotedly attached to Jeanne, her relative and her godmother. Thrown thus upon their honor, the Court were obliged to afford Jeanne their protection, and they made this their pretext for inviting her again to Paris. She accepted the invitation, not unwilling to escape for the time being from the neighborhood of Spain, and desirous also to bring away her son, who had been for some time with the royal family. He had been detained partly as a hostage on his mother's account, and partly because Catherine wished to gain some influence over him as a prince of the blood whose future power was of no small importance. But he was still too entirely devoted to his mother to permit other influences to have any considerable weight with him. While at court he had watched her interests well, and, though only ten or eleven years of age, he had more than once been able to transmit to her information of great value. She found it very difficult to get away with him, but after a long stay amid gayeties and dissipations that were very distasteful to her, she made some pretext for a short tour, and then, instead of returning to Paris, she took her route to Bearne.

#### NEANDER'S LAST BIRTHDAY.

ONE of the principal charms of novels and romances lies in the fact that their heroes or heroines appear before the reader in every imaginable relation of life. While history knows only the hero on the battle-field, the men of action, the stern advocate of principle, novel or romance acquaints us with the man, the citizen, the father, husband, brother, or son, in every possible relation of life. For this reason it is hoped that it will be both interesting and gratifying to the readers of the Repository to be made acquainted with Neander in his private life, in his modest home, conversing with his sister Harmoken, or as he is surrounded by his admiring friends or idolizing students. We select, therefore, from Neander's last birthday in the Daheim, some such incidents, and lay them in an English dress before the readers of the Repository.

The morning of the 16th of January, 1850, dimly dawns; the lanterns in the streets have



gone out, the streets are lonely and still; in only a few rooms there is light, and among these, in a third-floor room of a four-story house in the Margrafenstrasse, in Berlin. This room is dimly lit by an old-fashioned lamp, with a green shade of tin. Old-fashioned book-cases, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, filled with generally old, indifferently bound volumes, stand along the four walls; a small ladder leads to those in the highest regions; books and manuscripts lie scattered all over the floor, chairs, tables, and the old-fashioned sofa, old folios are piled up every-where. A peculiar odor of parchment and book-dust, pleasant only to the scholar, fills the room. With his hands folded as if for prayer, and bent forward, an elderly man in a gray gown goes slowly up and down in the room. He is of medium size and compactly built, but his body looks broken down, and bears unmistakable marks of long and intense suffering. The brownish tint, thick lips, aquiline nose, the deep, dark eyes shaded by bushy brows, the jet-black hair hanging down over the forehead, show the genuine Jewish type. But a single look of his beaming eye makes you forget the homely features. These eyes stream forth a heaven of love, of genuine philanthropy and goodness of heart, an irresistible longing for the better world. This man is Augustus Neander, the youngest of the Church fathers, the idolized teacher of the theological students—in spite of the frailty of his body, one of the strongest pillars of the evangelical Church—a true Johannine soul full of heavenly tenderness and holy wrath.

This is the sixty-second birthday of Neander, and, O! what feelings of gratitude to his Heavenly Father swells his frail bosom, while, during this still and solemn morning hour, his whole past life passes once more before his great soul! He enters the miserable home of his father, the tradesman Emanuel Mendel, in Göttingen, follows as a little child, called David Mendel, his pious and love-strong mother Esther, with his five older brothers and sisters, to Hamburg. The genuine love of a mother has given her strength to leave her unworthy husband, and, assisted by sympathizing friends, as Moses Mendelson and others, she devotes herself entirely to the education of her children. With a heart full of gratitude to his Heavenly Father, August Neander follows the wonderful course of the child David Mendel. How he listens in the Johannine, at Hamburg, with his dear and talented friend, Carl Sieveking, to the teachings of the renowned philologist, Gurlitt, who soon takes a father's interest in the little Jew! His fellow-students, at first aiming their

shafts of ridicule at him on account of his awkwardness and unseemliness, soon learn to admire his high talents, his rather too close application, and to love his goodness of heart, his friendliness, and obligingness. When but sixteen years old his heart is thrilled with the purest friendship, as at his entering the academic gymnasium two noble youths, August Varnhagen von Ense, and Wilhelm Neumann, receive him as the third into their league, the "Nordstern," which is soon afterward joined by the noble singer, Adalbert von Chamisso. The objects which the youthful friends have proposed to themselves are the highest and noblest—religion, philosophy, poetry, and classical studies. Plato is the ideal of these noble enthusiasts. For David Mendel, this "anti-Christian Christian," becomes the prophet of Christianity. His youthful soul, full of tender longing, feels that there is only in Christian truth peace for her. The study of Schelling and Schleiermacher develops this feeling into the strongest faith. February 25, 1806, David Mendel is baptized in the residence of pastor Bossau. Witnesses of the solemn transaction are his old friend and teacher Gurlitt, Varnhagen von Ense, and Wilhelm Neumann. The young Christian adopts a name from each of his friends, and his family name from Neumann—new man—Neander. David Mendel has become a *new man*.

About Easter "glorious Schleiermacher" draws young Neander to Halle to the study of theology. When, in November, 1806, the University of Halle was closed by order of Napoleon, he wanders with his friends Neumann, Strauss, and Noodt, with a heavy heart and a light purse, to Göttingen. Noodt takes the poor and helpless young man into his rooms, and cares with the affection of a mother for this grown child. "With his accustomed diligence he applies to his studies"—a circle of enthusiastic friends indemnifies him for Halle, and reconciles him to the "Philistopolis," as he calls Göttingen in a letter. During a vacation tour he becomes acquainted with the pious Wandsheeker Bote Mathias Claudius only in order to revere him. The mild, childlike faith of this man of God induces him to give himself up to the closest study of the New Testament. At Claudius's request he preaches his first sermon at Wunderbeck. The study of the New Testament and the Fathers, combined with Schleiermacher's still unabated influence, awaken in him the desire to devote his life to the study of the history of the Church.

With a heart overflowing with gratitude, he calls to mind the trying hour which, forty years

ago, had seen the youth of twenty-one years ascend the catheder at Heidelberg, vacated by Marheinecke. The Burschenschaft, at Heidelberg, was very indignant, that a converted Jew should presume to teach them theology. The lecture-room is crowded, it being the preconcerted object to draw out the Jew. Bashful and awkward, the young licentiate moves toward the catheder—many an ugly and cutting word hits “the Jew.” Like the loving maiden apostle, Neander stands on the catheder—his face, though pale, gleams in heavenly glory—he casts a look of love over the assembly—the scratching of the floor with their feet does no longer reach him. . . . With a voice at first faltering, but gradually growing stronger and melodious, he opens his lecture, the words gushing forth from the bottom of a love-filled soul—the noise ceases—silence, deep silence, ensues—the students, moved and blushing, listen with the utmost attention—not a word is lost, for they feel it in their hearts. To this Jew Christianity is the most sacred of all truths. Heart after heart surrenders to the youthful lecturer, and the bitterest enemies of the “impudent Jew” become August Neander’s warmest friends. The same success attends him when he lectures, two years later, for the first time in Berlin—the students of theology listen to him in rapture. In 1813, when, in Berlin, an irresistible patriotism seizes the whole population, but when rationalism and indifferentism still hold sway in the Church, Neander lectures there along with Marheinecke, De Wette, Schleiermacher. His motto is, *Pectus quod facit theologum*—the heart makes the theologian; and in the evangelical Church of Germany a new morning dawns. *Pectus quod facit theologum*—for thirty-eight years Neander has been called by his Heavenly Father to labor in his Master’s vineyard according to this motto, preparing hundreds of noble youths for greater fruitfulness—and, O, how devoutly Neander thanks him on the morning of his birthday for his gracious guidance and numberless mercies! Neander sits now in his arm-chair, his hand is raised over his almost blinded, aching eyes—he is absorbed in deep thought—he feels a gentle tap on his shoulder—brushing away with his hand his hair from his forehead, and raising his head, he says, “Come in.”

“Augustus, incorrigible child, you dream already at this early hour!”

“Is it you, Hannchen? I thought it was the famulus knocking at the door.”

“Now the news-loving world has another item from my learned, absent-minded brother, who, when yet a student, committed the blunder of using his friend’s finger instead of his

own in order to fill his pipe; who, on the catheder, once pulled out, instead of the manuscript, a clothes-brush, and, at another time, went with a hair-brush for an umbrella under his arm through the streets; who, walking beside his famulus, with one foot in the gutter, cried out at last in great alarm, O, Ulenhuth, I limp . . . oho! . . .”

“Let that be enough, dearest of sisters; I promise you to do better, if so old a coat can still be mended,” says Neander, and looks at his sister with an eye full of the tenderest love.

“O, child, that was all in fun—just exactly as you are, I, your many friends and students, like you best; therefore, God’s richest blessings to you on your birthday!”

“Thank you, Hannchen! God has so abundantly blessed me all my life long, that I can exclaim at the eve of my life with my young sainted friend, Hermann Rossel:

‘Was immer blühte—scheiden darf ich’s sagen,  
Es war ein hohes, sel’ges Wanderleben.’

(What always bloomed, dying I may say it,  
It was a high and noble wandering life.”)

“Do you know, dear Augustus, what I have asked of God in prayer this morning for you? that he may not let old Hannchen die before her helpless grown child.”

A hearty squeeze of the hand was his reply.

In this grateful squeeze and Hannchen’s touching language you have the whole intimate relation of this remarkable couple, known for many years at Berlin as “the Neander’s children.”

And really the one of these children can not be without the other, although they differ so widely—extremes here meet in mutual, genuine love. Hannchen, who, in spite of her seventy-three years, is still wonderfully active, practical, convivial, and very witty, is the supplement of the learned, thoughtful, and pious brother.

What his faithful chum Noodt had been for the helpless Göttingen student, Neander, that Hannchen was for the brother for the rest of his life—she who in Hamburg already had loved and cherished the child of the family, twelve years younger than herself, with maternal affection, who, for the brother, had sacrificed an early love and remained unmarried—she went in her solicitude for the “child” with her mother and sisters, the beautiful Henrietta and Betty, to Heidelberg and Berlin, in order never to leave the brother. To choose another companion for life perhaps never entered Neander’s mind. Once a female friend broached the subject to him playfully—casting a long and almost painful look at her, he said, “How can I find time for that?” Hannchen is to her

brother every thing; for more than seventy years she has not gone into company, nor to a place of amusement, of which she is, however, extremely fond, because Augustus would be alone the whole evening, and he is not fond of going out. When she brings him his breakfast, or even only a glass of water, he knows that he must be hungry or thirsty; when Hannchen offers medicine to him he takes it like a child; when Hannchen takes away an old article of dress, replacing it with a new one, he puts it on without noticing the change. Once the brother had been somewhat independent—and that only once, because Hannchen had been a little scared by it. For the professor had one morning left his room with his famulus in order to go to his lecture-room; as a matter of course, he was engaged with his famulus in a learned discussion, when all at once his old servant comes after him at full speed, crying out, "Mr. Professor, Mr. Professor!"

"Is it you, Carl? what is the matter?"

Carl carries under his arm a very useful article folded up. Unfolding it, and looking rather unsteadily at his master, he stammers out, "Your sister has found this on the Professor's chair and is apprehensive that you might go without it to the university, hence she sends it to you." Somewhat disconcerted Neander examines it himself, but says, with a feeling of relief, "Only take it back and tell my sister that I do not need it!"

"But you have only one pair, Mr. Professor!"

"Yes, dear Carl, but I just call to mind that the tailor has laid this morning a new pair on the chair before my bed, and I have put it on."

Every day in the afternoon Hannchen takes her brother by the arm and leads him down the Linden to the Thiergarten. When she is unwell, she orders one "of her students" to lead the Professor out, and O, what a privilege is this for the favored one! Hannchen knows from experience that it is not safe to let her brother go out alone. One day she did it, but never again—Augustus had gone out and not returned at the proper time. In bitter anguish of soul Hannchen waited for him for hours—Doerthe and Carl had gone in quest of the lost Professor. She was on the point of alarming the police, when a draschke stops before the door and out comes Neander with a student. Absorbed in meditation Neander had walked through the streets without taking notice of his way. All at once he looks up and finds himself in a strange quarter. In vain he tries to make out where he was—when all at once a practical thought struck him. A draschke! the draschke stops and Neander enters. The

draschke still stops, but Neander, absorbed already in deep thought, does not notice it, when the driver asks him rather gruffly, "Well, where do you want to go to?"

"Home, my friend."

"But where is your home?"

Astonished Neander looks at him and says, "I thought you knew that as a driver."

"But I hope you know at least what street you are living in, and what is the number of your house."

Neander considers long but to no purpose, when happily a student comes along and puts a stop to his trouble.

During the Summer vacation Hannchen generally takes a trip for recreation or goes to some bath with her brother; and in order to make him willing to go, she makes him believe that it is done for the benefit of her health. In cities where there are large libraries he rests in order to study. It is really touching to see with what tenderness this brother and sister give up for each other their favorite projects.

"Where will you go this time?" asked the historian Von Raumer of Hannchen once shortly before Commencement.

"To Paris. Augustus wishes to consult its libraries; I, for my part, would rather go to Munich, for you know my ruling passion—a glass of good beer and an English novel," says Hannchen in her lively way.

"You are going to work in Paris?" says Raumer to Neander.

"Yes, but I go there mainly because Hannchen wants to see Paris. The library at Munich would have more charms for me this time." And brother and sister went to Munich.

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NEVER complain of your birth, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hinderances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or, rather, bring it up to receive God's will, and do his work in your lot and sphere, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

## A CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

PAINFULLY toiled the camels over the burning sands of Arabia. Weary and thirsty were they, for they had not for days had herbage to crop or water to drink, as they trod mile after mile the barren waste, where the sands glowed red like a fiery sea. And weary were the riders, exhausted with toil and heat, for they dared not stop to rest. The water which they carried with them was almost spent; some of the skins which had held it flapped empty against the sides of the camels, and too well the travelers knew that if they loitered on their way all must perish of thirst.

Among the travelers in that caravan was a Persian, Sadi by name, a tall, strong man, with black beard and fierce, dark eye. He urged his tired camel to the side of that of the foremost Arab, the leader and guide of the rest, and, after pointing fiercely toward one of the travelers a little behind him, thus he spake:

"Dost thou know that yon Syrian Yusef is a dog of a Christian, a *kaffir*?" (*Kaffir* is a name of contempt given by Moslems, the followers of the false prophet, to those who worship our Lord.)

"I know that the *hakeem* [doctor] never calls on the name of the prophet," was the stern reply.

"Dost thou know," continued Sadi, "that Yusef rides the best camel in the caravan, and has the fullest water-skin, and has shawls and merchandise with him?"

The leader cast a covetous glance toward the poor Syrian traveler, who was generally called the *hakeem*, because of the medicines which he gave and the many cures which he wrought.

"He has no friends here," said the wicked Sadi; "if he were cast from his camel and left here to die there would be none to inquire after his fate, for who cares what becomes of a dog of a *kaffir*?"

I will not further repeat the cruel counsels of this bad man, but I will give the reason for the deadly hatred which he bore toward the poor *hakeem*. Yusef had defended the cause of a widow whom Sadi had tried to defraud, and Sadi's dishonesty being found out, he had been punished with stripes, which he had but too well deserved. Therefore did he seek to ruin the man who had brought just punishment on him by inducing his Arab comrades to leave him by inducing his Arab comrades to leave him to die in the desert.

Sadi had, alas! little difficulty in persuading the Arabs that it was no great sin to rob and desert a Christian. Just as the fiery sun was sinking over the sands, Yusef, who was sus-

pecting treachery, but knew not how to escape from it, was rudely dragged off his camel, stripped of the best part of his clothes, and, in spite of his earnest entreaties, left to die on the terrible waste. It would have been less cruel to slay him at once.

"O, leave me at least water—water!" exclaimed the poor victim of malice and hatred.

"We'll leave you nothing but your own worthless drugs, *hakeem*. Take that," cried Sadi, as he flung at Yusef's head a tin case containing a few of his medicines. Then, bending down from Yusef's camel, which he himself had mounted, Sadi hissed out between his clinched teeth, "Thou hast wronged me; I have repaid thee, Christian. This is a Moslem's revenge!"

They had gone; the last camel had disappeared from the view of Yusef; darkness was falling around, and he remained to suffer alone amid those scorching sands! The Syrian's first feeling was that of despair as he stood gazing in the direction of the caravan, which he could no longer see. Then Yusef lifted up his eyes to the sky above him; in its now darkened expanse shone the calm evening star, like a drop of pure light.

Even as that star, shone on the soul of Yusef the promise of the Lord, *I will never leave thee nor forsake thee*. Man might desert him, his sun might go down, his water might fail, but God would never forsake him; his mercies would never be exhausted; he could save from death even here; or should not such be his will, he would bring his servant through death to life and joy everlasting.

Yusef, in thinking over his situation, felt thankful that he had not been deprived of his camel in an earlier part of his journey, when he was in the midst of the desert. He hoped that he was not very far from its border, and resolved, guided by the stars, to walk as far as his strength would permit, in the faint hope of reaching a well and the habitations of men. It was a great relief to him that the burning glare of day was over; had the sun been still blazing over his head he must soon have sunk and fainted by the way. Yusef picked up the small case of medicines which Sadi in mockery had flung at him; he doubted whether to burden himself with it, yet he was unwilling to leave it behind.

"I am not likely to live to make use of this, and yet who knows?" said Yusef to himself, as, with his case in his hand, he painfully struggled on over the wide expanse of the dreary desert. "I will make what efforts I can to preserve the life which God has given. But if," mused the



Syrian, "it be his will that I should lay my bones on these barren sands, am I prepared and ready to die? I doubt that I can survive the heat and deadly thirst another day; if my hours, indeed, are numbered, am I fit to appear before God?"

A solemn question this, which we all should put to ourselves. What is the needful preparation for death, whether it come to young or old, in the peaceful home in England, or on Arabia's burning sands? It is simply faith toward the Savior, charity toward all mankind. Yusef, as he searched his heart on that solemn night, felt that he had the first.

"I have *faith*," he said to himself, as he gazed on the starry sky overhead; "I do believe from my heart that the Savior died for my sins, and that he has forgiven and blotted them out forever. I do believe in his boundless grace, in his everlasting mercy. But is mine *faith that worketh by love*; am I in charity with all men; do I, can I forgive even Sadi as freely as I have been forgiven?"

Then came a terrible struggle within the heart of Yusef. Sadi's cruel face rose up in his memory, the flashing eyes, the sneering lip. Yusef thought of his cruelty and treachery, and felt fierce anger toward his enemy blazing up within him. The Syrian could hardly refrain from calling on God to avenge his deadly wrongs. Long lasted Yusef's inward conflict with the spirit of hatred and revenge. Yusef had often repeated the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us;" he knew that God will not pardon those who refuse to pardon; but could the Syrian forgive the man whose cruelty had doomed him to perish of thirst?

Yusef kneeled down on the sand and prayed; he earnestly asked for a spirit of forgiveness, and before he rose from his knees that spirit seemed to be granted, for he was able to pray for Sadi. Yusef's anger calmed down, and with it all thirst for revenge; he could ask God that he might at least meet his cruel enemy in heaven.

Struggling against extreme exhaustion, his limbs almost sinking under his weight, Yusef again pressed on his way, till a glowing red line in the east showed where the blazing sun would soon rise. What were his eager hope and joy on seeing that red line broken by some dark, pointed objects that seemed to rise out of the sand! New strength seemed to be given to the weary man, for now his ear caught the welcome sound of the barking of a dog, and soon afterward he heard the bleating of sheep.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Yusef, "I am near the abodes of men."

Exerting all his power, the Syrian made one great effort to reach the black tents which he now saw distinctly in broad daylight, and which he knew must belong to a wandering tribe of Bedouin Arabs; he tottered on for a hundred yards, and then sank exhausted on the sand.

But the Bedouins had seen the poor, solitary stranger, and as hospitality is one of their leading virtues, some of these wild sons of the desert now hastened toward Yusef. They raised him; they held to his parched lips a most delicious draught of rich camel's milk. The Syrian felt as if he were drinking a new life, and was so much revived by what he had taken that he was able to accompany his preservers to the black goat's-hair tent of their sheik, or chief, a man of noble aspect, who welcomed the stranger kindly.

Yusef had not been long in that tent before he found that he had not only been guided to a place of safety, but to the very place where his presence was needed. The sound of low moans made him turn his eyes toward a dark corner of the tent. There lay the only son of the sheik dangerously ill, and, as the Bedouins believed, dying. Already all their rough, simple remedies had been tried on the youth, but tried in vain. With stern grief the sheik listened to the moans of pain that burst from the suffering lad and wrung the heart of the father.

The Syrian asked for leave to examine the youth, and was soon at his side. Yusef very soon perceived that the Bedouin's case was not hopeless; that God's blessing on the *hakeem's* skill might in a few days effect a wonderful change. He offered to try what his art and medicines could do. The sheik caught at the last hope held out to him of preserving the life of his son. The Bedouins gathered round and watched with keen interest the measures which were at once taken by the stranger *hakeem* to effect the cure of the lad.

Yusef's success was beyond his hopes. The medicine which he gave afforded speedy relief from pain, and within an hour the young Bedouin had sunk into a deep, refreshing sleep. His slumbers lasted long, and he awoke quite free from fever, though some days elapsed before his strength was fully restored.

Great was the gratitude of Azim, the sheik, for the cure of his only son; and great was the admiration of the simple Bedouins for the skill of the wondrous *hakeem*. Yusef soon had plenty of patients. The sons of the desert now looked upon the poor deserted stranger

as one sent to them from heaven; and Yusef himself felt that his own plans had been defeated, his own course changed, by wisdom and love. He had intended, as medical missionary, to fix his abode in some Arabic town; he had been directed instead to the tents of the Bedouin Arabs. The wild tribe soon learned to reverence and love him, and listen to his words. Azim supplied him with a tent, a horse, a rich striped mantle, and all that the Syrian's wants required. Yusef found that he could be happy as well as useful in his wild desert home.

One day, after months had elapsed, Yusef rode forth with Azim and two Bedouins to visit a distant encampment of part of the tribe. They carried with them spear and gun, water, and a small supply of provisions. The party had not traveled far when Azim pointed to a train of camels that were disappearing in the distance.

"Yonder go the pilgrims to Mecca," he said; "long and weary is the journey before them; the path which they take will be marked by the bones of camels that fall and perish by the way."

"Methinks by yon sand-mound," observed Yusef, "I see an object that looks, at this distance, like a pilgrim stretched on the waste."

"Some traveler may have fallen sick," said the sheik, "and been left on the field to die."

The words made Yusef at once put spurs to his horse; having himself so narrowly escaped a dreadful death in the desert, he naturally felt dread pity for any one in danger of meeting so terrible a fate. Azim galloped after Yusef, and having the fleetest horse, outstripped him as they approached the spot on which lay stretched the form of a man apparently dead.

As soon as Azim reached the pilgrim he sprang from his horse, and laid his gun down on the sand, and taking a skin bottle of water which hung at his saddle-bow, proceeded to pour some down the throat of the man, who gave signs of returning to life. Yusef almost instantly joined him; but what were the feelings of the Syrian when, in the pale, wasted features of the sufferer before him, he recognized those of Sadi, his deadly, merciless foe!

"Let me hold the skin bottle, sheik!" exclaimed Yusef; "let the draught of cold water be from my own hand." The Syrian remembered the command, "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

Sadi was too ill to be conscious of any thing passing around him; but he drank with feverish eagerness, as if thirst could never be slaked.

"How shall we bear him hence?" said the sheik, "my journey can not be delayed."

"Go on thy journey, O sheik," replied Yusef; "I will return to the tents with this man if thou but help me to place him on my horse. He shall share my tent and my cup—he shall be to me as a brother."

"Dost thou know him?" inquired the sheik.

"Ay, well I know him," the Syrian replied.

Sadi was gently placed on the horse, for it would have been death to him to have long remained unsheltered on the sand. Yusef walked beside the horse, with difficulty supporting the drooping form of Sadi, which would otherwise have fallen to the ground. The journey on foot was very exhausting to Yusef, who could scarcely sustain the weight of the helpless Sadi. Thankful was the Syrian *hakeem* when they reached the Bedouin tents.

Then Sadi was placed on the mat that served Yusef for a bed. Yusef himself passed the night without rest, watching at the sufferer's side. Most carefully did the *hakeem* nurse his enemy through a raging fever. Yusef spared no effort of skill, shrank from no painful exertion, to save the life of the man who nearly destroyed his own.

On the third day the fever abated; on the evening of that day Sadi suddenly opened his eyes, and, for the first time since his illness, recognized Yusef, who had, as he believed, perished months before in the desert.

"Has the dead come to life!" exclaimed the trembling Sadi, fixing upon Yusef a wild and terrible gaze; "has the injured returned for vengeance?"

"Nay, my brother," replied Yusef, soothingly, "let us not recall the past, or recall it but to bless Him who has preserved us both from death."

Tears dimmed the dark eyes of Sadi; he grasped the kind hand which Yusef held out. "I have deeply wronged thee," he faltered forth; "how can I receive all this kindness at thy hand?"

A gentle smile passed over the lips of Yusef; he remembered the cruel words once uttered by Sadi, and made reply: "If thou hast wronged me, thus I repay thee: Moslem, this is a Christian's revenge."

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THERE is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen; Providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup, however bitter, there are some cordial drops—some good circumstances, which are sufficient for the purpose he wants them—that is, to make him contented, and if not happy, at least resigned.

## THE FUTURE OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

## I. THE DARK SIDE.

MR. CARLYLE, with his peculiar views as to liberty and government, is not the only man of our generation who is troubled with melancholy forebodings for humanity. Amid the universal clack of progress, there are plenty of indications of a bitter feeling that progress in knowledge and the mechanical arts, and even in the wide diffusion of the education which has given birth to that progress, is no guarantee for progress in what men hold to be highest of all—that strength, and depth, and nobility of character which have so little necessary connection with either wide knowledge or multiplied enjoyments. Is there not lurking in thousands of minds a fear that the sciences and arts may prove to be *too strong for man* almost precisely in the sense in which we say that the vitality of Nature as seen in the tropical vegetation of the Amazon is too strong for man?—that knowledge may prove power indeed, but in some sense a power too great for the strength of those who wield it—a power by the side of which moral power will lose its head, feel itself bewildered, paralyzed, without compass, and, worse still, without nerve?

There are those who are already beginning to say in their heart, "There is no God," not because they know so little, but because they know so much of their own little knowledge. They are, perhaps, as the Psalmist calls them, in one sense fools, but certainly they are not fools for want of education, or of all sorts of accomplishments. It is rather that, seeing the threads of scientific investigation branching out in so many different directions, and knowing that they can never grasp one hundredth part even of the conclusions arrived at, the sense of utter helplessness, of incapacity to know any thing but the smallest fraction of this labyrinth of universal laws, fosters in their minds a keen sense of the uncertainty, not only of all except demonstrative evidence, but of all mental and moral impressions, however deep, not supported by this kind of evidence—a sense of uncertainty from which the springs of faith never again recover.

Even those who feel most deeply the truth of God's personal love and providence, and of his revelation of himself in Christ, are not without a vehement and almost passionate feeling that this age needs a new incarnation, if only to tell us how the Light of the world would reconcile this new flood of intellectual processes with the personal life in the Father

which he revealed. There is the profoundest danger of the collapse of that highest personal life, the glory of which has been shown us, before the confusion of the half-lights and half-shadows of the new era. Complexity of every kind is the great condition of the new life—shades of thought too complex to yield up definite opinions—shades of moral obligation too complex to yield up definite axioms of duty—shades of insight too various to yield up definite sentences of approval or condemnation for the actions of others.

On all subjects not strictly scientific, on all those mental and moral questions which determine conduct and action, the growing sense of complexity and difficulty is rapidly producing a relaxing effect upon the force of individual character. In some sense men are blinded by excess of light. The simple old moral law, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods," is apt to lose half its meaning before multitudes of distinctions which gradually shade off forbidden acts into the most praiseworthy and delicate sentiments, and leave you wondering where the spirit of the law ends and the letter begins. Still more difficult does it seem to reconcile the old divine liberty of life in God with the new human liberty of life in science—the spiritual attitudes of mind which recognize that every wave in a storm, every waste shot from a gun that strikes a passing bird, is the direct issue of a Father's will with the laws of tides and air-currents, of atmospheric rarefaction and condensation, with which modern science is every day familiarizing us more.

Harmonize as we will, under our present lights the personal life in God which our Lord revealed fits very awkwardly into the grooves of the scientific conception of order; and every generation, as it accumulates fresh illustrations of the scientific method, is more and more embarrassed how to piece them in with that far grander and nobler personal discipline of the soul which hears in every circumstance of life some new word of command from the living God. We do not affirm, for we do not in the least believe, the two modes of apprehension to be inconsistent. We do say that to help us in reconciling them we seem to need some new act of revelation—that He who taught the old personal, unscientific world how to live in God, should yet reconcile for us the floods of new light he has poured upon our understandings and outward life, with the lessons taught to a very different age by the shores of Galilee and in the darkness of Gethsemane.

If "progress" go on as heretofore, without any new light from the Divine side, the old, strong, simple, ethical, and spiritual conception of life may die away, and there may grow up in its place a spurious compound of misty science and feeble sentiment out of which no strength can come. Compare the old Catholic saints, or the old Puritan saints, it matters little which, with the modern "religious man;" compare Luther with streaming eyes praying for the Church, and telling God with the familiarity of Abraham or Elijah that, if he will have a Church at all, he must look after it himself, "for we can not look after it, and if we could we should be the proudest asses under heaven," with our modern bishops sending forth a soft encyclical, almost destitute of meaning—the highest praise falsely awarded to which has been that there was no harm in it—to "the faithful in Christ Jesus." To the faithful indeed! they meant "to those who made no difficulties in Christ Jesus." Yet the difference is not merely and simply in the men. Luther had rediscovered pure and unalloyed the possibility of free, simple, personal life with Christ. The bishops have inherited a world of intellectual compromises and doctrinal subtleties and scientific discussions, which stand between the soul and this straightforward life. The spirit of the age is complicated with *truths*—as well as falsehoods—which are bewildering and distracting to this attitude of mind, and which yet insist on recognition. The *mere* development of the existing law of progress, as it is usually understood, so far from securing all that is expected of it, can not fail, we think, to do more in relaxing the highest inward life of man than even in beautifying and humanizing its external features.

It is another aspect of the same tendency that, with the new flow of sciences and arts into the world, the tendency to indifference on almost all great non-scientific subjects, politics and theology alike, has so much increased, especially among the young, and that the highest culture has scarcely taught any thing beyond that despair of complete truth, and consequent disposition to deprecate severe struggles for it, which was so remarkable a feature of the Roman world at the beginning of our era, and which always probably leads the majority to the doctrine, "Enjoy what you can while you can, for all remote spiritual attitudes are unsuited to the constitution of such beings as we are, in such a world as the present." There is, at all events, an immense growth of this spirit, not among those who have most hardship and suffering, but who have least—among those who

have chiefly reaped the advantages of the new sciences and arts in easy life, pleasant tastes, languid hopes, and feeble faiths.

The fear is that, if civilization succeeds—and we trust it will succeed—in raising the mass of men to the same level of comparatively satisfied material and intellectual wants, there will be the same disposition to subside into the limited life of small attainable enjoyments, and to let alone the struggles for perfect freedom and perfect life in God. There can be no doubt that what we call our middle class, as a whole, and especially the younger members of it, have lost greatly in sympathy with these struggles among other peoples. Mr. Carlyle's teaching about slavery—earnest in its own immoral kind—has not truly *convinced* half as many as it has given an *excuse* for refusing to interest themselves on the side of the victim—for insisting on judging of the American war, for example, by canons of mere taste.

It is the same with religious life. Some of the younger generation profess a passive skepticism, not an eager, anxious prosecution of doubt; and some lean to the æsthetic practices of the High Church school. But the main point is that in both classes alike the dim, vague faculty called taste has assumed so much importance in late years, not by reason of its own growth, but through the undermining of all surer, deeper, and more laborious passages to truth. We seem to be rapidly approaching in the middle class—and will the working class, when it has gained as easy a hold of life, save us from going further in the same road?—to that condition of things, that attenuated faith, those petty momentary interests, that hopeless vision of the excessive complexity of truth on all high topics, which drove the Roman world into despair at the beginning of our era—a despair from which a simple belief in a simple revelation of divine acts alone saved it. Mr. Arnold has finely said of it:

"Like ours it looked in outward air;  
Its head was clear and true;  
Sumptuous its clothing, rich its fare;  
No pause its action knew.  
Steel was its arm: each pulse and bone  
Seemed puissant and alive;  
But, ah! its heart, its heart was stone,  
And so it could not thrive."

If it were true that, with the beating back of great physical wants, the deepest hunger of human nature is to be laid to sleep, and life to be frittered away in small enjoyments, no one could look upon human destiny without a sigh.

Perhaps it may be thought almost an answer to this fear to point out that with the growth



of the self-indulgent spirit there is very apt to grow also a very strong feeling of the worthlessness of life—a feeling that nothing enjoyed is worth the cost of obtaining it; that life itself is a doubtful good; that, the spring and elasticity of youth once over, and the sense of duty smothered in a sea of speculative doubt, it is rather from indolence than from love of life that men prolong the dreary monotony of unsolved problems and ungranted prayers.

That high culture has led many of the highest minds of our age to the very verge of a despondency that is little short of despair, we scarcely needed that grand expression of this feeling in incomparably the finest poem of our own day, Mr. Clough's Easter Sunday soliloquy at Naples, to tell us. It will be said that the very sense of utter weariness and nothingness which life without faith carries into the highest minds, is itself the surest proof that we need not fear any real collapse of society into atoms of individual self-indulgence. And we believe this because we believe in God. But, judging by the merely human symptoms of the day, one would say that the collapse of faith, which brings the highest minds nearly to despair, brings ordinary minds to weary satiety, indifference, ennui—that condition, in short, in which no end of life is thought worth earnest exertion, and yet for want of earnest exertion no higher estimate of the ends of life may be formed.

To sum up, then, those influences which, inhering as they do in the very grain of civilization, seem to us to threaten far more evil in the future than the more or less removable mass of physical misery, ignorance, and want, with which politicians are wisely making war, there is, first, a tendency in the very accumulation of the intellectual sciences to perplex and relax the fibers of moral and intellectual conviction—a tendency, in fact, to drown purpose and volition in the flood of intellectual alternatives which are proposed to our thought. Again, the very growth of the arts in staving off the ultimate necessities of man, and multiplying immensely the small enjoyments of life, has a great tendency to increase, and has increased, the spirit of petty self-indulgence, of small self-gratification, of indifference to all great and grave struggles. Finally, this predominance of small and brilliant certainties amid the growth of great and vague doubts, while it makes the highest minds pine passionately for more light, fosters in common minds the tendency to cry, "Who will show us any good?" and to doubt secretly whether any attainable end in life is worth the trouble of

attaining it—a state of mind which has been common in the stationary East for centuries, and will grow even in the progressive West just as rapidly if the faith in Christ could ever die out.

## II. THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Were the preceding article a complete statement of the facts, civilization would seem on the eve of stereotyping itself, and the destiny of man would appear to be sterile indeed; but it is not complete. There are facts to be recorded as bright as these are gloomy. Amid the decay of the creeds and the roar of petty conflicts, under the complex network of doubts which seem to shut in men, each to his little plot of obvious duty, as a few red threads will shut in a stag to a half-rood of grass, we seem to perceive at last the rise of new and tremendous forces which will once again retone the heart, rebrace the mind, and at last reinvigorate, or, to speak even more frankly, re-create faith in the souls of men.

Education does not only pulverize. Things are still in their germ, but we think we see one change, perhaps the greatest of all, coming over the spirits of civilized men; a thirst for truth by itself; a sovereign, driving faith in that; an utter indifference to and contempt of the results of that which is absolutely new in history, and which of all the intellectual passions tends most to clear and strengthen the mental blood. The love and admiration of scientific processes, the hunger, sometimes almost brutal, for realism in art, and literature, and life, the weary carelessness for things which used to inflame mankind may be, certainly seem to this writer to be, mere symptoms of this new impulse, just as hunger, and peevishness, and a tumult of the blood are often the first symptoms of returning convalescence. No influence, save faith alone, tends so directly to strengthen the character as this single-eyed passion; none enables men to walk with so decided a step, and none frees them more rapidly from the bondage of the webs woven, as the preceding writer says, by the new consciousness men have of the complexity of all things. Once hold truth invaluable, and doubt loses its paralyzing force.

Moreover, the hunger for truth, which in science, or history, or theology always begins by killing faith, always ends by serving as a base for a new structure, would, we believe, reanimate Christianity—now supposed to be dying, because for the third time it is stripping itself to put on its new armor—even without another and yet stronger impulse now rising

among men. This is the spirit which, for want of a better word, we must call sympathy, the spirit Shakspeare called mercy, and the author of *Ecce Homo* styles the "enthusiasm of humanity;" a spirit born within the last hundred years, which has in it the capacity of becoming a motor, a fanaticism, even in certain exceptional situations a destroying force; a spirit which seventy years ago produced Robespierre, which in our own day has yielded John Brown and Mazzini; a spirit which is the secret force of that otherwise anarchical tendency we call democracy, and the mainspring and sustenance of "the Revolution," which is already acting as the solvent of all old laws, institutions, and crystallizations of society.

This sympathy with man as man, absolutely new, is becoming a mighty operative force. There are no fanatics like those who are possessed by it. There are no changes so vast as those which they suggest, no lives so arduous as those which they will lead. Force of character, quoth 'a! Has it ever been shown more grandly than by the abolitionists, infidels half of them, but men borne on by this new impulse to face torture, and contempt, and death, the scorn of wise men, and the hatred of worldly men, as the purest Christians alone have ever had force to do? Wherein was Cromwell so much stronger than John Brown, Huss than Garrison, Xavier than Howard, Wycliffe than many a man among us who, unable to bear the torment of his pity for the misery of men, of his sovereign sympathy with wretchedness, has, half-mad, gone out from his old beliefs, stripped himself naked of ideas, and so, amid the shocked scorn of friends, and families, and comrades, declared war to the knife on all that exists, but, existing, does not remove his horror. He is wrong enough usually, but how weak!

And remember, as this passion of sympathy spreads, and deepens, and clears itself, as men grow to sympathize with humanity in all its misery, in its sinfulness as in its pain, as they come to war against moral as they now war on social suffering, so must the one figure, in whom and through whom alone their ideal is completed, regain its power over their imaginations, their hearts, their lives. In the man-God alone is philanthropy, the love of man, seen perfect. Half the best warriors in the social war are "infidels," men who can not bow down to the authority which has left the world to groan; but to them above all will come first the conviction that, strain on as they will, they can not love man as He loved, that their endurance is weak beside His, that

their tolerance, and mercy, and pitifulness—things which are but names for the one quality of sympathy—are imperfect, lusterless, wanting in breadth, and depth, and coherence, beside the perfect fullness of His love.

It is from the lower side, from the human side, from the long-delayed recognition of Christ as the completion of the highest ideal of man, that we look for the second revival of that true and only Christianity which believes, as it believes in the axiomata of mathematics, that Christ, God, and man died for the human race. In men in whom the love of truth is as a flame, in whom sympathy is illimitable, and in whom faith has once more grown up from below, there will be no lack of force. That the character of the great men of the next generation will be *like* the character of the greatest in the past we by no means affirm. Probably it will not. Out of that sense of the vast complexity of all things there should grow, will grow, in the minds reilluminated by faith, enlarged by sympathy, made single by love of truth, a mighty tolerance, a patience, a calm serenity, to which our greatest have often been strangers. The warrior element will not be so all-pervading, the uniform will be exchanged more often for the ermine. There will be serenity in these men, but serenity is not weak. We look, as one of the blessings of the future, for the recovery of the one lost blessing of the old pagan world—the blessing which philosophers call unconsciousness, calm, capacity of enjoyment, and Christian childlikeness; the nature we see dimly through the ages in the best of the Greeks, see plainly even now sometimes in a few old men and women, upon whom a living faith and a serene life have impressed that stamp of saintliness which, of all the aspects of human nature, has in it most of softness, and least of feebleness or indecision.

Weakness of character! Imagine Calvin with Melancthon's heart, and we are near the ideal to which the world tends, and which, be it what it may else, at least is not weak, not the character which subsides into a search for physical comfort. Men tell us who have studied Americans, Germans, and Europeans free of the tyranny of convention, that they see among their best specimens, among farmers in the West like Lincoln, among professors like Carl Ritter, among workmen—take Nadar—dim foreshadowings of men like this; men whose characters are of iron in their self-dependence; men like Jacobins in the strength of their convictions, yet with hearts absolutely irradiated with sympathy for man and faith in God's love; men whom nothing resists successfully, yet who have

recovered a power of childlike gladness, a capacity of serenity such as man in this century has sold—the purchase-money for his victories over opposing Nature.

And then, too, there is another force, almost new, also at work. We are about to say what will probably excite in half of our readers a sense of the ridiculous, but still it has to be said, if our conviction is to be fully expressed. Hope is becoming once more a motive power. It is a singular fact in the Christian psychology that hope, which the apostles regarded as a virtue—an executive force, a motive power—has ever since that time been degraded in men's ideas into a mere quality very lightly esteemed. A hopeful man is, in the parlance of to-day, a sort of fool. Hope, nevertheless, is once more regaining her power—so completely regaining it as not unfrequently to be mistaken for her strong sister. Faith is influencing the souls of men; is strengthening them to try unknown paths, untrodden ways, to work for ends which but for hope they would scarcely even desire. The passionate belief that Utopia may be attained, that we may yet reach a land where all shall be free, and instructed, and good, where the human race shall "have its fair chance," is exciting men afresh, is helping them to dare.

It was but a hope, a dream, a Utopia, which sustained the North in its tremendous struggle, but then the force which sustained it is neither feeble nor worthy of contempt. Men as the old creeds vanish are ceasing to despair, and in morals as in politics courage is the essential basis of all vigorous or successful action. A good deal of the despairing indifference mentioned in the preceding article is the result of hope, of the new conviction or impression that higher things are *not* unattainable. If nothing but bread is attainable, one fights for bread; but if one clearly experiences the *hope* of meat? We do not wish to push this argument too far, partly because it may be a feeling peculiar to certain idiosyncrasies, partly because hope at last is only a result of faith; but still the development of this faculty is to be reckoned among the brighter gleams in a picture which might otherwise be dark.

And finally—for we can neither hope to state, nor even to indicate, the infinite details of this side of the argument—it is necessary to adduce one negative argument. The crave for comfort has an aspect the pessimists never acknowledge; it is one form of victory over the body. The highest thinkers of all ages have acknowledged that this victory must be gained; and as the Stoics held the road to it was contempt for the body, and the monks subjugation of the

body, so the moderns hold unconsciously that the swiftest path is the silencing of the body. The modern thinker seats himself in an easy-chair, not in order to enjoy the easy-chair, but in order that the nobler part of him may be free from the consciousness of the inferior—may not be worried by its claims, disturbed by its remonstrances, fretted by its complaints. It is not luxury he is seeking, but mental freedom; the freedom the Stoic sought when he chattered in the rain as if the sun had shone, and held it beneath him to pay attention to the chill. The modern man is not less desirous of that liberty of scorn for the clouds; but to get it, instead of stripping, he invents a water-proof; he silences the body by content, instead of by control—reigns as Cæsar, instead of an ancient absolutist. We like neither *regime*; but it is not weakness of character, but misdirected power of character, which produces the second—a misdirected power which, more wisely used, may make the mind and the soul more genuinely free, and therefore more genuinely strong, than they have been. The highest song of suffering ever sung was penned by a king; and fortitude, endurance, strength in all forms, are the qualities which, from the days of the Roman patriciat, the aristocrats have not lacked. It is not in the luxurious, but in those who are hankering for luxury, that feebleness is found.

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"AS YE SOW, SO ALSO SHALL YE REAP."

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WE careless sow more tares than wheat  
 Into the fallow-ground of hearts,  
 And when 'neath Autumn suns we reap,  
 As the bright Summer-time departs,  
 We find much straw with little grain,  
 And bind the thorns among the wheat,  
 Then sigh in sorrow when we see  
 Our garners filled with worthless cheat.

We can not reap full-laden ears  
 When we have sown the tares broadcast;  
 Bemoaning work so illy done  
 We grieve to know the Summer's past,  
 And all its bright and golden hours  
 Can never come to us again;  
 E'en now the leaves are turning brown,  
 And soon will come the Wint'ry rain.

Then let us clean the thrashing-floor  
 Ere sowing-time shall come again,  
 Sift well the tares from out the wheat  
 Till naught is left but finest grain,  
 That when in harvest-time the scythe  
 Shall cut the waving lines of gold,  
 We may be called God's harvesters,  
 And look for rest unto his fold.

## A WIFE'S HANDIWORK.

WE present to our readers for the present month a remarkable steel-plate engraving. It is one of a series of thirteen illustrating a recent scientific work issued from the press of our own Book Concern, for its author. The volume lies before us, one of the most finished specimens of the art of book-making we have ever seen. In type, paper, press-work, and binding, we would not know how to suggest a single improvement. In its character it is a scientific work of the highest merit, being an elaborate chemical and microscopic analysis of the nature and operation of many different poisons in their relations to animal life.\* It is the most valuable contribution to toxicology and medical jurisprudence that America has ever made to medical science, and in many of its features is unsurpassed by any contribution to these departments from European science.

Its author is Dr. T. G. Wormley, Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in the Starling Medical College, of Columbus, Ohio. It is the work of many years of unremitting labor and patient investigation. We know of no work that is so purely a specimen of scientific devotion. The author has spared no time, labor, or expense in its preparation, while he could only feel all the time, that a work of so purely scientific a character, and necessarily confined to a limited range of circulation, could never by its sales remunerate him for his toil and expenditure. It is the result of years of patient experimenting on the effects of the different poisons directly brought to bear on animal life. For this purpose, with the mercilessness of a scientific devotee, he has killed several hundreds of cats and dogs with different poisons, and, by subsequently analyzing their blood and the contents of their stomachs, has determined the exact appearance of the poison-crystals after doing the work of death.

But the feature in this volume which has led to this notice of it, and the presentation of a specimen of one of its plates to our readers, is the perfect accuracy and beauty with which the poison-crystals have been reproduced on paper, and used to illustrate the work. Thirteen plates, of a character similar to the one before us, exhibit the results of the author's investigations, and beautify the book. The production of these illustrations was his greatest difficulty. To individualize the poisons; to ad-

minister them to the subjects; to note the phenomena of death; to describe the pathological appearances of the affected tissues; to analyze the contents of the stomach and other fluids; to recover the poison and isolate it again in crystallized form, and to exhibit these crystals under the microscope, were comparatively easy processes to the scientific physician and the chemical adept. But how to transfer these appearances which the eye beheld under the microscope to paper, and so perfectly that they might be accepted as exact reproductions of the forms revealed by the microscope, was a task that the author at one time thought was impracticable. His wife, by the most patient, delicate, and persevering labor, solved the problem for him, and with her pencil made perfect sketches of the poison-crystals as the Doctor, by chemical analysis, brought them to view under the microscope.

As the eye rests on the specimen-plate, and notices the exceeding delicacy of the lines forming these crystals, and the vast variety and multifarious shapes of the crystals themselves, we begin to form some idea of the difficulty of the task undertaken by this noble woman. But the difficulty is vastly multiplied when we remember that the crystalline forms that were to be sketched were only seen under the microscope, and would vanish in a few seconds, and had to be reproduced again and again, till the fair artist accurately transferred them to paper. Her patient labor at length presented to her husband thirteen plates beautifully and accurately sketched with the pencil.

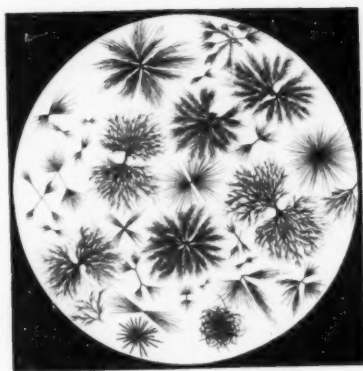
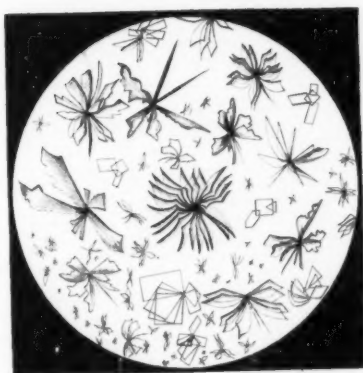
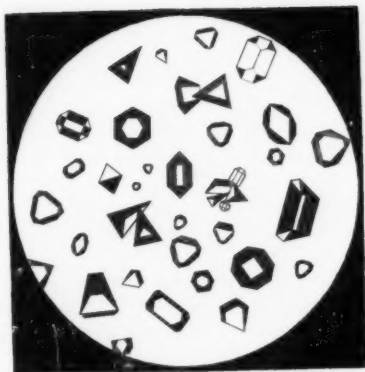
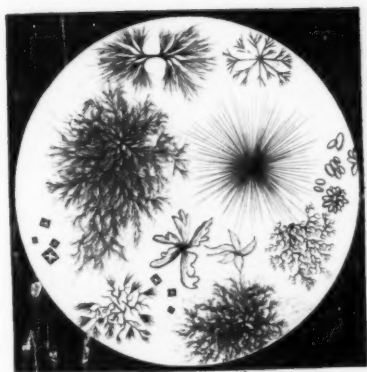
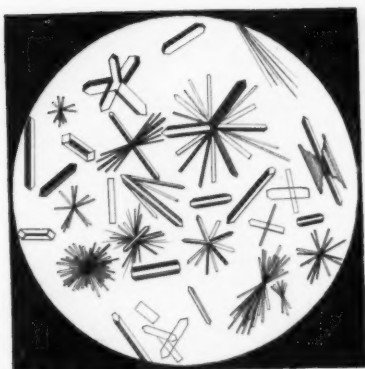
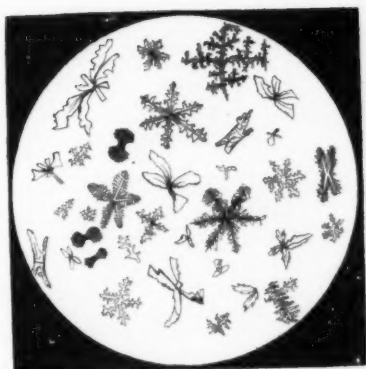
The next problem was how to have them accurately engraved on steel as illustrations of his forthcoming volume. For this purpose, he called upon the most distinguished engravers of the eastern cities, who told him that it could not be done in less than three years' time, and would cost almost a fortune of money. One of them engraved a single page, but the Professor would not accept it. The Doctor then made application to Mr. Jones, of Cincinnati, well-known to the readers of the Repository, for the many beautiful things with which he has embellished our pages. Struck with the exceeding delicacy of the drawings, and apprehending at once the immense difficulty of transferring them to steel, he informed the Doctor that whoever made the drawings must also engrave the plates. "Impossible," replied the Doctor, "for the person who drew the figures knows nothing of engraving."

"Whoever can draw like that on paper," said Mr. Jones, "can etch on steel."

"It was my wife," said the Doctor, beginning

\* MICRO-CHEMISTRY OF POISONS; including their Physiological, Pathological, and Legal Relations. By Theo. G. Wormley, M. D. With Seventy-eight Illustrations on Steel. 8vo. Pp. 676.





Mrs. T. G. Wormley ad nat del et sculp.

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almost to despair of getting his plates engraved, "and she knows nothing of etching or any other part of engraving."

The Doctor was at length persuaded to procure a steel-plate and points. The artist prepared the plate, gave a few items of instruction and explanation to the Doctor, who was to carry his message and his instructions home to his wife. The indefatigable wife accepted the responsibility and went to work, and in a few weeks came to the artist's office with her etching, the product of her own hand being the first she had ever seen. The fair artist was delighted and encouraged when she saw a proof of her first effort. It was so good that with a little correction it might have been used; but she felt that she could do better, and the plate was canceled. The number of steel-plates necessary for the whole work was then ordered. Mrs. Wormley began the labor, and in less than a year finished the etching of thirteen plates, containing in all seventy-eight figures.

Encouraged by her success in the use of the *point*, Mrs. Wormley thought she would try the *graver*, a tool she had not yet used, and necessary in the finishing of the plates. Her success in that was equal to her etching. She then requested permission to use the ruling machine, of which she knew as little as she had known of the point or graver. In a little while she was mistress of the ruler, and presented to her husband the whole series of plates, the delicate touches of which defy criticism, even under the scrutiny of a microscope! Indeed, the details of many of the figures can only be obtained by means of the lens. They have been pronounced, by competent judges, the finest set of microscopic plates ever produced in Europe or America. We look upon the result as one of the most wonderful achievements of womanly patience, skill, and perseverance, the full greatness of which it is impossible to make apparent to those who are unacquainted with the difficulties and mysteries of the engraver's art.

Mrs. Wormley knows how to answer the question—What can women do? They can do a thousand beautiful, useful, delicate things that men can not do. Their delicate appreciation of beauty, their quick and accurate perceptions, their fineness of touch, their patience, and many other qualities that characterize them as women, fit them for large fields of usefulness which would be peculiarly their own, and which man could not usurp from them if he would. It might be physically possible for man to achieve what Mrs. Wormley has done; but we believe it would be well-nigh impossible for man's im-

patience and haste of results, to endure the long schooling in patience, in minute observation, in delicate touching and retouching, in acquiring skill in arts before unknown, which the creator of these remarkable plates has undergone.

Mrs. Wormley gives us a beautiful illustration of that divinely assigned mission for the wife—"she shall be a help meet for him." She is the companion of her husband in the highest walks of literature, and can descend with him into the depths of scientific research. She can cooperate with him in the experiments of the laboratory; she can illustrate with the pencil and graver the products of his genius and toil; she can beautify his home with her own drawings and paintings, and then enliven it with her vocal and instrumental music. She is a true woman; with a mind well-stored with the more solid attainments of a liberal education, she possesses decided talents for music and drawing, and embraces every opportunity to cultivate her taste and skill; and yet she fulfills all duties of home as wife and mother, her daily life being characterized by untiring industry, gentleness, and kindness to all around her in health and sickness.

Dr. Wormley has received the distinction of election to honorary membership of several of the principal scientific societies of Europe, and his work has elicited the highest commendation of those qualified to judge of its merits on both sides of the Atlantic.

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#### SOCIAL SCIENCE.

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WE have before us reports of the recent sessions of the American and British Social Science Associations, and also some valuable papers bearing on similar questions of social interest which are agitated in France. Two facts prominent and startling in these reports are the decadence of human life from congregation in large and crowded cities, and the decrease of population among the higher and more refined classes of society. The first we would rationally expect, as nearly all the causes of disease and death are more efficient in dense than in sparse populations, while the very concourse of human beings itself develops prolific causes of disease. But the great disproportion in the mortality of cities compared with that of the country, made evident by these statistics, shows that our cities are maintained at a more fearful cost of human life than is generally supposed.

Of ninety-four causes of death, seventy-five

act with greater intensity in cities than in the country—some of them producing ninety-six per cent., or nearly double as many deaths in the same population in towns as in the country; while the whole number of deaths is forty per cent. in excess in the cities. So great is this disproportion that our cities would soon become depopulated if left to themselves. They live at the expense of the country. Families are exhausted and die out, and their places are filled by immigration from the rural districts. It is estimated by a French writer in 1842, that among 300,000 people then living in Paris, there were probably not 1,000 who could trace their families in that city back two hundred years; or, in other words, the 200,000 people living in Paris in the reign of Louis XIII, instead of multiplying to 400,000 in two centuries, had dwindled down to 1,000. According to English statisticians 10,000 people from the country annually are necessary to keep the population of London up to its number, and it is estimated that 5,000 fresh subjects from the rural districts must flow annually into the city of New York, to supply the waste that death makes in that city in excess of the death-rate in the country.

Another striking fact is the readiness with which these thousands from the country flock into the cities to fill up these breaking ranks. This is seen from the fact that the increase of the population of cities immensely surpasses that of rural districts. This vast increase is of course not from the predominance of births over deaths, but from immigration, both foreign and domestic. Dr. Jarvis, in his valuable paper before the late social science meeting at Boston, gives the following statistics on this point:

"In twenty years in Massachusetts, the cities and large towns gained 109.9 per cent., and the rural districts gained 47.6 per cent. In the United States the gain of cities was 186.5 per cent., and the rural gain was 72.5 per cent. in the same period, from 1840 to 1860. The gain of the States north of Mason and Dixon's line is represented by 174.5 and 33.1 per cent. respectively, for city and country. In the south-east the figures 95.1 and 31 show the proportionate increase. The new States west of the Alleghanies, and north of the Ohio River, gained 487 and 155.3 per cent. in the same time; the south-western States 226.1 and 106.5. In all the above examples, the larger number shows the per cent. of increase of cities containing over 10,000 people in the two decades. All the countries of Europe furnish similar statistics, and those of France are most marked. During

a period of twenty-five years the towns of France increased 53 per cent., the country 3.2 per cent. Paris in thirty years gained 115.83 per cent.; all the rest of France 12.3 per cent. The population in all France is doubled in one hundred and ninety-eight years, in one hundred and seventy large towns in thirty-three years, in Paris in twenty-eight years."

It is remarkable with what exactness the rate of mortality is in proportion to compactness of population. In 1858 the registrar-general of England reported that "the people of districts living in England wide apart experience a low mortality, and their mortality increases in proportion as their dwellings are brought in closer proximity." This opinion is borne out by all subsequent reports. The report for 1856 divides England into two classes as to density of population. In the first class, where each person had an average of a quarter acre of land, the deaths were at the rate of 26.55 in 1,000 for a year; in the second class, where each person had 3.63 acres, a mortality of 20 in one thousand was considered an over-estimate. A table condensed from one of these reports shows that the mortality steadily decreases as population is less crowded. Thus: The average rate of mortality in fifteen districts, where each person had from .004 to .010 of an acre, was 262 to 10,000 of population. Sixty districts, where a person had one to two acres, show a rate of 214. In four districts, where there were but one person to nine or ten acres, the rate was 175. Three districts, where each person had seventeen to thirty-three acres, the rate was 160 to each 10,000 of population.

A still more significant fact is made evident by these papers—the remarkable decrease in the rate of increase of population in certain places and classes. In France, for instance, with a climate far superior to that of England, the increase of population is but little over 4,000 per million annually, while in England it is 14,000 in 1,000,000. The rate of increase in France is but one-half that of Holland, and compares with Denmark as 4 to 11, and with Prussia as 4 to 13. For 15 years there has been only five per cent. of increase. At the beginning of the present century the average number of births in each family was four to five. In Paris it was four. Now it is only three in France and two in Paris. While the population as a whole has increased over six millions in forty years, the military reports show that there are no more young men of twenty and twenty-one suitable for conscription than there were in 1830. They complain much of the physical degeneracy and of the weakness



of those who present themselves at the enrollment offices. This is a darker record than can be found in any other State in Europe.

Opinions vary as to the cause. It is evident that there are various causes. It is a subject, however, about which there is very much yet to learn. To sum the causes up under the name "state of society," is but an obscure way of stating the fact. One of the most apparent causes is what the followers of Malthus would call the repressive principle. It is the sad record of infant mortality, as shown in a pamphlet by Doctors Brochard and Monot. It is the custom in Paris for parents to send a vast number of infants into the country to be nursed, either because they can not attend to them, or because they wish to be rid of offspring. Paris sends 18,000 into the country every year. It has become a regular business. There are offices in every part of the city where contracts are made by the month or the year. The last year there have been several suits on account of abuses in this so-called business. The evils have become so great, and the neglect so manifest, that private individuals have organized a "Society for the Protection of Infants," which seeks information and institutes legal proceedings against persons abusing the law. Of the 18,000 sent out every year from Paris, one-sixth die. The percentage of deaths, or the "massacre of the innocents," from 1839 to 1858, was 28.91; from 1859 to 1864 it varies from 30.02 to 40.07. The districts to which these children are sent present very different statistics: "Some are celebrated for never rearing children." The rate at which infants aged from one day to one year die is, in the Department of the Loire Inferieure, 90.50 per cent; Seine Inferieure, 87.36; Eure, 78.12; Calvados, 78.09; Aube, 70.27; Seine et Oise, 69.23; Cote d'Or, 66.46; Indre et Loire, 62.16; Manche, 56.66.

There may be another cause in the fact that 400,000 of the flower of the youth of France are shut up in camp continually, and forbidden to marry. Besides these, the only other causes we have seen mentioned are the thousands who fill the monasteries and convents, besides the "social evil."

It would be an outrageous slander to say that there were no homes in France, but at the same time we have the authority of one of the greatest philanthropists of the nation to the fact that "the want of France is homes and mothers."

Similar facts were brought to light before the Social Science Congress at its last session in Boston, through a paper read by Dr. Allen, of Massachusetts. The statistics of Dr. Allen are confined chiefly to Massachusetts, and indicate

first, a depletion of the State by the emigration of its citizens to other States, without a corresponding immigration from other States, the excess of emigration being from 4,000 to 5,000. At the same time a constant influx of foreigners are pouring into the State by immigration from abroad. This state of things if unchanged would of itself before many decades change almost wholly the character of the population. But Dr. Allen presents another alarming fact contributing to the same result. Says the Doctor, "It is further to be observed that the proportion and numbers of births from foreign parents has been continually increasing, while those of native parents have scarcely varied. This is proved not only by the census, but by the registration report. The increase of population for twenty or twenty-five years has been mainly in the cities and large towns, and it will be found to be largely made up of the foreign element. In the smaller villages the stock is mostly American, and has hardly increased at all. In fact, a careful analysis of the census reports at different periods shows that this increase of population in the State follows almost invariably in the same line and in the same proportion as the foreign element has been introduced or increased. Examining the number of deaths, we find that there are absolutely more deaths than births among the strictly American children, so that, aside from immigration and births of children of foreign parentage, the population of Massachusetts is really decreasing."

Another fact developed by reports is that whereas in 1765 nearly one-half the population of Massachusetts was under fifteen years of age, it is believed that at the present time not more than one-fifth of the purely American population is under that age. The number of children in an equal number of families of American and foreign birth will be nearly three times as great in the latter as in the former. The records of many towns will include six to eight generations. Examination shows that the families of the first generation had an average of eight to ten children; of the next three between seven and eight; the fifth about five, and the sixth less than three to each family. Formerly large families were common; now they are rare. In some of the old towns the records of a hundred years do not show a single married couple without children. The New York census of 1865 shows that of 993,236 married women, 137,745 had no children, and 303,898 had only one or two. In the small town of Billerica there are the records of ninety-six families of ten or more children. Five of these had fourteen, and one twenty-one. The total in the ninety families is

1,043. The birth-rate shows the same fact, that the American families do not increase at all, and inspection of the registration in other States shows that the same remark applies to all. It is remarked that the decrease of children is found to prevail in country almost as much as in city, and that only about three-fifths of all that are born, including city and country, ever reach adult life. What, then, is to be the state of society in New England fifty or a hundred years hence? What is to become of the Yankee stock? Can the difference among the births of foreign and native parentage be attributed to a degeneracy in the physical condition and organization of females, or a settled determination with large numbers of the married to have no more children, or a very limited number?

To what causes are these sad facts to be attributed? Writers upon population regard as principal causes in preventing its increase climate, famine, pestilence, government, war, want of marriage, and prudential considerations. It is evident that neither of these agencies, except the last, can have been operating in this country in the past. Not climate, for it is a fault that does not apply to former generations, and is not now applicable to a part of the population; and we have as a nation been happily spared from the other calamities that have been named.

In explaining these facts great stress has been laid on what is delicately named, "prudential considerations." There is a painful amount of evidence that these considerations are acting powerfully and extensively in American society; that in large classes of the community parents desire no offspring, or at most but a very limited number, and that most culpable means are resorted to for the accomplishment of the object. It is a sad commentary on our civilization and modern Christianity. If the figures and statements of Dr. Allen and other eminent physicians, whose attention has been specially directed to these subjects, are to be accepted, the case is a fearfully alarming one. In a moral point of view it can be nothing else than a crime of the deepest dye, enough to call down upon us as a people the displeasure of Heaven. In relation to human life it is nothing less than murder; and in relation to the perpetrator it is a physiological crime, entailing fearful risk to the mother's health and life. We send abroad our missionaries to preach the criminality of infanticide to heathen nations, and yet in the midst of our Christian civilization discover a "massacre of the innocents" in some of its features more detestable than the habits of heathenism!

But we turn away from this directly criminal aspect of the matter to the contemplation of other causes tending to the same results. We are satisfied that a very large share of these evils are due to what is embraced in the significant phrase, "the state of society." That state is one of predominant mental activity, the intellectual nature subordinating the animal and physical to itself. The stress of nineteenth-century civilization is on the brain and nerves, giving undue development to these at the expense of the muscular tissues, and to the enfeeblement of almost every other organ. Our National temperament is in process of rapid development and change. "From being what philosophers call extensive and running into physical developments, it has become intensive and takes intellectual forms. Our great grandfathers ate and drank, laughed and grew fat; we plan and study, labor and fret, and are nervous and thin. They took life as it came; we are more anxious to mold it to our purpose, and make it what we think it ought to be."

American women enter into this intense life as earnestly as the men, and the physical effects manifest themselves in both sexes; more perhaps in the female, because, more than the male, she has turned away from manual labor and means of physical development. Her education in the past, too, has been fearfully at fault in throwing an immense strain upon the brain and nervous system with an almost utter neglect of physical culture. The difficulty is not with female education, but with its misdirection. Girls are put to school too early, and in every particular their education is too stimulating, hurried, and exciting. The same thing has been almost equally true with regard to our boys; and as the result we raise generations of men and women with the brain and nervous system highly developed, but with the muscular temperament scarcely developed at all. The body as a whole is feeble throughout, and individual muscles are soft, flabby, small, and weak.

As a general rule, people highly educated, and following pursuits of whatever kind that severely tax the brain and nervous system, have a less number of children than those persons engaged in manual labor for a livelihood. Women distinguished for genius and intellectual attainments have never as a class been prolific of offspring. Is, then, the intellectual cultivation of women unnatural and abnormal? Certainly not. But such intellectual culture as sacrifices to itself all care for the physical development of the body, and such

devotion to intellectual culture as excludes manual or physical labor, whether in man or woman, is abnormal, against the designs of nature, and in violation of the laws of health. The effect is seen in the intense headaches with which our women are now afflicted, the other portions of the body not being sufficiently developed to draw to them a just proportion of the circulation. Those who are thus affected are frail and weak, break down in childbirth, and are unable to nourish their offspring.

Certain absurd fashions in dress have also contributed to this process of physical enfeeblement. Compression of the chest and of the stomach has produced indigestion, thus impairing the lymphatic system; has weakened the pulsations of the heart, thus deranging the circulation; and by pressure upon the upper part of the body has served to weaken, depress, and displace certain vital organs, entailing a class of diseases on modern females but little prevalent in former generations.

What is to be the remedy of this state of affairs? The evil is caused by neglect of physical exercise, too exclusive cultivation of the brain, and fashionable modes of life and dress. The remedy of the first is plain. The muscle of women should be educated harmoniously with the brain; the distaste for household labor in the higher circles—indeed, in all circles—should be removed; the exciting and dissipating modes of fashionable life should be supplanted by wiser and healthier entertainments; and the movement in seminaries for increased physical development should be encouraged and increased; girls should remain girls as long as possible, and should not be transformed into miniature women in manners and dress during those years that nature intends to be devoted to the culture of both brain and muscle. To persuade women to give up fashion and to dress according to the laws of health, is an impossible task; but there has been some improvement in the fashions themselves of late, and we may hope for still wiser and better things in the future.

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SOMEWHERE.

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Now sinks the sun into the sea,  
But upward all our clouds are bright,  
And somewhere all their morning hills  
Are glimmering in light.

Now sleep the sunny little waves  
That sang to-day along our shore,  
But space has caught their music up,  
And trills it o'er and o'er.

A knell is rung in yonder tower  
That moans along our lonesome halls,  
But somewhere strikes like melody  
Against the "shining walls."

Poor hearts that miss the voice of love!  
Ye know that somewhere, brave and clear,  
It sings in sainted perfectness  
The tale it whispered here.

The roof-tree drops its blighted bloom,  
And withers on the silent eaves;  
But somewhere there is glorious fruit  
Among the garnered leaves.

There is no pang of sacrifice  
But ripens into sweetest sense,  
Or somewhere in a peaceful day  
Will find its recompense.

The thorns that tore the blameless brow  
Have blossomed into snowy flowers;  
The cruel cross gleams like a star  
Through all our darker hours.

O, hidden sometime, sure and sweet!  
O, sacred somewhere, near or high!  
Keep, keep your treasures, we shall know  
Your blessing by and by.

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COME UNTO ME.

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ART thou weary? art thou languid?  
Art thou sore distressed?  
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to him,  
If he be my guide?  
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And his side."

Is there diadem as monarch  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown in very surety,  
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What his guerdon here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath he at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed!"

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

Tending, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims,  
Answer, Yes."

## THE SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT-CURE.

**A**MONG the systems of medicine, motor-pathology holds an acknowledged place. No doubt it alone is adequate to the cure of certain diseases, and all systems employ and rely largely upon its chief principle. Exercise is one of the greatest of healers—inertia is death.

The principle of therapeutics thus announced is still more widely applicable to spiritual diseases. The Church is a great hospital, full of patients afflicted with various maladies. Some alternate between fevers of anger and chills of selfishness; some are dyspeptic, and can not properly digest the "strong meat" nor even "the sincere milk of the word." There are paralytics in the Church—persons strong on one side, but so weak on the other that they can do nothing to purpose; and consumptives, who once bid fair to be vigorous workers, but now give evidence of a general decay of graces, and show symptoms of speedy death. The remedies provided by the Great Physician for all these and all other diseases of the soul are very few, and prominent among them is exercise. "Exercise thyself unto godliness," says Paul to Timothy. The verb he uses—*γυμναζε*—is the same from which our word "gymnasium" is derived, and has a precisely similar meaning.

Arago, in his autobiography, says he found his "greatest master in mathematics" in the binding of one of his text-books. Perplexed by the difficulty of his early studies, he was almost in despair. Some words on the waste leaf used to stiffen the cover of his book caught his eye. He dampened the cover and unrolled the leaf to see what was on the other side. It was a short letter from D'Alembert to a youth discouraged like himself. It ran thus: "Go on, sir, go on. The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness on your path." "Go on" made Arago the greatest astronomical mathematician of his age. Christ's great "go," uttered just before he left the world, has made more heroes and braver than ever answered to the call of martial trumpet. He spoke it not simply for the sake of the benighted millions, but also for the sake of the heralds. The great means of spiritual health and youth is spiritual activity.

God's plan of humanity is development by action. We have small beginnings. "There is not in the wide world a living thing more helpless and unpromising than man in his infancy." Other animals are endowed with

instincts fully adequate to their needs, and with physical powers which make them independent almost from the beginning. In the human animal the instincts are feeblest, and the power of self-provision comes latest. In lieu of these God has given his favorite creature a principle of growth which promises limitless development. Abundant activity is the indispensable condition of the normal operation of this principle in the body, mind, or soul. The arm of a Hercules would be shriveled by protracted inertia; the brightest genius will be outstripped by industrious mediocrity unless it be developed and disciplined by work; the song of a seraph would die if he should fold his wings and go forth to no benevolent activities.

God helps those who help themselves. Whenever he summons us by natural impulse, by providence, by the Holy Scriptures, or by his own blessed Spirit to any development, physical, intellectual, moral, or spiritual, he does not toss into our lap a treasure to be possessed and enjoyed without effort; he summons us to grasp a prize which our indolence may forfeit. The affairs of this world are administered by a partnership, God and man—a most unequal one truly, and yet a real one. The two members of it are linked together by a mysterious being who is both. I know God has his exclusive realm which man may not invade. He raises tides and tempests; he keeps the mighty machinery of the universe smoothly running. But what is done in no part *by* man is done *for* man; and the destiny of this "insect infinite," for whom birds sing, and oceans roar, and seasons revolve, is dependent not on God alone, but also—by God's appointment—on himself.

The general principle thus unfolded applies alike to every form of laudable effort. Work if you would win. It is God's unalterable decree that success shall be achieved by resolute and persistent endeavor. It was as Jacob went on his way that the angels of God met him. Depend upon it the logic of success is hard work. The early Methodists revolutionized England because "they were *all* at it and *always* at it." Let a man get a great thought in his head, and in spite of every discouragement try to work it out, he will have success, if success is within the limits of possibility. Sir Isaac Newton used to say he did not think he had any advantage over other men, except that whatever he thought worth beginning he had resolution enough to continue, till he had accomplished his object.

Growth in grace follows the same law. It is to be got not solely by praying for it. We



must watch as well as pray. If we would be "steadfast, unmovable," we must be "always abounding in the work of the Lord." Some persons look—not too much, for that can not be, but—too exclusively to God for the Christian graces, making very little effort themselves. To grow in grace is to develop a strong, stable, symmetrical Christian character, and that is not an instantaneous, out-and-out gift of God to any man. I do not forget that the soul may pass from death to life by the pangs of a quick conversion, nor that its entire sanctification may be instantaneous when it is fully ready for that change; but conversion is not complete salvation, and the heart made pure is just prepared to grow rapidly in every grace; and what I insist on is, that growth in grace is the fruit not alone of God's gift, but of our effort. It is what is achieved as well as what is received that makes the man. There is no royal road to education, or character, or virtue. If a prince becomes a scholar, or a statesman, or a saint—that is, in any sense a man—it must be by much self-denial and effort.

The laborious Church will always be the rejoicing, growing Church; the working disciple will be the happy Christian. Is a Church downcast, and that, too, in spite of many prayers? Let its members begin to work for Jesus, and they will soon sing for joy. Is a Church weak? Work will make it strong.

This suggests the reflex benefit of the foreign missionary work. I verily believe that if all the money expended, all the toil bestowed, and all the lives sacrificed in missionary effort had produced no evident results in heathen lands; if not one soul had been converted, and not one iniquitous practice had been abandoned there; if we had been forced to feel that in executing Christ's great commission we had only been sowing the hidden seed, and that its germination was to be the work of ages yet to come; all this expenditure of money, this bestowment of toil, this far more precious holocaust of human lives, has been amply repaid by the benedictions thus secured to the Church at home. Just this sort of labor is needed to harden the muscle, and quicken the nerve, and warm the heart of the Church, to prepare her for the twofold work of saving the souls within her pale, and converting the practically pagan multitudes at her very doors.

The changeless law of blessing is, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." Andrew Fuller found it so with his Church. He speaks of a period in his ministry when he had made the most laborious and systematic efforts to comfort his serious people; but the more

he tried, the more they complained of doubts and fears. He knew not what to do. He was at his wits' end. He tells how he and they were led out of the difficulty by an unlooked-for door of escape: "At this time it pleased God to direct my attention to the claims of the perishing heathen in India; I felt that we had been living for ourselves and not caring for their souls. I spoke as I felt. My serious people wondered and wept over their past inattention to the subject. We met and prayed for the heathen; met and considered what could be done among ourselves for them; met and did what we could; and, while all this was going on, the lamentations ceased. The sad became cheerful, and the desponding calm. No one complained of a want of comfort. They were drawn out of themselves. God blessed them while they tried to be a blessing."

The inanimate ocean seems to understand this law. Whence come those sparkling treasures which a thousand rivers pour into the bosom of the deep? They first went up from that deep. The sun beckons to the ocean, and the ocean from all its parts sends up its vapors. The vapors are borne away to the mountains on the viewless wings of the air; they descend in rain and dew; they rejoice all hills and valleys; they clothe the earth with verdure; they run together into streams which give drink to the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the sons of men, as they pursue their beneficent course. They mingle in the beds of rivers, and at last they bear the wealth of all lands to their home in the deep, so that every sea under the whole heaven is gladdened by the white wings of commerce skimming its surface and imaged in its breast. Thus does the ocean evermore give forth unnoticed vapors and receive back majestic rivers.

The same law which we have traced in its application to the piety and power of the Church holds good of individual religious health. It is not for the sake of the poor alone that we should feed them. God could rain down bread from heaven as he used to, or send it by ravens as he did to Elijah. He sends it by us for our good. He could send angels to Asia to announce the great salvation to the disciples of Confucius and Buddha; but he has laid the burden of the world's evangelization on us in part for our own sakes.

A dammed-up river is turbid, indistinct, ruinous. It wanders from its channel; it foams and rages; it is no longer an object of beauty and a source of blessing, but a terror. In order to the right performance of its functions it must be emptied just as fast as it is filled. Suppose the

Hudson should say, "O, if it were not for the perpetual drainage of my waters into the Atlantic, what a noble river I should be!" and that God should suddenly upheave a mighty dam right across its bed from the palisades to the opposite heights. The beautiful Hudson would be destroyed in a single week. The grandeur of its regulated flow in an appointed channel would give place to a wild waste of waters, submerging a hundred flourishing towns, and a thousand fertile fields. How many a dammed-up current of wealth has flooded a man's own house, choked to death the tender plants of virtue there, and drowned his own soul in perdition! Reader, if such a stream is flowing into your coffers, cut sluices and let it run out to help irrigate the desert world or it will be your death. And here is my warrant, "Charge them that are rich in this world, . . . that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute; . . . that they may lay hold on eternal life." 1 Tim. vi, 17-19.

#### A FAIRY TALE FOR ALL AGES.

LITTLE DENIS had lived all his life among stern, gloomy people, in an ugly town. He was a high-spirited boy, fond of fun and noisy games; but for these he had little opportunity. He was taught by a grave, strict schoolmaster, who did not like children, and he was expected to make no noise even in play-time. He was a beauty-loving boy, too, who cared for sunlight, bright colors, and pretty faces; and he lived in a smoky, dull street, in a dark house, with old and shabby furniture; while for companions he had his guardian, a tall, hard man, with features that look as if they had been cut out of wood, and an old woman, with a face just like a witch, and a very sharp, scolding tongue. Therefore Denis was not very happy, and he was always getting into scrapes. He had slid down the balusters and scratched the last inch of paint off the bottom stair; or he had made an enchanted castle of the clothes-horse, and rumpled all the sheets that were drying before the fire; or he had filled the sugar-basin with mold, and was trying to use it as a flower-pot, and grow a geranium in it. Very mischievous things perhaps to do, but he had so little to amuse him. Then he was punished more than he quite deserved, and that put him in a passion, and so he got the character of a very bad boy indeed.

Now, one day his guardian came and told him that he was to go away into the country and stay with some friends there. Denis was glad, for he thought any change would be pleasant,

but he did not know how delightful he should find the country till he really got there. It was evening when he arrived, so that he could not see what the outside of his new home was like, but when the door was opened kind people came to meet him, and drew him into a pleasant, cheerful room, and welcomed him as if he was a boy of their own. With them there was a little girl, with bright eyes, that laughed and danced, and a color that came and went, and came again continually, when any thing pleased or excited her.

"I am glad you are come," she said; "I think I shall like you."

"I know I shall like you," Denis said, very decidedly. "You are pretty, and your eyes shine."

"I am glad of that," she said; "I think it must be because I am so happy." And perhaps it was.

Then she told him her name was Ellie; and she asked him what his name was, and where he had lived all his life. When he had told her all about it, she said:

"I am sorry for you; I think you must have been very unhappy. But you will forget all that now. To-morrow I will take you into Fairy-Land, and we will be so happy."

"Into Fairy-Land!" said Denis, and he opened his eyes quite wide with astonishment.

"Yes," said Ellie. "I go every day. You do n't know how delightful it is. Only wait till to-morrow."

Then Denis went to bed, and dreamed about Fairy-Land.

In the morning Ellie opened the glass door of the drawing-room, and they went out together. Just before them was a broad turf walk, with trees on either side; the branches arched, and met overhead, and made cool shadows on the grass, and the sunshine lay between them, still and hot. Ellie took Denis's hand and led him down, and at the end was Fairy-Land. Denis did not know that it was Fairy-Land at first, but he thought it was wonderfully beautiful. "I never saw any thing like this," he said.

It was a glorious garden. There were no cankers on the roses; there was no blight on the apple-trees; there was not such a thing as a plum too sour to be nice, or a peach that tasted woolly; all the fruit was delicious, all the flowers were lovely. It was never too hot or too cold; the fairies kept the air just right for children; the turf was never too damp to play upon, and yet never burned up; and you can not imagine such beautiful colors as the fairies had put upon all the wet stones that were in the stream.

"Come," said Ellie, "I will show you all about the fairies."

She showed him the dandelion fairy clocks, and the way the little fairies whisked off the down with their wings to mark the time. Then they looked at the fairy spears in the rushes, and the magic butter-cups, that tell whether children are fond of butter by throwing yellow shadows on the chin when they are held underneath it. Next Ellie showed the rings where the fairy dance had gone on the night before; she found the big daisy on which the queen had sat, and all the mushrooms which she had made spring up for tents. "We may eat these," Ellie said; "the queen will make more for to-night; she never has the same tents twice."

Then they discovered the folded iris, in which one little fairy had gone to sleep during the heat of the day, but they would not look in for fear of disturbing her, so they went and drank honey out of the fairy bottles in the clover.

Day by day the children came and played in Fairy-Land. The fairies loved them very much, and each day they made the garden more beautiful for them. When they were tired of running about and seeing all the lovely things around them, they would lie down on the grass and put their heads close together till the brown hair mixed, and you could scarcely tell where Denis's crisp curls ended and Ellie's wavy locks began. Lying thus with their eyes shut they could hear the fairy whispers all round them, and the rustle of elfin wings as they flew past; and so life passed happily and quickly as a long Summer's day.

But after some months Denis was obliged to go back to the cold work-a-day world again. The children parted with many tears as if it was forever, and indeed it was long years before they met again. Denis went to school and worked hard, and gained prizes, and had many proud, happy moments, but saw no Fairy-Land. He grew up, and then he lived a busy, harassed life, for he had his own way to make in the world. Sometimes he was successful, and rejoiced; sometimes he had great troubles, and fretted and chafed under them. But he never had time to think of any thing but the business of the moment; and as for the fairies and Fairy-Land, he had come to disbelieve in them altogether. He had forgotten his childish experience of such things. Still he remembered sometimes his old kind friends and little Ellie, and was very glad when he was at last able to go back for a visit to his country home. The place seemed unchanged, he thought, as he

approached, except that the house looked smaller than it used to look, and the drive up to it less wide. The rooms were the same, yet different. The furniture had not been changed, but stood each thing in its old place; but the great china vase of *pot-pourri* had lost the wonderful air of mystery there used to be about it, which made it seem as all sorts of things might be hidden at the bottom of it. The picture, too, of the smiling lady in a riding-habit looped up, and a hat with a long drooping feather, no longer seemed so beautiful, or put such strange fancies into Denis's head as to her history, and whom she was going to ride with. She used to be, by turns, an enchanted princess; an ardent follower of Prince Charles Edward, just going to warn him against his enemies; a haughty lady, who had bid her lover achieve some wonderful deed before he again appeared before her, and who was going out hawking in the meanwhile. Now she was merely a fantastic woman with a smirk. Denis's old friends, however, had not altered much, and they scarcely appeared to him older than when he was a boy. They welcomed him gladly, and then he looked round for Ellie, wondering what she would have become now she was grown up.

She was very pretty indeed. Her wavy hair was fastened up in coils round and round her head, and she walked now sometimes instead of running; but her step was as light as ever, and her eyes were as bright, and they still shone "because she was so happy." It was easy to see that she knew a great deal about the fairies just as she used to do. As she looked at Denis, by his grave, sad face, she guessed that he did not remember them. This time she did not say to him, "I will show you the fairies." But when they walked out of doors their steps naturally turned down the turf-walk, where the changing sun and shade lay as they used to lie ten years ago. As they went they talked of all that had happened since they were last together. Denis told of his difficult, struggling life—Ellie of her quiet, happy one. All the sadness melted away from Denis's heart, and he felt as glad and gay as when he was a boy.

"This must be enchanted ground," he said. Ellie smiled, and when he looked around him, behold! he was in Fairy-Land; but a Fairy-Land ten times more beautiful than that of his boyhood. The garden was full of life, and of loving life; the trees twined their branches caressingly together; the roses bent to each other as the wind kissed their leaves; the heliotrope sent up its fragrance as a tribute of love

to the sun. There was a fairy light over every thing, that lent new beauty even to the lily, and made each dew-drop a magic prism filled with the colors of the rainbow. There was a fairy murmuring music all around, sweeter than any thing human. Fairy laughter sounded in the ripple of the stream, and fairy whispers of hope and joy floated in the air. In the midst stood Ellie, looking in that wonderful light more beautiful than a mortal.

"Marry me," said Denis, "that I may always be with you and in Fairy-Land."

So Denis and Ellie were married, for people always marry in Fairy-Land, and for some time they lived in the enchanted garden. But people can not stay on that ground forever, though they wish it ever so earnestly. By and by Denis went back to the world, and this time Ellie went with him. The world was cold and hard, often full of difficulties for Denis. All day long he worked at his business, and because he just then had many anxieties, he could not help carrying the thoughts of them home to his fireside; while she, unused to household cares, grew worried by them. Then, too, friends and acquaintances took up the time in which they might have been together. They got into a busy whirl of life that carried away all the girl's sweet tranquillity. The sunny smiles faded from her lips, and the brightness from her eyes, and Denis looked graver and sterner than he had ever done. Not that they were exactly unhappy; they were fond of each other, but the wonderful joys that they had known in the magic garden seemed so strange and different from their present life that not only Denis, but Ellie also, began to believe that they had only fancied those beautiful things which they now so dimly remembered.

They had one child, a boy called Norman, and they loved him dearly. He lived in a magic world of his own, but he could not take his mother there. And Ellie sighed and smiled together when she saw him poring over marvelous adventures and tales of giants and enchanters, or finding for himself wonderful beauties and difficulties and dangers, all in one narrow strip of garden and tiny brook. She smiled, because she was glad that her boy had the same dreams that gladdened her childhood; she sighed, because she thought they were only dreams that could never return.

By and by there came troubles to the house—troubles great and small. First money troubles; things which make Fairy-Land seem very far away, and which brought still harder work for Denis, still more worries for Ellie. Then came sickness; the boy was ill, and his parents feared

for his life, while Ellie also was ailing. O, what a dull, sad, weary time was that! Their hearts sank within them, and all their life looked gloomy. Now, it seemed to them very strange that they had not been more happy before real grief fell upon them. "Ah!" thought Denis, "if my boy and my wife are but once well again all will be bright, and I shall care for nothing else." And Ellie said to herself, "If my child were but strong, and I could again be a companion to Denis, I would grieve no more for my vanished Fairy-Land." For the two had grown dearer to each other in their anxiety, and they thought they had never really known how they loved till now.

At last the brighter time came. The boy recovered; once more his merry laugh was heard, the more joyful for the delight of returning strength after having known weakness. Ellie grew better, too, and then came very happy days, such as Denis had hoped for in his sorrow. There were days when the three were much together, for now Denis would not allow work or any other claim to steal all the hours from the time that he loved at home; and Ellie, neither for cares or fatigue, would give up her sympathy and interest in all that interested him.

One Summer evening she lay resting, while Denis was beside her, and the boy sat at her feet. Suddenly the child looked up with clear, big eyes, and said, "Mamma, here is such a beautiful story all about fairies, and a man who went into their country. You never went there, papa?"

Then Denis and Ellie looked at one another, and the same light came into both their faces, and a smile on their lips; both saw the same thing, and had the same thoughts in their hearts. For, though they could never tell exactly how or when it happened, Fairy-Land had come to them. Yes, and a Fairy-Land just as beautiful as that in the garden of their childhood and youth. Outside, upon the narrow strip of green-sward, the evening shadows lay more still and calm than the changing sun and shade of the old avenue, but not less lovely. Through the large branches of the grand old elm without a fairy light streamed into the room that gave the well-worn cover of the household books an untold beauty, and lent to the words within a magic power. It made the picture on the wall, of a cornfield bathed in sunset light, show forth through the glory of its golden light, every lovely home-scene on which it had looked down. Through the open window the cooing of the household doves floated in upon a fairy song of calm content, and the father and mother saw,



through the sun's long, low rays, a fairy coronet of light upon the head of their boy.

From that day Fairy-Land never left them. It staid with them till old age, when their children's children climbed upon their knees to hear the story of grandmamma's fairy garden, and found their own magic land, where all was goodness and peace, in that calm presence.

#### ABOUT NAMING CHILDREN.

WHAT shall we call it? The baby has come, we are told; whether it is a boy or girl, the mamma and it are "as well as can be expected"—mystic formula!—and then comes the final question, What is to be its name?

"I should like a pretty one," mamma murmurs from the snugger of dimity and pillow, and she looks at the little purple bundle breathing with that wonderful, impressive calm, and puts a kiss upon as much as there is to kiss of its wonderfully *unimpressive* face; and as, at such a time as this, mamma's wish becomes pleasantly executed law, and all the pretty names within ken are collected, and said over, and thought about, and canvassed, and written down, till the one agreed upon as the prettiest of all is chosen, and the deed done.

The choosing a name by sound belongs to civilization. It was not so with nations in their infancy. They went by sense. They fixed on a name that described the child, that referred to its personal characteristics, that was an outlet for their piety and thanksgiving, that was owned already by something that they were grateful for and loved. The Jewish mother—as long ago as the days chronicled in the Bible—rocked her baby on her breast, and as she sat among the flocks, and birds, and flowers, called it Susanna, lily; or Hadasseh, myrtle; or Zophar, her little bird; or Deborah, the bee, that buzzed so closely it made her little one open its eyes and smile. Or, joyous and poetic in her luxuriant land, the timid sheep were bleating by, and she called her babe Rachel, in their memory; or the rich fruit of the pomegranate overhung her and gave her food, and she called her baby Tabrimon; or the palm-tree rose straight and tall, and so her child should, and be named Tamar; or the sparrows twittered in her ear, and her child was Zippor; or the dove cooed softly, and she called it Jonah; or the crow showed its sable plumage, and its name was Caleb; or the light seed-down was wafted by her, and her babe

was Julia, the tender, delicate, nestling little thing.

Eshcol, the full cluster of ripe, purple grapes; or Lot, sweet-scented myrrh; or Peninnah and Pinon, pearl; or Thahash, the tender tint of hyacinth, fragrant and pale; or Ulla, a young child; or Saph, the moss growing so plentifully at their feet on the bright sea-shore. And then Hebrew parents mourned over a sickly child and called it Abel, because they saw it was like breath or vapor, and would soon pass away; or they named it Deliah, weak; or Hagar, timorous stranger; or Jabez, sorrow; or Job, a weeper; or Leah, weary; or Necho, lame. And the robust child, the sturdy, strong young fellow, was rejoiced in and called Illah, the tall, spreading oak; or Amos, weighty; or Asher, bliss; or Ruth, contentment; or Rebekah, fat; or, more poetical still, Abigail, the father's joy; Eve, the gladdener; Isaac, laughter; Nanum, comforter; and David, sweet and tender utterance, beloved.

Milkah, queen; Naomi, beautiful; Zuph, a honeycomb; Kezia, the sweet spice, cassia; Laban, crooned out the Hebrew mothers as they kissed their babes; or with their little arms as a collar about their necks, and worn there, they should be Anak; or they should be Ariel, the altar on which all offerings should be laid; or Elnathan, God's own gift; or Asael, God's work; or Absalom, the father's peace; or Barnabas, the son of consolation; or Benjamin, the son of the right hand. "Thou art Barabbas," the son of shame, was mourned out once, as a little face was hid; and Benoni! Benoni! son of my sorrow, fell the Hebrew cry; and a little child was hidden and called Esther; and it was known that one would have to labor, and it was called Ebed; and that another would be a drawer of water, and it was Adaliah; and little twins came, and one was Ahimoth, for it was the only one that breathed, and it was fit to give him a name that meant he was the brother of death. Deeply went religious feelings with these fervent Jews. Gedaliah, God is my greatness, is a proof of it; and Micaiah, or Michael, who is like to God; and Seraiah, the Lord is my prince; and Shelumiel, God is my happiness; and Abijah, and Adonijah, my Father, my Master is the Lord. And then, in contradistinction to this, fierce savagery had loud expression, and the little Hebrew children became fantastically, and to keep their enemies in fear, Laish, lion; Saul, destroyer; Radmah, thunder; Jareb, the revenger; Irad, the wild ass; Jael, the kid; Potiphar, the African bull; or they owned the names corresponding exactly

to trumpet, flea, horse, fox, worm, hornet, rabbit, goat, deer, locust, snake, and wasp.

The early Greeks chose their names upon the same plan. The young mother walked rejoicing among the mountains and the vines, and called her child Chloe, the green herb; or Rhoda, a rose; or Dagon, corn; or Drusilla, watered by the dew; or Euodias, sweet scent; or Tryphena, delicate; or Lois, better; or Epaphroditus, handsome; or Erastus, lovely; or Diana, perfect, best of all.

She had—besides thousands of others that only want the looking for, or will rise to the memory at once—her Jason, he who cures; her Apollos, the destroyer; her Andronicus, the man of victory; her Nicholas, the conqueror; her Herod, the hero's son; her Stephanas, the reward, the crown. And the Latins, though passing into another stage, and taking, lazily, to numbering their people and calling them Secundus, Tertius, Quartus, Quintus, Sextus, Septimus, Octavius, Decimus; or to naming them after their birth month, and dubbing them Januarius, Martius, Maia, Junius, Julius, Augustus, the Latins make use of the same system still. Taurus, the roaring bull, was a name with them, when they lived by depredation, and wished to make their enemies afraid; and Gallus, the cruel cock; and Aquila, the eagle; and Leo, the lion; and Glaucus, a fish. They commenced personal peculiarities and had their Cæsar and their Agrippa from incidents of their birth; and they had their Varus, crooked-legged; and their Claudius, lame; and their Bambalio, strutter; and their Brutus, stupid; and their Tacitus, dumb. And there was the admiration and reminiscence of bright flowers, and known by the same sweet names.

Ænanthe, the wild vine bloom, a little baby-girl was called; and Althæa, the purple mallow; and Euphrosyne, bugloss; and Artemesia, motherwort; and Sabina, savine; and Sisera, the crimson heath; and Olivia, the fruit of olives; and Daphne, the healthy boy. The violet, Ion, was used for a man; but Viola, the snow-drop, was appropriated to girls; and so was Flavia, an ear of corn; and Laura, the laurel; and Hedera, ivy; and Rosa, a rose; and Circe, deadly nightshade; and Flora, the keeper and goddess of them all.

GIVE not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

#### UNDER THE JUNIPER-TREE.

AWAY from Mt. Carmel, and even from his home in Samaria, across the quiet plains of Judea, traveled a weary prophet. But lately he stood, fearless and bold, before the assembled multitude, praying with unhesitating faith for the fire of Jehovah to consume the sacrifice. His prayer was immediately answered, and he thus honored as the messenger of one whom Israel now acknowledged "is the God." And then having predicted rain to the king, the prophet prays earnestly till the heavens give rain, and once more it is evident that he has prevailing power with God. Yet after these displays of faith and energy the hour of reaction comes, and we no longer see him boldly challenging the idolatrous crowd to follow the true God, or with authority commanding that every priest of Baal shall be slain; he is now the sad-browed Elijah, with faltering faith, fleeing at the threat of Jezebel. He reaches a distant part of the land, and wearied with the long journey, faint, it may be, from want of food, sits with heavy heart in the shade of a juniper-tree. Dejected and alone, desirous to escape human companionship, forgetful, for the time, of the encouragement just given to zealous labor for his people, he looks back on his toilsome, discouraging life, and can only sigh, "Take it away, I am not better than my fathers."

Doubtless he was worn and excited by the events of the preceding days, and bodily fatigue may have had much to do in producing this desponding state of mind; therefore let us not judge how much may have been chargeable to weakness of faith and sinful unbelief. But in the oft-repeated experience of the Christian of these later times do we not find something analogous to that of the prophet as thus impartially recorded? Can we not here trace a resemblance between the Christian of that and of the present day; between the experience of the most distinguished and of the humblest believer?

Many a one, contemplating often the chilling indifference or utter recklessness of those for whom he has long prayed and labored, finds that he has almost unconsciously wandered from the mount of spiritual joy where his soul had just been strengthened, and is sitting with complaining heart under the juniper-tree. He sees no souls converted, and the spirits sink at the thought that so many are pursuing the path which shall surely end in death. Despair takes the place of peace and hope, dwelling upon his apparently unavailing life till he cries, "Take it away, Lord."

So long as the body is our home, and our souls are not wholly cleansed from sin, many things will continue to present themselves to us as trials. Disappointment springs up with more rapidity than Jonah's gourd, and may cast its shadow on any part of our life. Some desirable object or pursuit that we had hoped to gain flies beyond our reach; the good we had trusted would be accomplished through our efforts seems yet to be among the things which are not, and we become disheartened till our faith grows dim.

But if tarrying in this state, Christian, have you never, like Elijah, been awakened by an angel's touch, and the cheerful word "arise;" and found that such consolations had been prepared for you that the freshened spirit could travel with increased speed, and labor with renewed diligence? No juniper shade hides the fainting servant from the eye of his all-seeing Master; nor does any cloud of gloom or guilt remove the gaze of the pitying Savior from his disciple. He is not far away, and knows well when to administer reproof, and when to give restoring mercies. And often,

"When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain."

#### CHILD FAITH.

LITTLE children are little poets; and Dante never dared to conjure up such immense idealities, such exquisite subtleties, as float and dance in their tiny brains, and fall out in their quaint questions and queer rejoinders. There is something almost sublime in their artless prattle. Here is a soul fresh from the great Maker; here are germs of thoughts that may grapple with the world, overturn continents, and shake systems, some day—here, just as God put them into the soul, and fresh from him.

When the cable that was to join two continents had broken in mid-ocean, an operator sat day and night at the land end, and watched its fluctuations; and, as the fretting waves would sway the submerged coil, words in an unknown tongue, and weird sentences were borne to his ear by the electric tide. And we have thought, perhaps, just as those strange sounds were the language of the depths where man had never penetrated, but where God reigns, and reigns *in order*, as he does above; so the beatings of the little heart, the wonderful fancies and whimsical analogies of the little brain, might be the Spirit of the Father moving

upon the face of the waters, just as he did when chaos became the beautiful world. We may learn new creeds from these little ones. We may see in theirs the first man's reason, before experience and sorrow brought worldly knowledge. And was it not worldly knowledge that drove him from peace and eternal Paradise?

Do not let us sneer at the wisdom of a child. The attempts of mothers to imbue their offspring with a knowledge of things divine develop amusing conceptions, sometimes, in the brains of their little pupils. What volumes of unwritten philosophy may we not draw from the first fruits of childish faith, striving to reconcile itself with childish knowledge! The idea of God does not appear to be new to them; they express no surprise, but tacitly accept what stronger spirits fail to grasp; they supply him with all the attributes of which the teacher tells them, and add innumerable others, which they see in father, and mother, and aunt, and sister. And, what seems strangest of all, they do not seem to wonder at the infinite distance between them and him—*physical* distance we mean. It would be very difficult so to describe to them a character, a thousand miles away, as to make them at once familiar with his personality and always ready to be on intimate terms with him; yet the child knows God—we can not but feel it—better than we bigger men and women, who know that around the faintest star larger worlds than ours are rolling, who study the labors of the polyps and the teeming myriads of microscopic life.

And God, ever unseen, ever silent, is the friend and father of the babe. We may know him as a judge, a king; to the child he has only the softest and sweetest of names.

It is interesting to collect the droll little speeches, the pretty little paradoxes, that flow from the baby brain, where knowledge has not yet usurped the room of native wisdom, nor experience of speculation, and where curiosity reigns supreme. A little boy, playing upon the carpet at his mother's feet, broke the tail off his wooden horse; and, unable to restore it to its primitive position, inserted the stump in the pony's mouth. Struck with this ludicrous reversal of anatomical rule, he called the attention of his companion to the anomaly before him. "Mamma," said he, "does God see every thing?" "Yes, dear." "Well, then, I guess he'll laugh when he sees my pony!" God was his friend. God was good to him. Papa was both of these. Papa would have laughed at the malformation before him; why not his best friend? Another was playing with one of those pretty air-ball balloons which float from the end

of a string. The string broke, and the bubble went floating off. "Never mind, Buddy," said his sister, "when you go to heaven you'll get it." Shall we frown at these simplicities, and check this childish faith? God forbid! Let us rather rekindle here our own—cold and withered. He must be indeed corrupt who in this prattle can see aught but a trust whose purity may ripen yet to be sublime. Luther—we are told in that delightful book, *The Schonberg Cotta Family*—when his little children's pet dog went the way of all the world, did not scruple to describe—in the heaven he taught them they must strive to merit—their departed playfellow happy, and waiting for them. He knew too well the value of faith to tamper with a child's.

A mother had been telling her little girl of the blessing of heaven. "But will brother be there too?" asked the child. "Yes; you, and I, and brother, and papa." "O no, mamma, papa can't go; papa can't leave the store!" Poor child, thou little knowest how bitter a truth thou hast uttered! Immersed in the rumble and clatter of commerce—buying and selling and getting gain—leaving religion to wife and children at home—God grant we may have time at last to go to heaven!

We think of God as a great abstraction; we honor him with our lips; we appeal to him when we testify to truth; our ministers preach him from the pulpit. We know that he is the fount of all justice, and we feel that before him some day we must appear. But we are only whitened sepulchers after all; and, like the scribes and Pharisees, we are omitting the weightier matters of the law. It will be a happy millennium when this sight-walking shall be overthrown forever, and a little child shall lead us.

Again: "God," says the child, "sees me always, and he sends his angels to guard me." The holy poetry, that older and colder hearts can not learn, the child knows and loves; and it was an article in the creed of our little friend, who, when told that because he had been "naughty," the angels would not watch over him, said, "Well, they'll watch over brother Robbie, and I guess they can't help seeing me, lying close beside him."

A TITLE of honor will no more abate the torments of conscience than it doth mitigate Beelzebub's torments to be styled the prince of the devils. You may as well seek to cure a wound in your body by applying a plaster to your garment as to ease a wounded spirit by all the treasures, pleasures, and enjoyments of this world.

#### THE PAST AND FUTURE.

I CAN NOT see the way before,  
 'Tis all a mystery;  
 Within the future's bolted door  
 No voices speak to me.

I only know life's backward road,  
 The weary feet have press'd,  
 Hath offer'd me no sure abode  
 Of heritage and rest.

Yet from its early hill-side ways,  
 Where bloom'd the rarest flowers,  
 Bright mem'ries bring the radiant days,  
 In young life's rural bowers.

No anxious thought of dangers there  
 'Mong rugged rocks above,  
 And beautiful to youth has been  
 This crown of trust and love.

And facing now the western slope,  
 With shadows growing long,  
 Whose far-off songs of faith and hope  
 Have only fonder grown,

Often I turn to listen still,  
 As carols light and free  
 Come floating up the eastern hill  
 In waves of melody.

But in the Summer's waving breath  
 Some dear and tender strain  
 Seems blending with the notes of death  
 In every sad refrain.

I know not what the future hath  
 Behind its darkling wings,  
 I only know that with the past  
 Are hid my fairest things.

Sweet visions luring on before  
 Days of a golden gleam,  
 And friends that come now nevermore,  
 Save in fond memory's dream.

And nameless graves along the years,  
 Where buried deep with care,  
 Are countless griefs embalm'd with tears,  
 That none with me could share.

But, O, how often God hath smoothed  
 Each dear and thorny path,  
 And by his gentle whispers soothed  
 The tempest's fiery wrath!

Though oft I've failed to glorify  
 His daily blessings 'given,  
 Till time hath cut some tender tie  
 And left the spirit shriven,

Yet, ah! the wounded soul again  
 Its bitter lesson read,  
 Till hope hath blossom'd from the pain  
 Of joys and lov'd ones dead.

Why should I fear the way before  
 If, when earth-clouds arise,  
 His bow of promise spans them o'er,  
 A little further heaven's door,  
 And home beyond the skies?



## THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

## TALKING ABOUT IT.

TWO girls paused in their homeward walk from school to rest themselves under an arbor, which the wild grape-vines made on the banks of a little stream. The conversation turned on the visitors who came into school that day.

"I am so glad mother let me wear my new black silk apron to-day," said Matilda. "I came so near wearing an old gingham one. Did n't you feel so sorry for poor little Abby Wells, when she had to stand up and recite in that old dress? There were two patches on the waist of it, and they were as bright as the rest was faded. I only wonder how she could recite so well. I should have thought every body was looking at my patches. I will tell you what I mean to do, Hattie. You know that old blue gingham of mine; I mean to get mother to let me have that, to do what I please with. Then I will cut and fit it over on our Susy, she is about Abby's size, and make it all up nicely and take it over to her. I know she will be pleased with it. I mean to take every stitch in it myself, only I shall get mother to show me about it."

"But when will you get time for it with all your lessons?"

"O, I will take my play hours; I have a good deal of time to myself out of school."

"Dear me, you'll hate to sit down to sew; I know I should."

"Well, but think of poor Abby. It is better for me to deny myself a little than that she should be so destitute."

That was very clear, and Hattie thought her friend a very generous girl in the first place to give the dress, and then to take the trouble to fix it up. The next day she told among the girls what Matilda was going to do for Abby, and very naturally the news came to the little girl's ears. She rejoiced greatly in her little heart over the pleasure in store for her, and could hardly fix her mind on her book, so happy was she. Every little while her bright eyes would wander off toward Miss Tilly's desk, and when she caught that young lady's eye she turned quickly away, while a self-conscious flush softly mantled her cheeks. The child wondered secretly how long it would take to "fix over" a dress, and she even asked her

mother's opinion upon it when she returned home.

"I do so hope she will get it done by Sunday, do n't you, mother? then I could go to Sunday school again. Would n't that be so nice? You'll get all my other things ready, won't you, mother? I do wish I could have a new ribbon to tie around my hat. A blue one would look so sweet with my blue gingham dress."

Mother was not less pleased and grateful than her child. She worked early and late to get food and pay the rent of her small cottage, but after that was done there was little margin left for clothing. She had tried hard to get her child a decent Sunday suit, but thus far she had not succeeded.

"I will try hard to get you the ribbon this week, my dear, but you must not be too sure of getting the dress by Sunday. I dare say the young lady has a great many other things to take up her time."

But despite her mother's caution little Abby could not help keeping a bright look-out every morning to see if Miss Matilda had not brought a bundle along with her school-books.

Now when that young lady reached her home, after the talk with Hattie, she had gone at once to her mother and detailed her plan—mother cheerfully gave her consent to it, provided the dress was given away in good order. She presumed little Abby's mother would have no time to spend making it over.

Then Matilda flew to her room and took down the dress, looking it carefully over to see which were the best breadths. The next thing she hunted up her scissors, which had fallen behind her wash-stand, and sat down to rip the skirt off. Then she folded it neatly away and laid it on the shelf of the closet, and went down stairs feeling that she had made a very good beginning.

It was a good beginning, but, alas, it was the ending of the work for that week. There were more things than usual to take up her attention. There was to be a concert on Friday evening at Music Hall, and Matilda felt that she could not attend without her new dress was done. She had a plenty of others, it is true, but her heart was set on this particular silver gray, with blue trimmings. She thought it would be such a lovely match for her new

hat. So all her spare time must be devoted to setting on these tiresome trimmings. Not one thought did she give to that blue dress on the shelf; she had wholly forgotten her resolution with regard to it.

Poor little Abby often wished to herself that Miss Tilly would just speak a word about it to her, and let her know how the dress came on, but of late she hardly seemed to notice her. Still the faith of childhood is very strong and hard to shake. Saturday found the little girl in a fever of expectation. She could hardly sleep for thinking about her dress, and she bounded up the minute she was awake and ran to her mother with the query,

"Did she come after I went to bed, mother?"

Now Mrs. Wells had seen much more of the shadows of life than her little girl, and had met with scores of disappointments which it took all her faith and patience to bear. She would gladly have shielded her child from even one, but she knew that could not be. She felt that very likely she was now to have a first lesson in what was to her a very serious disappointment.

"I would try, dear, to think less about this dress. If our Heavenly Father sees best for you to have it, he will surely send it to you; if not, we will try not to want it, will we not, Abby?"

"But he wants me to go to Sunday school, does n't he, mother? and you know this is not fit to go there in. I should have all the children laughing at me, and I could n't bear that."

"Well, keep up a good heart, Abby; we will pray that God will send you a dress from some source, and I feel sure he will hear and answer us in his own good time."

Still the little girl kept watching out all day on Saturday, hoping that she should catch a glimpse of Miss Tilly coming up the road. I do not know how many times she ran down to the gate to get a little farther view of the street, but all day long she watched in vain. Once indeed she saw that young lady's well-known hat and coat in the distance, and then her heart beat high with hope. But, alas, Matilda turned off another way, and never so much as glanced toward the little lonely cottage.

The disappointment was too much for the already over-burdened heart of the child, and she sat down on a mossy stone under the maples, and laying her face in her lap she sobbed and cried as if her heart would break.

"Cry for a dress?" you ask; "I would not do such a silly thing."

Ah, a dress for poor Abby was a very different thing from a dress for you. It was self-respect, comfort, respectability, the privilege

of attending Sabbath school, and a great deal more to her. It was a very hard thing to have the hopes raised to such a height only to be dashed down to the ground again.

As little Abby sat sobbing there on the mossy stone, she did not hear a soft footstep coming over the grass, and she did not even notice when a lady stopped beside her and bending down said softly,

"What is it, little girl?" The soft-gloved hand on her shoulder made her start up suddenly, and she looked up half in affright into a face so pleasant and kind that she felt at her ease in a minute.

"I am sorry you are so unhappy, my child; can I do something to make your face brighten up? Will you tell me what is the trouble?"

"I was wanting to go to Sunday school, ma'am," said little Abby, looking down bashfully at her bare brown feet.

"Well, that is a very good wish, dear, why can you not go?"

"Because I have no dress but this one, and one that is n't so good, which I put on when mother washes. I was a going to have another," she added before she thought, and then stopped short and looked much confused.

Gently and by a little skill the kind lady drew from her the history of the blueingham, and very indignant she felt that her niece Matilda, whom every body was loading with favors, should have raised such hopes in the little girl's heart only to disappoint them.

"Will little Abby dry up her tears now, for though you may not get to Sabbath school to-morrow, I will promise that you shall have a dress before another week goes round. Next Friday after school you may call at my house, which is the brown-stone one next to the bank, and I will see what we can do for you. And now as you can not go out to-morrow I will give you a little book to read—which, I am sure, will please you—about the little 'Burden Bearers.' If we learn to bear our burdens well here, Abby, we shall wear our crowns at last, and behold the King in his beauty."

The lady laid down her parasol, and opening the clasp of a small sachel on her arm, revealed a mine of beauty to Abby's wondering eyes. She laid out on her lap a dozen beautiful cards, with gilt borders, each one with a precious hymn on it. She bade Abby choose the one she thought the prettiest, and told her if she liked she might have a Sunday school at home with her mother, and learn the little hymn and recite it to her. "Then your mother can give out the Sabbath school book to you, and tell you that you can keep it for your own."

By this time the child's face had grown as bright as it was clouded before; and when the lady at last bid her good-by, she ran as fleet as a deer up the path to the house, holding her treasures tight in her hand as if afraid they would run away from her. Mother showed fully her pleasure, and told Abby that God had heard their prayer, and this was his way of answering it.

Meantime Miss Hubert walked on to the home of her niece, and finding her alone in the little sitting-room busy with a piece of fancy-work, she sat down for a little talk with her. Tilly was always glad when aunt Edith's face appeared, for she said it always brightened up the cloudiest day. "Yet no body ever tells me my faults as plainly as you do, aunt Edith, but for some reason I can bear it very well from you," she used to say.

After duly admiring the pretty bead-mat she was making, she inquired "how that blue gingham dress was coming on."

Matilda looked up with a bright flush on her cheek, as she asked with some surprise, "Why, aunt Edith, how did you know about the blue dress?"

"A little bird told me," said auntie, smiling.

"I think little birds must be always flying about your honeysuckles and whispering my very thoughts to you. Now really, auntie, who told you I was going to make over that dress for a poor little girl in our school?"

Aunt Edith told her at last the whole history, as far as she had learned it, and Matilda felt much distressed as she went on.

"But, auntie, I never told her I would give it to her," she said almost resentfully.

"But you did the same thing when you promised it to others, so it could reach her ears. The promise was just as binding on you as if you had gone to her and told her what you proposed doing. You see how much unhappiness the poor child has suffered because of your thoughtlessness. It all came of talking instead of doing. When Commodore Vanderbilt was asked what he considered the secret of success in business, he replied:

"The secret of my success is this, that I never tell what I am going to do till I have done it.' Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but it is a good one to follow in most cases. But think the matter over well, my dear, and consider what is best to be done, and then go to work and do it without speaking of it to any body."

Aunt Edith kissed her niece good-by, and then resumed her walk. Very sad were Ma-

tilda's thoughts that quiet sunset hour, but they were profitable thoughts, and proved a blessing to many others through her life-journey.

Very early the next week little Abby's heart was made glad by the present of the blue dress, all nicely made and finished to the last button.

A nice full apron, with a waist to it, also accompanied it, which charitably covered all the defects of the well-patched school dress. There were no more tears in Abby's eyes that glad week; and she almost hesitated whether she should now go to the kind lady's on Friday afternoon. But mother decided that it would be right to go and let her know of her good fortune.

What was her surprise on receiving a neat plain dress and sack, and a white straw hat with a simple ribbon of blue around it! She could hardly find words to express her delight and gratitude, but her glowing face told the story plainer than words.

The lady talked with her very kindly and sweetly, and showed her beautiful pictures on the walls, and in books from her table, and heard her recite the pretty hymn she had learned on the Sabbath. Abby repeated it very correctly, and was rewarded by the gift of another from the same package.

She did not need an exhortation to be promptly in her place at the Sabbath school; and ever after it was a severe storm indeed which could keep little Abby away from her class. Her prospects all brightened from that eventful day when she met Miss Edith under the maples, for a true friend she proved to the widow and the fatherless.

Miss Matilda, too, never forgot the lesson learned over that blue gingham dress; though her hands were often employed in works of charity, her lips seldom mentioned it to others. Certainly she never kept another waiting a long and weary week for a gift, which at such a cost would be dearly bought when received.

We can not be too careful about making promises, particularly to the dear children. A week is a year in their life-calendar, and no one but God knows how deeply and silently a child's heart may suffer over what to an older person would not have a feather's weight. And perhaps the direction of our Savior not to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth was intended to apply to just such cases as these.

The faith of childhood, too, is too precious a gem to be lightly tarnished or thrown away. Making and breaking promises is one of the surest methods of destroying that faith, and of implanting a bitter distrust in its place.

## OUR MERRY CHRISTMAS.

IT was Christmas eve, and the five little children were snugly tucked into their beds, having hung their five little stockings all in a row, close by the chimney, in blissful anticipation of St. Nicholas's visit.

"Now if I were only rich," said I to my wife, "what beautiful presents we would buy! How Nellie would open her eyes at the sight of that great doll we saw down street the other night!" the price of which, alas! was more than we could afford to spend upon gifts for them all.

"Never mind," said she; "a few toys, a book, an orange, and a little candy will satisfy them;" so we went out together to make our purchases. We edged our way through the crowded streets, pausing occasionally at some window particularly attractive, till we came to the toy-shop. It seemed full, but we succeeded in getting within the door, where we waited patiently our turn to be served, watching meanwhile a poorly dressed woman who was standing before a case of dolls. That she was very poor was evident from her dress, but every thing about it, even to the carefully mended old gloves upon her hands, betokened neatness and an endeavor to hide her poverty.

"Are these the cheapest you have?" she asked in a low tone.

"Yes, and cheap enough too," replied the pert salesman.

The woman sighed and turned away. As she passed us my wife said gently, "We are all looking for gifts for the little ones to-night."

"I have but one," she replied sadly, "and she is lame. Poor child, I fear she will be disappointed."

"Why?" said we, drawing her a little away from the crowd.

She hesitated a moment, and then said, "I have been trying to save money enough to buy her a little rocking chair, so that she could sit up sometimes to rest her back. I looked all around and found one here at last. I thought it would be very easy when I had fitted a cushion to it, but I have been sick myself, and could not finish my work last week; so I must try to buy her a little doll instead, if I can find a cheap one."

"How much was the chair?" said I.

"Five dollars. She has asked me so much about Santa Claus, and I told her I was sure he would bring her something this year if she would try to be patient, and she has tried very hard. I knew yesterday that I could not get it, but I had n't the heart to tell her. Some-

how she has thought all the time that it would be a chair, and to-night, what with the pain in her back and the excitement, she could hardly get to sleep."

I looked at my wife; there were tears in her eyes. Five dollars! it was just what we thought we could afford to spend for the children.

"Where do you live?" said I. "We will come and see your little girl."

She gave us the street and number, and, thanking us, said good-night.

We found the little chair and carried it home, with only a few candies and oranges to fill the little empty stockings. There were five long faces the next morning. Johnny expected a knife and Nellie a doll. Even the baby seemed disappointed; but we told them of the poor little lame girl, and then such a time as there was! Each one wanted to contribute something. There was almost a quarrel as to whose orange should go. So their mother packed up the chair with a box full of things for mother and child, and one sent a doll, another a tin wagon, and even the baby toddled across the room to bring her old rag doll without a head; and a great sacrifice it was, too, but, of course, that did not go. Then Johnnie took the whole upon his sled down to the home of the little girl. He knocked at the door, and some one said, "Come in." He found the woman trying to make a fire, while the child was in bed hugging close in her arms a little doll. He set the box upon the floor, and the woman took out one thing after another with many thanks and blessings; but when he brought in the little chair and put it down beside the bed she just sat down and cried. And I believe we all cried, too, when he came home and told us of it. And that was our "merry Christmas."

## THE VALUE OF A NAME.

THE value of a name! Can it be estimated? Is there any known standard in dollars and cents by which to graduate it? Will it come within any of the known laws of political economy? As well might a jury assess the pecuniary damage of taking away the life of another. When I reflect how dear the reputation of every man is to himself, I am amazed at the light use he will make of the reputation of another. Private slander is a large ingredient in the petty gossip of the day. Indeed, it often seems to form the very spice of conversation, which gives it all its flavor. "A good name," says Solomon, "is rather to be chosen than great riches."



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

**PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.**—"Bread and butter" are the only articles of food of which we never tire for a day, from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of finely sifted Indian corn meal contains three times as much meat as one pound of butcher's roast beef; and if the whole product of the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent. more of nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest part, is thrown away; the very part which gives soundness to the teeth, and strength to the bones, and vigor to the brain. Five hundred pounds of fine flour give to the body thirty pounds of the bony element; while the same quantity of bran gives one hundred and twenty-five pounds! This bone is "lime," the phosphate lime, the indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from the want of the natural supply of which multitudes of persons go into a general "decline."

But swallowing "phosphates" in the shape of powders, or in sirups, to cure these "declines," has little or no virtue. The articles contained in these "phosphates" must pass through nature's laboratory; must be subject to her manipulations, in alembics specially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtues to the human frame; in plainer phrase, the shortest, safest, and most infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone, and brain, thereby arresting disease, and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether of wheat, corn, rye, or oats. But we must get an appetite for eating more, and a power of digesting more. Not by the artificial and lazy method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by moderate, continued, and remunerative muscular exercise in the open air every day, rain or shine.

And that we may eat the more of it, the bread must be good, and cheap, and healthful; and that which combines these three qualities to a greater extent than any other known on the face of the globe, as far as we know, is made thus: To two quarts of Indian corn meal, add one pint of bread sponge; water sufficiently to wet the whole; add one half-pint of flour and a teaspoonful of salt. Let it rise, then knead well, unsparingly, for the second time. Place the dough in the oven, and let it bake an hour and a half. Keep on trying till you succeed in making a light, well-baked loaf. Our cook

succeeded admirably by our directions at the very first trial. It costs just half as much as bread from the finest family flour, is lighter on the stomach, and imparts more health, vigor, and strength to the body, brain, and bone. According to standard physiological tables, three pounds of such bread, at five cents a pound for the meal, affords as much nutriment as nine pounds of good roast beef, costing, at twenty-five cents, \$2.25.—*Journal of Health.*

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSEKEEPING.**—The waste of good material is remarked by all foreigners as the distinguishing feature of American housekeeping. With the finest of flour, the juiciest meat, the sweetest butter, in short, the best of all things necessary for good and wholesome food, we fail, it must be confessed, as a general thing, to produce that which is really appetizing and digestible. We have great feasts and a luxurious style of family living such as no other nation can boast of: we pride ourselves on the number and costliness of our dishes; but it is quantity, rather than quality, that we are anxious for. Every body knows how, even at our best hotels, all the meats have the same flavor; how the vegetables appear to have been on intimate terms before reaching the table; how every constituent of the repast is apt to have merged its individuality into what we term "hotel taste."

At a large establishment, where we stopped last Summer, every thing tasted one day of tomato, at another time onion had the predominance, and still oftener bad butter gave the prevailing flavor to the feast. There was an abundance of every thing, even the most expensive viands; the original quality of each, except the butter, was unexceptionable; yet we can not recall a thoroughly satisfactory dinner during our stay. After a week or two of such feeding, one is glad to come back to his own less sumptuous table, where he can tell, by the sense of taste alone, what he is eating. No abundance or variety can compensate for bad cooking. But even in our own homes there is much to be desired. A French cook will concoct a savory meal from materials which most American housekeepers would pronounce quite worthless. Patience and a soup kettle will do wonders. But patience is not an inhabitant of American kitchens, and the soup kettle is not at home there. Our National habits of haste and carelessness crop out in our housekeeping as well as in other things.

**THE MANAGING WOMAN.**—To be a good housekeeper is one of the most essential and useful accomplishments, and the man who secures for his wife one whose education in this respect has not been neglected, combined with a mild, confiding, and loving disposition, has a most valuable treasure; and if his home is not agreeable and pleasant, he may be assured that the fault is with himself, and that he does not possess the manly and gentlemanly attributes necessary for such a partner for life. We commend the following just and truthful remarks to the attention of our readers:

"The managing woman is a pearl among women; she is one of the prizes in the great lottery of life, and the man who draws her may rejoice for the rest of his days. Better than riches, she is a fortune in herself—a gold mine never failing in its yield—a spring of pleasant waters, whose banks are fringed with moss and flowers, when all around is bleached white with sterile sand. The managing woman can do any thing; and she does every thing well. Perceptive and executive, of quick sight and steady hand, she always knows exactly what is wanting, and supplies the deficiency with a tact and cleverness peculiar to herself. She knows the capabilities of persons as well as things, for she has an intuitive knowledge of character. The managing woman, if not always patient, is always energetic, and can never be disappointed into inaction. Though she has to teach the same thing over and over again, though she finds heads as dense as boxwood, and hands as inefficient as fishes' fins, still she is never weary of her vocation of arranging and ordering and never less than hopeful of a favorable result."

**WHAT IS YOUR INCOME?**—The first essential in the practice of economy is a knowledge of one's income, and the man who refuses to accord to his wife and children this information has never any right to accuse them of extravagance, because he himself deprives them of that standard of comparison which is an indispensable requisite in economy. As early as possible in the education of children they should pass from the state of irresponsible waiting to be provided for by parents, and be trusted with the spending of some fixed allowance, that they may learn prices and values, and have some notion of what money is actually worth and what it will bring. The simple fact of the possession of a fixed and definite income often suddenly transforms a giddy, extravagant girl into a care-taking, prudent little woman. Her allowance is her own; she begins to plan upon it—to add, subtract, multiply, divide, and to do numberless sums in her little head. She no longer buys every thing she fancies; she deliberates, weighs, compares. And now here is room for self-denial and generosity to come in. She can do without this article; she can furnish up some older possession to do duty a little longer, and give this money to some friend poorer than she; and ten to one the girl whose bills last year were four or five hundred, finds herself bringing through this year creditably on a hundred and fifty. To be sure she goes without

numerous things she used to have. From the standpoint of a fixed income she sees that these are impossible, and no more wants them than the green cheese of the moon. She learns to make her own taste and skill take the place of expensive purchases. She refits her hats and bonnets, retrims her dresses, and in a thousand busy, earnest, happy little ways, sets herself to make the most of her small income.

So the woman who has her definite allowance for housekeeping finds at once a hundred questions set at rest. Before it was not clear to her why she should not "go and do likewise" in relation to every purchase made by her next neighbor. Now, there is a clear logic of proportion. Certain things are evidently never to be thought of, though next neighbors do have them: and we must resign ourselves to find some other way of living.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

**CHILD-FREEZING.**—Fashionable mothers should be reminded that the cold, disagreeable, changeable days are upon us, and that many of their children are freezing to death! This crime is a growing one in America—it is appalling in England, and yet English mothers are said to be more sensible in these matters than our own.

At the recent Social Science Congress, which held its session at Belfast, England, Sir James Simpson delivered an address on health. Great mortality, he said, was caused by bad sewerage, bad water, and impure air. Dreadful mortality befell children, owing to sufficient care not being paid to the clothing of their arms and legs. They should be kept warm, and not exposed. He said that in England mothers frequently neglected children, and carried dogs in their arms. This last charge can not be laid to the door of American mothers, for they have not yet learned to value dogs higher than their own offspring.

But it is a sad truth, one for which every sensible mother should blush, that hundreds and thousands of little children annually perish from not being properly dressed. The legs and arms, including the feet and hands, more than any other parts of the body, need to be warmly clad. These being the furthest removed from the center of the circulation are with more difficulty kept warm, and need an extra amount of clothing. If the limbs are allowed to become chilled, the blood is driven back from them, and the chest, head, or some other part becomes congested, and suddenly the frightened mother finds her darling sick with an alarming attack of croup, brain fever, lung fever, or bowel complaint, which is almost sure to terminate in death.

Nothing is needed more than a society for the prevention of cruelty to children; and every time a child is seen upon any of our public thoroughfares, or in any of our parks, improperly clothed, its little knees exposed to the air, its limbs scantily covered, etc., the nurse, or somebody else, should be arrested and fined for endangering the lives of those in their charge. It would seem that an appeal to mothers upon such an important subject as this was wholly unnecessary; but facts can not be ignored, and the daily evidence of our eyes tells us how much

those who have children need a conscience in this matter.

Life-long discomfort, disease and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to is, to see that the feet are dry and warm; neglect of this has often resulted in attack of croup, diphtheria, or a fatal sore throat.

Always on coming from school or entering the house from a visit or errand, in rainy, muddy, or thawing weather, the child's shoes should be removed, and the mother should herself ascertain if the stockings are the least damp, and if so they should be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hand till perfectly dry, and another pair of shoes be put on, and the other shoes and stockings should be placed where they can be properly dried, so as to be ready for future use at a moment's notice.

ROMAN WOMEN.—The ancient Romans, in some respects, were in advance of the present age in their practical physiological knowledge. This was especially the case in the habits of the women. They seemed to be fully aware of the fact that a hardy race must be born of healthful mothers, and consequently any usage or practice likely to affect injuriously the health of women, was viewed by the State with suspicion. The muscles were systematically educated. Frequent bathing was required by law. Large bath-houses were established, which were places of common resort. For several centuries of the best ages of Rome, it was a criminal offense for a Roman mother to drink intoxicating liquors. At the time of our Savior on earth, and for a long period after, it was considered infamous for a Roman woman to taste wine. For a guest to offer a glass of wine to one of the household was looked upon as a deep insult, as it implied a want of chastity on her part. History records several deaths where they were put to death by their husbands because they smelt of "tometum." The consequence of this physical training and abstinence from all intoxicating liquor was, that the Romans were noted for their endurance and strength. Had we the same habits, with our superior Christian civilization, we should astonish the world by the exhibition of our physical health and strength.

THE WIFE.—Only let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her cares and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished, in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children, and society a well-spring of happiness. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety, for her husband's love to her is a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, and

adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love as a person to a machine—one is life, the other is mechanism. The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, a penetrating and pervading brightness to which the former is an entire stranger. The deep happiness of her heart shines out in her face. She gleams ever. It is airy, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means.

TRUTH AT HOME.—Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in the house. All comfort is gone when suspicion has entered—when there must be a reserve in talk, and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pain of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any one. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is a chance of its cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and their assiduous help, as if he were suffering from some disgusting bodily disorder. If he can be cured, he will become duly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fails, means must, of course, be taken to prevent his example from doing harm; and then, as I said, the family peace is broken up, because the family confidence is gone. I fear that, for some cause or other, there are but few large families where every member is altogether truthful. But where all are so organized and so trained as to be wholly reliable in act and word, they are a light to all eyes and a joy to all hearts. They are public benefits, for they are a point of general reliance, and are blessed within and without. Without, their life is made easy by universal trust; and within their homes and their hearts they have the security of rectitude and gladness of innocence.

A HAPPY HOME.—"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholster. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

FRAGMENT.—*"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is staid on thee, because he trusteth in thee."* Isaiah xxiv, 3.

The very center of the Christian religion is union with Christ and the receiving of him as our all; in other words, called faith, or a "staying our minds upon him." To the doing this there are many hinderances, and the two greatest and general ones are:

First, the want of self-knowledge; this keeps ninety-nine out of one hundred from Christ. They know not, or rather feel not, that they are blind, naked, leprous, helpless, and condemned; that all their works can make no atonement, and that nothing they can do will fit them for heaven. When this is truly known, the first grand hinderance to our union with Christ is removed.

The second is the want of understanding "the Gospel of Christ," the want of seeing therein the firm foundation given us for this pure and simple faith, the only solid ground of staying our souls on God. We must remember that the Gospel is "good news," and not to be slow of heart to believe it. Christ receiveth sinners; he undertaketh their whole concern; he giveth not only repentance, but remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost. He creates them anew; his love first makes the bride and then delights in her. The want of viewing Christ in this light, as the author and finisher of our salvation, hinders the poor, humble penitent from casting himself wholly on the Lord, although he hath said, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

I do not mention sin, for sin is the very thing which renders man the object of Christ's pity. Our sins will never turn the heart of Christ from us, for they brought him down from heaven to die in our place; and the reason why iniquity separates between God and our souls is, because it turns our eyes from him and shuts up in us the capacity of receiving those beams of love which are ever descending upon and offering themselves to us. But sin, sincerely lamented, and brought by "a constant act of faith" and prayer before the Lord, shall soon be consumed, as the thorns laid close to a fire; only let us abide thus waiting, and the Lord will pass through them and burn them up together.

When the soul feels its own helplessness, and receives the glad tidings of the Gospel, it ventures upon Christ; and, though the world, the flesh, and the devil pursue, so that the soul seems often to be on the brink of ruin, it has only to listen to the Gospel and venture on Christ, as a drowning man on a single plank with "I can but perish;" remembering these words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is staid on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

The consequence of this trusting is, that God keeps the soul from its threefold enemy, defends it in temptation, in persecution, in heaviness. Through all, it finds power to repose itself on Christ, to say, "God shall choose my inheritance for me." Here the Christian finds peace with God, peace with himself, and peace with all around him; the peace of pardon, the peace of holiness; for both are obtained through staying the mind on Christ. He walks in the perpetual recollection of a present God, and is not disturbed by any thing. If he feels sin he carries it to the Savior, and if in heaviness, through manifold temptations, he still holds fast his confidence, he is above the region of the clouds.

The careless sinner is not to be exhorted to trust in Christ; it would be to cast pearls before swine. Before an act of faith there must be an act of self-despair; before filling there must be emptiness. Is this thy character? Then suffer me to take away thy false props. Upon what dost thou stay thy soul? Thy honesty, morality, humility, doing good, using the means, business, friends, confused thoughts of God's mercy? This will never do. Thou must be brought to say, "What shall I do to be saved?" Without trembling at God's word, thou canst not receive Christ. Nothing short of love will do.

The penitent needs and, blessed be God, has every encouragement. You have nothing but sin; it is time you should understand the Gospel. You are yourself sinking, Christ is with you. You despair of yourself, hope in Christ; you are overcome, Christ conquers; self-condemned, he absolves. Why do not you believe? Is not the messenger, the Word, the Spirit of God sufficient? You want a joy unspeakable; the way to it is by thus waiting patiently upon God. Look to Jesus. He speaks peace; abide looking, and your peace shall flow as a river.—*Fletcher.*

THE BEAUTIES OF BIBLE LANGUAGE.—If we need higher illustration not only of the power of natural objects to adorn language and gratify taste, but proof that here we find the highest conceivable beauty, we would appeal at once to the Bible. Those most opposed to its teachings have acknowledged the beauty of its language, and this is due mainly to the exquisite use of natural objects for illustration. It does indeed draw from every field. But when the emotional nature was to be appealed to, the reference was at once to natural objects, and throughout all its books the stars, and flowers, and gems are prominent as illustrations of the beauties of religion and the glories of the Church.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." "The mountains and the



hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree."

The power and beauty of the same objects appear in the Savior's teachings. The fig and the olive, the sparrow and the lily of the field, give peculiar force and beauty to the great truths they were used to illustrate.

The Bible throughout is remarkable in this respect. It is a collection of books written by authors far removed from each other in time, and place, and mental culture; but throughout the whole nature is exalted as a revelation of God. Its beauty and sublimity are appealed to to arouse the emotions, to reach the moral and religious nature. This element of unity runs through all the books where references to nature can be made. One of the adaptations of the Bible to the nature of man is found in the sublime and perfect representation of the natural world, by which nature is ever made to proclaim the character and perfections of God. No language can be written that so perfectly sets forth the grand and terrible in nature, and its forces, as we hear when God answers Job out of the whirlwind. No higher appreciation of the beautiful, and of God as the author of beauty, was ever expressed than when our Savior said of the lilies of the field, "I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these;" and then adds, "If God so clothe the grass of the field"—ascribing the element of beauty in every leaf and opening bud to the Creator's skill and power.—*Prof. Chadbourne.*

PEACE IN THE MIDST OF PAIN.—Nothing is more fatal to peace, perhaps, than severe bodily pain. While the worldling's health is such as to permit of engrossing attention to his ordinary pleasures, he can manage to maintain a tolerable degree of mental composure; but his body, racked with pain, incapacitates him for all worldly enjoyments. When sleepless nights and restless days are appointed unto him, his condition becomes wretched indeed. Then his soul within him doth mourn, because his flesh upon him hath pain. But even in these circumstances the Christian's peace survives. Under the most excruciating bodily suffering, strange to say, there is sometimes the most perfect serenity of mind. Payson, when suffering in the most exquisite manner, declared he was filled with joy—joy such as tongue could not express. And but a few days ago a dying saint, who was suffering greatly, said, shortly before her death, that there was no one with whom she would like to change places. In such cases, it seems as if God, in consideration of, and to soothe them under, their severe bodily suffering, granted them an excess of inward joy, as if he would especially magnify his grace in the experience of his suffering ones by showing to the world how his religion sustains under the severest trial. The Savior's promise is, then, most strikingly fulfilled—peace in tribulation, joy in sorrow, soul-rest under bodily anguish; and the language of the

sufferer attests that, in the hottest furnace, and under the most painful chastisement, he can realize his Father's love. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."—*Landel's Path of Life.*

SACRIFICE A MARK OF SALVATION.—Those who will sacrifice nothing that is lawful for a higher expediency of Divine service have yet to learn the first lesson of the Cross; and those who willingly do all that is lawful will soon trespass beyond the line which divides it from wrong. There are some occupations and adventures in the sphere of business, and there are some entertainments in the sphere of amusements, which must be judged of, not simply by their intrinsic constituents, but by their associations, their tendencies, and their proved affinities with evil. These are the delicate tests by which God "discerns between the evil and the good." Multitudes who are not "good" in the Divine sense, will yet, like Herod, "do many things gladly" at the preaching of John, and put on an appearance which, in some aspects, might be mistaken for the "form of godliness," but only good men "depart from evil" by leaving a considerable space between themselves and the extreme line of permitted indulgence. Sacrifice is the mark of salvation, and, while the world stands, martyrdom of some kind is the condition of discipleship.—*Christian Spectator.*

HEAVEN A HOME.—"In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." These words of our Lord reveal heaven to us as a home. They suggest that if we would know what heaven is, we have but to exalt the sacred associations, the pure affections, the loving services, and the noblest conceptions of a holy home on earth and transfer them to heaven. It is outlined in its social features as the ideal of home. Our Lord also suggests that as the "Father's house," heaven will shelter all his adopted children; but having "many mansions," it will provide a home for each one suited to his taste and temperament, wherein he may, with kindred spirits, serve God and enjoy the life of the blessed. There will be a place so prepared for each that no one will lose his identity in the vast multitude which will fill the "Father's house," that no one will be a "little wanderer" there. If heaven is a home, then the home virtues are an earnest of heaven, and Christians will find in the cultivation of those graces which make a holy and happy family on earth a suitable preparation for the intercourse and service of our "Father's house." The habits and discipline of a holy home form the character which is required in heaven.

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.—We find in a sermon of Theodore Parker the following story. The subject of his discourse was "Rest:"

They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, the seven pillars of wisdom, sat in the court of the temple on fast day disputing about

rest. One said it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second said that it was fame and praise of all men. The third that it was possession of power to rule the State. The fourth that it consisted only of a happy home. The fifth that it must be only in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, and surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said that all were vain unless man kept all the ritual of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said, "Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He only can find rest who to all things addeth this, that he keep the traditions of the elders."

There sat in the court a fair-haired boy, playing with lilies in his lap, and, hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said, "Nay, nay, fathers, he only can find rest who loves his brother as himself and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, wealth, and power, happier than a happy home without it, better than honored age; he is law to himself above all tradition."

The doctors were astonished. They said, "When Christ cometh shall he tell us greater things?" And they thanked God, for they said, "The old men are not always wise. Yet God be praised that out of the mouth of that young suckling has his praise become perfect."

LONG SERMONS.—A lawyer who consumes three hours in arguing a question of law relating to the ownership of a barrel of apples, is indignant at his minister for exceeding twenty-five minutes in unfolding one of the great principles of morality, in the observance of which the tolerable existence of society depends. The judge who fills two hours with his "opinion" on the right of the counsel to challenge a witness, grumbles at his minister because he has prolonged the discussion of fundamental laws of

human progress to thirty minutes. The physician who takes ten minutes to prepare the medicine for a headache is nervously restive if his minister spends only twice as many in attempting to relieve a chronic heart-ache. The belle who has spent—how long?—in adjusting the bows of her bonnet, is remorseless in her criticisms on the minister who does not finish his meditations on the Fatherhood of God in fifteen minutes. The fop who has combed, and stroked, and perfumed, and waxed his beard and mustache for half an hour is mortified past endurance if the poor minister is not through his discussion of the immortal life "inside" of twenty minutes.

WE FADE AS A LEAF.—As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggle, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent modern writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so, likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our grave as they are now around our path, the world will have the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened! Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and will glisten with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to whisper our name.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

MEDITATIONS ON THE ACTUAL STATE OF CHRISTIANITY, and on the Attacks which are now being made upon it. By M. Guizot. 12mo. Pp. 390. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

M. Guizot, although almost an octogenarian, is yet a clear and vigorous thinker, and wields a powerful pen. No man is more capable than he to sketch in the brief and popular manner of the present volume the history of the "Awakening of Christianity in France." His own life reaches back almost to the scenes of the French Revolution, and the times of the terrible decadence of religion and morality consequent upon that social convulsion, and his active and official life runs nearly parallel with the efforts of society and the Church to recover

from the dreadful shock. In much of this history he has taken an earnest part, and has had personal acquaintance with nearly all the principal actors in the various attempts to revive and reinstate the power and authority of Christianity in France, as well as with most of the leaders of antichristian movements.

He has, very wisely we think, inverted the order in which he designed to proceed in these "Meditations," and in the present volume treats of the present actual state of Christianity instead of its history. Of course this "actual state of the Christian religion" is the condition and aspects which it presents in France, and only reflects the state of Christianity at large so far as the same influences are at work in other countries. But as the same

Christian and antichristian forces are powerfully working throughout all Christendom, the volume is one of general interest, and valuable and suggestive to any one who wishes to study the "actual state of Christianity in the nineteenth century."

More than half the volume is occupied with a clear and comprehensive review of the awakening of Christianity in France after its prostration by the violence of the French Revolution. This history is of intense interest beyond France itself, as the influences of the Revolution also extended far beyond French territory. The Revolution expended its force, leaving society in a state of anarchy, and the Christian religion almost supplanted by atheism. The arm of Napoleon was invoked to save society, and philosophers were asked for a rational religion for the people. Napoleon assumed the Presidency and attempted a Republic, and the philosophers offered to the people a system of Theophilanthropism but little better than the atheism of the Revolution. It was soon seen that neither of these systems of religion or government would suit the distracted state of society, and in 1802 "the strong arm of Napoleon again solemnly set up in France the religion of Christ crucified and Christ risen, and in that same year the brilliant genius of Chateaubriand again placed before the eyes of his countrymen the beauties of Christianity. The great politician and the great writer bowed each of them before the cross; the cross was the point from which each started—the one to reconstruct the Christian Church in France, the other to prove how capable a Christian writer is of charming French society and of stirring its emotions."

The "Meditations" in this part of the volume portray the measures and efforts adopted by the friends of Christianity, both in the Church of Rome and the Protestant Churches, to establish in the convictions of the understandings and consciences of the people what the government attempted to establish by edicts and laws. The history is intensely interesting, as evincing the inherent vital power of Christianity to arise in beauty and strength out of the bosom of Chaos itself, and as manifesting the nature of the battle the religion of Christ has ever to wage with the multifarious forms of opinions and beliefs of the human mind, and the multifarious obstacles which it meets in human society.

The nature of this contest, enduring for nearly three-fourths of a century in France, may be thus briefly indicated. Liberty, though actually gaining but little as to the forms of government in France, did gain immensely in the convictions and determinations of the French people, through the experiences of the Revolution. "Free institutions, freedom of conscience, political liberty, individual liberty, liberty of religion," says M. Guizot, "have become acknowledged ideas, self-evident truths." Again the author says, "These are achieved victories, never again to be relinquished, never to be receded from." Christianity, and first of all Roman Christianity, re-arises in the midst of these ideas of liberty to assert the claims of authority. Liberty resists these

claims. Champions arise on both sides. The Church makes frequent mistakes in demanding too much for authority; the advocates of liberty make frequent mistakes by substituting liberalism for liberty. Authority and liberty are two great moral forces, co-existent and necessary in society. How to reconcile and harmonize them is the problem of the nineteenth century. The Church of Rome, or any other Church, can never regain the position of almost absolute and unquestioned authority held during the middle ages. Nor, on the other hand, can the claims of Christianity over the conscience, faith, and obedience of mankind ever die. Nor can the world ever again lose its hold upon the great modern ideas of liberty. "Hence," says M. Guizot, "Christianity and modern civilization confront each other; there exists in the public a profound and irrepressible feeling of their reciprocal right and strength—a profound and irrepressible feeling that their disagreement is an immense evil for society and for men's souls; that neither the new civil liberties nor the ancient forms of belief and influences of Christianity can ever perish; that, necessary, both of them, to nations and to individuals, they are both of them destined to live, and consequently to live together. When and in what manner will this feeling realize its object, and when will the ancient Church and modern civilization have solved the problem of their mutual pacification? No one can at this moment pronounce; but in all certitude, the problem will not for that cease to weigh upon the world, or the world to strive at its solution."

The remaining "Meditations" are occupied with the phases of thought and systems of opinion which originated during the same period, and developed themselves under the same restless and perplexed state of society—especially the Spiritualistic Philosophy, developing in antagonism to the wide-spread Materialism of the continent, and lending its aid to the regeneration of Christianity—Rationalism, Positivism, Pantheism, Materialism, Skepticism, and Impiety. We have not space to indicate the clear, strong, common-sense method in which the author disposes of these systems. The volume is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the actual state of Christianity in the nineteenth century.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 12mo. Pp. 420. \$2. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

It is with a feeling of profound sadness that we turn from the strong, thoughtful, clear, and manly utterances in behalf of Christianity from the pen of the venerable author of the "Meditations," to read the covert and insidious attack upon every thing sacred, vital, and distinguishing in the Gospel, made by the author of "the Guardian Angel." There is scarcely a page of the whole volume against the doctrines and unfairness of which we would not protest. There is scarcely any distinctive doctrine of evangelical Christianity that is not impugned, denied, sneered at, or assumed to be obsolete and powerless. Its heaviest blows are aimed at the great doctrines of the Fall and consequent corruption of

human nature, regeneration, individual responsibility, and future punishment. Its side blows fall on the restraints of Christian discipline at home, the defections of Christian ministers, and the great benevolent enterprises of the Christian Church.

A wayward child, inheriting from a long line of ancestors a complex nature, full of good and evil tendencies, with the evil traits largely predominating in early life, but eventually supplanted by the development of the better qualities of human nature, also inherited from her good forefathers and mothers, is the heroine of the book. She is just what the mingling of the blood of her ancestors determines her to be, and why should she be held responsible for it? If she has in her the blood of a martyr of the English Reformation, of some stern old Puritans, of a proud belle of the city, of a wild Indian whose blood also gets into the ancestral line, and of an East Indian adventurer, how can she help it, if the spirit of the martyr, the stern Puritan, the city belle, the wild Indian, and the ocean adventurer form her character and control her life? She inherits pride and beauty from her grand aunt Judith; it is in her very blood; what folly to attempt to control the pride or judge her for it! She inherits the spirit of adventure, and a spirit that sometimes breaks out in uncontrollable passion, from Captain Charles Hazard, of the ship *Orient Pearl*, and Miss Virginia Wild, "who was said to have a few drops of genuine aboriginal blood in her veins;" how could she help it if, upon a slight provocation from one of her school-fellows in a play of tableaux, she springs forward, her eyes flashing like the eyes of a tiger, and her hand upraised with a knife to strike her schoolmate, and is only prevented from committing the murderous deed by the happy uprising to her brain just then of the blood of the meek martyr Ann Holyoake?

"The instincts and qualities belonging to the ancestral traits which predominated in the conflict of mingled lives lay in this child in embryo, waiting to come to maturity. Her earlier impulses may have been derived directly from her father and mother, but all her ancestors came uppermost in their time, before the absolute and total result of their several forces had found its equilibrium in the character by which she was to be known as an individual. These inherited impulses were therefore many, conflicting, some of them dangerous. The world, the flesh, and the devil, held mortgages on her life before its deed was put in her hand; but sweet and gracious influences were also born with her; and the battle of life was to be fought between them, God helping her in her need, and her own free choice siding with one or the other."

This is the doctrine and the key of the book. This young bundle of instincts and inherited impulses is placed, through the loss of her parents, in the care of a maiden aunt. We now have the failure of a caricatured form of home discipline to produce any other effect on this living mass of instincts, than to bring out the worst of its traits into rebellion, eventuating in an elopement. She is dis-

covered and brought home. A physician has a very singular and anomalous experience with this bundle of instincts, but, as he is a gentleman, he retires before his experience becomes dangerous. A strong effort is now made to "convert" this bundle of impulses, and a caricatured specimen of a minister of the Gospel is called in to assist in the work. But the instincts do not convert, and the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker becomes dangerous, when Master Byles Gridley, a semi-infidel, "the guardian angel," becomes the protector of the instincts, and she is saved. Eventually, we can hardly tell how, but certainly by no moral or religious influences, by no process of conversion or regeneration, by no providential discipline, but, by the battle of blood, the war of instincts expending itself, the several forces of this bundle of impulses find their equilibrium, and most fortunately "the sweet and gracious influences" gain the ascendancy, and Myrtle Hazard becomes a very nice, good girl, marries a good husband, and makes an excellent woman!

And such is the popular literature of the day. Of course it is known that all these chapters appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Can it be that this leading periodical finds this kind of antichristian, semi-infidel literature the most popular and acceptable for the American mind? We can not believe it, and know that many of its readers only accept this sandwiching of poison under protest, in order to get what is really good and excellent in the *Atlantic*.

ORIGIN, RISE, AND PROGRESS OF MORMONISM. *Biography of its Founders and History of its Church.* By Pomeroy Tucker. 12mo. Pp. 302. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Mr. Tucker writes from personal remembrance, in giving the history of the origin of Mormonism, and the biography of its founders, the locality of the vile and blasphemous impostures resulting in the Mormon scheme being his own birthplace. He was well acquainted with "Joe Smith," the first Mormon prophet, and with his father and all the Smith family, after their removal to Palmyra, New York, from Vermont in 1816, and during their continuance there and in the adjoining town of Manchester. He was equally acquainted with Martin Harris and Oliver Cordery, and with most of the early followers of Smith, either as money-diggers or Mormons. He is intimately acquainted with the whole history of the pretended finding of the "Golden Plates," of their translation, and of the printing of the original edition of the "Book of Mormon" in 1830. Mr. Tucker's own character for veracity and respectability is well attested in the volume. The book is, therefore, an authoritative exposition of the vile impostures and the blasphemous pretensions of a most worthless and reckless family, and of two or three villainous accomplices, which originated one of the most extraordinary and abominable systems of religious belief that have sprung into life as the world has run its course. We have read Mr. Tucker's volume with



great interest and satisfaction, and believe that it contains the most complete and best authenticated history of the abominations which he exposes.

**LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.** *From the Norman Conquest. By Agnes Strickland. Abridged by the Author. Revised and Edited by Caroline G. Parker. 12mo. Pp. 675. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

The Lives of the Queens of England, by Agnes Strickland, has long been ranked among standard histories, and the publishers meet a want in providing an epitome of the more expensive and elaborate work "for the use of schools and families." The abridgment was made by the author herself, and embraces all the essential facts in the lives of the English queens regnant, consorts, and dowagers, beginning the series with Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and including her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the present sovereign, and Adelaide, the late queen-dowager. Every thing necessary to render the "Lives of the Queens" pleasing and instructive for scholastic purposes has been retained in this volume and carefully chronologized. The whole series comprises a domestic history of England from the Norman Conquest to the death of Queen Elizabeth, and of Great Britain from the accession of James I to the present time, in which all important public events are related. The volume is profusely illustrated with well-executed wood-cuts. The place for the book is in every good school and intelligent family.

**THE SEXTON'S TALE, AND OTHER POEMS.** *By Theodore Tilton. 16mo. Pp. 173. \$1.50. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

This little volume contains many pieces of fugitive poetry of the many-sided Tilton. It is a beautiful parlor volume, bound in gold and morocco, printed with antique letter-press on fine tinted paper. Besides the Sexton's Tale, it contains The Great Bell Rowland, The King's Ring, The Mystery of Nature, The Parson's Courtship, and thirty other poems of various length. The versification is smooth, and many of the poems contain genuine touches of nature. Two of the poems—A Layman's Confession of Faith, and Pierre Cardinal's Faith—belong to the Broad Church style of liberalism, so very current in recent literature.

**HAND-BOOK OF PRACTICAL COOKERY, for Ladies and professional Cooks.** *By Pierre Blot. 12mo. Pp. 478. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

M. Blot styles himself "Professor of Gastronomy," and by his lectures and previous publications, and also as the founder of the New York Cooking Academy, is well known in America. There is only one side of the science of gastronomy that we have much knowledge of, and even on that side our knowledge does not extend much beyond simply knowing whether, when an article of food is placed before us, we like it or not. Yes, we do know one thing more, that the same article of food may be vastly improved or greatly spoiled by the manner of its preparation

in the kitchen. And now, since we think of it, we do know another thing, that the digestibility and nutritiveness of food depend very largely upon its culinary treatment, and that we have reason to believe that many people die of bad cooking, and the happiness of many persons and families is greatly promoted by wisdom and good sense in the kitchen. Professor Blot's book promises to contain "the whole science and art of preparing human food," and if the Professor does not know, who does? Therefore we feel safe in commending this volume to the families into which the Repository enters.

**PERFECT LOVE: The Speeches of the New York Preachers' Meeting, in March and April, 1867, Upon the Subject of Sanctification. Also Bishop Janes's Sermon on Sin and Salvation. 12mo. Pp. 129. New York: N. Tibbals & Co.**

In the month of February, 1867, the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting, of New York City, had under discussion the question—"What are the best methods for promoting the experience of perfect love?" The discussion continued through the meetings of March and April, and drew out a number of excellent essays on the subject of sanctification. The essays or "speeches" of Revs. E. L. Janes, H. Mattison, D. D., D. Curry, D. D., J. M. Buckley, and L. D. Brown, are contained in this little volume. They vary considerably in their views, but all are valuable and very suggestive in the study of this vital subject. Appended to these essays is a soul-searching sermon preached by Bishop Janes at the Newark Conference camp meeting. The volume abundantly repays the perusal.

**THE ENGINEERS' AND MECHANICS' POCKET-BOOK.** *Twenty-First Edition, Revised and Enlarged. By Charles H. Haswell, Civil and Marine Engineer. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

It is impossible for us to detail the valuable things contained in this little book—little in form, but containing 663 closely printed pages, and put into this convenient form with flexible covers, so that it may be carried in the pocket. But here is every thing the mechanic or the engineer needs to know—all kinds of calculations and rules of measurement, from the common rules of arithmetic up to the methods of determining the power of steam-engines and the dimensions of steamships. Every mechanic should have this book in his pocket, and it would be useful in every family.

**MACÉ'S FAIRY-BOOK.** *Home Fairy Tales, by Jean Macé, editor of the Magasin d'Éducation, etc. Translated by Mary L. Booth. 12mo. Pp. 304. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This will be accepted as the fairy-book of the season. The stories are admirable after their kind, and the volume is issued in beautiful style, and abundantly illustrated with superior wood-engravings, and has a good portrait of the author, who is one of the most popular writers for children in France.

STORIES AND SIGHTS OF FRANCE AND ITALY. *By Grace Greenwood. With Illustrations.* 16mo. Pp. 291. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

We can heartily commend this little volume to parents as the right kind of reading matter for the boys and girls from ten to sixteen years of age.

CHRISTMAS STORIES, PICTURES FROM ITALY, AND AMERICAN NOTES. *Four Volumes in One.* Pp. 1205. \$1.50. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Another volume of the Globe Edition of the works of Charles Dickens, illustrated by designs from Darley & Gilbert.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES, AND GREAT EXPECTATIONS. *By Charles Dickens. With Original Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr.* Pp. 460. Double Columns. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

And this is an additional installment of the beautiful Diamond Edition.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Robert Clarke & Co. place on our table Nos. 21, 22, 23, and 24, of this valuable and finely illustrated history of the war. Our readers will remember that it is rapidly issuing in large folio numbers containing 24 pages each, and sold for 30 cents per number. The first volume, containing Nos. I to XVI, is complete, and may be obtained, bound in cloth, free of postage, for \$6.

LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS. From the Harpers, through Robert Clarke & Co., we receive—"Caste," by the author of "Mr. Arle;" "The Curate's Discipline," by Mrs. Eiloart; and "Circe, or Three Acts in the Life of an Artist," by Babington White, being Nos. 297, 298, and 299, of Harper's Select Library. We know nothing about them, do not read them,

and would commend a very different order of literature to our readers.

THE FOREIGN MAGAZINES. From the Leonard Scott Publishing Company we have Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, The Westminster, The London Quarterly and the Edinburgh Reviews, for October, all freighted with interesting and valuable articles. Now is the time to subscribe for these standard periodicals.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Part 124 of this excellent Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, comes to us through Robert Clarke & Co., from J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. We see it approaches its termination, the present number closing with the word—*York*.

MAGAZINES. *Cassell's Magazine*, of which we have received Parts IV, V, and VI, is issued in London and New York, 596 Broadway, at \$3.50 for one year, and is devoted to popular literature, principally consisting of tales and novelettes. *The New Dominion Monthly* is published in Montreal, and starts out with good indications of making an excellent magazine. *The Nursery* is a neat little magazine, adapted to the wants and capacities of children under eight years of age, published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 per year. The well-known *Phrenological Journal*, published by S. R. Wells, New York, again reaches our table after some interruption, and promises good things for 1868.

CATALOGUES, MINUTES, ETC. *Catalogue of the Oneida Conference Seminary*—Rev. Albert S. Graves, M. A., Principal; Students, 515—Cazenovia, N. Y. *New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College*—Rev. L. D. Barrows, D. D., President; Students, 341—Sanbornton Bridge, N. H. *Minutes of the North Ohio Annual Conference*; the North-West Indiana Conference; the Indiana Annual Conference; the North-West Wisconsin Annual Conference.

## MONTHLY RECORD.

CHURCH BUILDINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Moravian church in Houston-street, near Broadway, a fine granite edifice, has just been sold, and has become a lager beer restaurant of the grander class, and is called the Casino. Dr. Osgood's old church on Broadway is a theater of the lower stamp. Dr. Williams's old church is used by Mr. Stewart as a stable. The Grand-Street Presbyterian Church was a wreck, occupied almost for every thing, till the Masons pulled it down and erected on its site a Grand Lodge. Dr. Cheever's old church is a place of religious amusement. Dr. Mason's old church is occupied by the Catholics, and is known as St. Ann's. The fine stone church on East Twelfth-

street is a Jewish Synagogue. Many edifices once famous in the religious history of New York, have been turned into livery stables, bowling and billiard saloons, dram shops, and gambling houses.

GREENLAND.—The Danish Missionary Society has in Greenland 8 stations, 10 missionaries, and 40 catechists, with two training institutions. The largest congregation numbers 3,000, and the smallest 700. A printing-office has been established, and a paper in Esquimaux is issued with engravings, and printed by natives. The Danish Society was formed in 1706, and a college for the training of missionaries was founded by the king in 1714, in Copenhagen.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—From the General Minutes, just published, for the year 1867, we gather the following statistics:

CONFERENCES.	Traveling Preachers.	Local Preachers.	Members.	Church Edifices.	Value of Churches and Parsonages.
Alabama.....	46	132	9,341	73	\$15,060
Baltimore.....	107	98	15,768	167	936,900
Black River.....	213	148	20,933	220	732,600
California.....	106	96	5,766	87	421,321
Central German.....	90	102	9,592	150	401,600
Central Illinois.....	170	217	21,736	223	607,700
Central Ohio.....	128	161	20,067	245	550,350
Cincinnati.....	157	212	31,008	366	1,614,150
Colorado.....	10	13	524	5	28,050
Delaware.....	40	210	9,024	116	109,638
Des Moines.....	90	166	12,882	63	186,340
Detroit.....	174	116	19,358	159	843,450
East Baltimore.....	231	178	35,366	459	1,314,996
East Genesee.....	203	144	23,858	228	1,040,300
Eastern German.....	29	21	2,659	29	237,500
East Maine.....	91	91	10,052	97	283,860
Erie.....	258	262	31,873	382	1,257,861
Genesee.....	130	77	9,495	152	531,030
Germany and Switz'd.....	40	61	10,235	46	19,100
Germ'y.....	43	25	5,928	22	229,800
Holston.....	82	195	23,720	203	145,570
Illinois.....	193	304	32,835	317	905,080
India Mission.....	24	10	358	15	52,878
Indiana.....	133	22	28,740	350	619,035
Iowa.....	110	211	19,186	150	392,100
Kansas.....	74	125	7,046	26	200,175
Kentucky.....	81	139	13,997	69	233,100
Liberia Mission.....	19	31	1,395	21	15,910
Maine.....	120	82	12,528	112	459,825
Michigan.....	166	235	19,093	131	276,905
Minnesota.....	101	138	8,799	59	204,050
Mississippi.....	31	64	7,899	23	121,000
Missouri and Ark.....	161	279	20,416	71	353,000
Nebraska.....	30	21	2,106	13	49,800
Nevada.....	11	11	367	6	94,800
Newark.....	159	101	27,405	211	1,439,750
New England.....	206	99	22,206	146	1,491,350
New Hampshire.....	127	97	12,620	104	383,700
New Jersey.....	152	101	27,588	211	996,875
New York.....	257	163	37,446	338	2,358,650
New York East.....	215	107	35,312	280	2,530,100
North Indiana.....	137	263	30,979	328	689,789
North Ohio.....	123	134	16,371	269	547,675
N. W. German.....	85	56	6,593	112	214,166
N. W. Indiana.....	107	148	18,016	222	450,280
N. W. Wisconsin.....	40	45	3,351	25	66,150
Ohio.....	157	227	31,849	460	1,109,250
Oneida.....	188	133	19,607	228	760,850
Oregon.....	59	9	4,218	43	88,910
Philadelphia.....	280	368	57,887	552	2,600,100
Pittsburg.....	232	228	44,449	544	1,521,650
Providence.....	131	93	17,419	147	1,115,235
Rock River.....	205	236	21,033	180	1,582,200
South Carolina.....	29	103	9,668	34	61,800
S. E. Indiana.....	84	130	17,713	234	515,525
Southern Illinois.....	127	123	22,238	232	511,075
S. W. German.....	94	123	7,557	124	398,330
Tennessee.....	61	94	6,110	39	81,150
Texas.....	17	21	1,584	9	4,850
Troy.....	218	119	27,585	246	1,231,400
Upper Iowa.....	138	198	16,669	107	380,200
Vermont.....	138	78	13,275	148	487,275
Virginia.....	14	.....	671	.....	.....
Washington.....	75	102	17,463	89	220,800
West Virginia.....	107	321	26,783	256	301,805
West Wisconsin.....	77	148	8,200	86	170,325
Wisconsin.....	155	150	12,333	132	507,350
Wyoming.....	118	144	17,033	177	476,450
Total.....	7,989	8,935	1,144,763	11,138	\$41,012,477
Last year.....	7,576	8,902	1,032,184	10,462	\$40,149,962
Increase.....	413	333	112,579	676	\$6,097,517

MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.—The following table, taken from the reports of Drs. Carlton and Poe, Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer of the Missionary Society, will show the amounts of the contributions severally received from the Annual Conferences during the year commencing November 1, 1866, and closing October 31, 1867; also the increase or decrease,

as compared with the receipts of the previous year. These figures are not in all cases the same as those reported in the Minutes of the Conferences, because the dates of the Treasurer's Annual Report do not agree with those of the Conference years. The table shows the actual cash receipts of the missionary treasury between the dates specified:

CONFERENCES.	From Nov. 1, 1866, to Oct. 31, 1866.	From Nov. 1, 1866, to Oct. 31, 1867.	Increase.	Decrease.
Baltimore.....	\$17,352 18	\$15,313 55	.....	\$2,038 63
Black River.....	13,139 14	10,613 95	.....	2,525 19
California.....	4,629 18	3,046 00	.....	1,583 18
Colorado.....	1,510 02	.....	.....	1,510 02
Delaware.....	529 95	532 09	\$2 14	.....
Detroit.....	9,102 06	7,605 54	.....	1,496 52
E. Baltimore.....	24,433 78	25,359 17	925 39	.....
East Genesee.....	12,648 80	10,752 01	.....	1,893 79
East German.....	722 69	1,348 92	626 23	.....
East Maine.....	4,364 87	3,072 53	.....	1,292 34
Erie.....	21,010 90	17,897 41	.....	3,113 49
Genesee.....	6,552 20	5,427 91	.....	1,124 29
Maine.....	8,227 84	6,034 20	.....	2,193 64
Michigan.....	8,365 39	8,485 98	120 59	.....
Miss. Mission.....	.....	77 90	77 90	.....
Nevada.....	665 84	250 00	.....	415 84
Newark.....	19,200 97	15,992 99	.....	3,207 98
New England.....	26,011 74	18,565 57	.....	7,446 17
N. Hampshire.....	7,222 80	5,709 61	.....	1,513 19
New Jersey.....	18,074 54	15,844 78	.....	2,229 76
New York.....	25,137 75	31,231 55	3,093 80	.....
N. York East.....	35,772 11	28,011 65	.....	7,760 46
Oneida.....	12,525 48	10,599 05	.....	1,926 43
Oregon.....	3,751 38	967 16	.....	2,784 22
Philadelphia.....	50,000 00	45,500 00	.....	4,500 00
Pittsburg.....	38,898 79	24,570 14	.....	14,328 65
Providence.....	12,774 71	11,183 95	.....	1,590 76
Troy.....	13,578 26	20,957 92	7,379 66	.....
Vermont.....	7,538 78	7,001 94	.....	536 84
Washington.....	616 86	506 59	.....	110 27
Wyoming.....	7,267 22	6,152 40	.....	1,114 82
C. German.....	6,128 73	5,916 43	.....	212 30
C. Illinois.....	9,307 50	10,474 05	1,166 55	.....
Central Ohio.....	13,019 42	11,647 52	.....	1,371 90
Cincinnati.....	20,815 13	21,491 46	676 33	.....
Des Moines.....	3,454 08	3,111 05	.....	343 03
Georgia.....	.....	30 00	30 00	.....
Holston.....	807 95	1,100 50	292 55	.....
Illinois.....	18,433 51	22,174 35	3,740 84	.....
Indiana.....	9,794 70	7,505 48	.....	2,289 22
Iowa.....	7,485 08	6,249 04	.....	1,235 14
Kansas.....	2,708 57	2,378 41	.....	330 16
Kentucky.....	825 81	855 37	29 56	.....
Minnesota.....	140 00	3,325 14	3,185 14	.....
Mo. and Ark.....	3,366 20	5,227 25	1,861 05	.....
Nebraska.....	852 66	799 50	.....	53 16
N. Indiana.....	13,175 26	9,095 49	.....	4,079 77
North Ohio.....	11,422 27	10,898 81	.....	523 46
N. W. German.....	4,121 06	4,309 70	188 64	.....
N. W. Indiana.....	9,136 76	6,911 98	.....	2,224 78
N. W. Wisconsin.....	990 99	1,009 45	18 46	.....
Ohio.....	19,053 21	20,002 05	949 44	.....
Rock River.....	15,334 83	13,507 14	.....	1,827 69
Tennessee.....	5 00	282 95	277 95	.....
S. E. Indiana.....	9,517 65	6,567 58	.....	2,950 07
S. Illinois.....	7,568 13	7,699 81	131 68	.....
S. W. German.....	4,531 81	4,022 64	.....	509 17
Upper Iowa.....	7,197 76	6,218 44	.....	979 32
West Virginia.....	4,179 19	2,536 39	.....	1,642 80
W. Wisconsin.....	3,302 64	3,211 58	.....	91 06
Wisconsin.....	7,465 31	7,500 55	35 24	.....
Amer. B. Soc'y.....	10,000 00	5,500 00	.....	4,500 00
Legacies.....	13,550 11	20,482 35	6,932 24	.....
Sun Lires.....	4,418 76	24,408 80	.....	16,990 06
Total.....	\$702,813 25	\$615,156 12	\$87,657 13	.....
Receipts from Nov. 1, 1866, to Oct. 31, 1867.....	.....	\$615,156 12	.....	.....
Receipts from Nov. 1, 1865, to Oct. 31, 1866.....	.....	702,813 25	.....	.....
Decrease.....	.....	.....	.....	\$87,657 13

CENTENARY RETURNS.—At the time of making up these items of Church history, full reports had not been made, some of them being retained by the local committees for revision and completion. Thirty-seven Conferences, however, had reported a total of

\$6,141,027. The returns from the remaining Conferences—we make a moderate estimate—will swell this amount to over *seven millions of dollars*! These are indeed large figures, far in advance of those at first suggested.

COMPARATIVE PROGRESS.—By examining the official returns of the Conferences for the first century of our Church history, and comparing them by decades from 1766, we have the following table:

YEAR.	Traveling Preachers.	Increase of Preachers.	Members.	Increase of Members.
1766.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
1776.....	24	24	4,921	4,921
1786.....	117	93	20,680	15,768
1796.....	293	176	56,664	35,975
1806.....	452	159	130,570	73,906
1816.....	695	243	214,235	83,665
1826.....	1,406	711	360,800	146,565
1836.....	2,928	1,522	650,103	289,303
1846.....	3,582	654	644,229	5,074
1856.....	7,875	2,295	800,327	156,098
1866.....	7,576	1,699	1,032,184	231,857

\* By the withdrawal and separation of Southern Conferences in 1844, organizing the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Methodist Episcopal Church lost 1,345 traveling preachers and 495,288 members, and yet, so rapid was her growth during the decade, that at its close—two years after the separation—there was a net gain of 654 preachers, and a lack of only 5,974 members of making up the number lost.

The net increase of Church members during the last two years, namely, in 1866 and 1867, is 215,504, or a little over *twenty-three per cent.* of the number reported in 1865. The net increase of traveling preachers during the last two years is 814, and of local preachers 542; total increase of ministerial force in two years, 1,356.

PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION FOR 1867-8.—The following arrangement assigns the time and place of meeting for the Conferences up to the meeting of the General Conference in May:

CONFERENCES.	PLACE.	DATE.	BISHOP.
Mississippi Mission.	New Orleans.....	Dec. 19	Ames.
Va. and N. Car. Mis.	Richmond.....	Jan. 2	Janes.
Texas Mission.....	Galveston.....	Jan. 2	Ames.
Kentucky.....	Newport.....	Feb. 26	Kingsley.
S. Carolina Mission.	Charleston.....	Feb. 26	Simpson.
Washington Mission.	Georgetown, D. C.	Feb. 27	Janes.
Baltimore.....	Baltimore.....	March 4	Simpson.
Missouri and Ark.	St. Louis.....	March 11	Thomson.
East Baltimore.....	Baltimore.....	March 11	Clark.
West Virginia.....	Moundsville.....	March 11	Kingsley.
Philadelphia.....	Philadelphia.....	March 11	Janes.
Pittsburg.....	Greensburg, Penn.	March 18	Kingsley.
Newark.....	Plainfield.....	March 18	Clark.
New Jersey.....	Lambertsville.....	March 18	Scott.
Kansas.....	Lawrence.....	March 25	Thomson.
Providence.....	Wellsfleet, Mass.	March 25	Scott.
New England.....	Boston.....	March 25	Ames.
New York.....	Harlem.....	April 1	Clark.
New York East.....	Brooklyn.....	April 1	Janes.
New Hampshire.....	Lawrence, Mass.	April 1	Baker.
East German.....	Troy, N. Y.....	April 2	Scott.
Nebraska.....	Peru.....	April 2	Thomson.
Wyoming.....	Binghamton, N. Y.	April 8	Kingsley.
Troy.....	Ash Grove, Albany.	April 8	Scott.
Black River.....	Malone.....	April 8	Simpson.
Oneida.....	Cazenovia, N. Y.	April 9	Clark.
Vermont.....	Woodstock.....	April 9	Ames.
Maine.....	Brunswick.....	April 15	Simpson.
North Indiana.....	Warsaw.....	April 15	Thomson.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1868.—The General Missionary Committee completed its work on Monday evening, November 11, 1867, and the

Board of Managers confirmed the appropriations for missionary work this year as follows:

## I. FOREIGN MISSIONS.

	1868.	1867.
Liberia.....	\$14,000 00	\$15,400 00
South America.....	14,287 50	43,645 00
China.....	38,481 00	20,344 00
Germany and Switzerland.....	37,500 00	34,884 00
Scandinavia.....	22,674 96	15,545 00
India.....	68,188 50	46,924 59
Bulgaria.....	11,493 17	4,112 11

In this year's appropriation the exchange is included; last year it was not included, but provided for in a separate item, and amounted to \$115,518.70.

## II. FOREIGN POPULATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

	1868.	1867.
Scandinavian.....	\$10,900 00	\$13,200 00
Chinese.....	4,700 00	4,000 00
German.....	33,000 00	47,000 00

III. *Indian Missions.*—The appropriation in this department is \$3,800; last year it was \$4,600.

IV. *American Domestic Missions.*—The appropriation for 1868 is \$318,450; last year, \$439,100.

V. *Missions of Third Class.*—Indian Territory, etc., \$5,000; Dacotah and Montana, \$4,000; Utah and Idaho, \$3,000; total, \$12,000; last year, \$25,554.

## VI. MISCELLANEOUS.

Contingent Fund.....	\$25,000
Incidental Expenses.....	15,000
Office Expenses.....	20,000
Missionary Advocate.....	25,000

VII. For outstanding obligations, \$178,524.87.

## VIII. RECAPITULATION.

Foreign Missions.....	\$203,625 13
" Populations.....	48,600 00
Indian Missions.....	3,800 00
American Domestic.....	318,450 00
Third Class.....	12,000 00
Miscellaneous.....	85,000 00
Outstanding Obligations.....	178,524 87
Total.....	\$850,000 00

The above results were reached after a most thorough and painstaking examination of the whole subject of our missionary work. It was found absolutely necessary to retrench expenses at some points, which was accordingly done, often very reluctantly. The total amount, namely, eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is the *exact sum distributed to the several Annual Conferences last year.* Though the amount has not been raised by the Conferences, yet such has been the confidence of the Committee and the Board in the ability and the willingness of the Church to sustain the missionary work, and soon to extend it, that it was felt that the appropriations made are as small as our people would allow. We have no fears as to the future of this important department of our Church's work.

CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.—The receipts of the Church Extension Society for 1867, so far as reported, amount to \$18,387.77. From twenty-three Conferences there is no report, and from fourteen others only partial reports. The receipts for the first year, including the entire period from the organization of the Society in the Spring of 1865 to November 15, 1866, amount to \$59,260.57. A little attention will show that the actual decrease is much less than the above figures would indicate; as only twenty-four Conferences make full returns this year, while the receipts for last year cover a period of eighteen months.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—Dear reader, you have now our first and a specimen number of the Repository with the enlargement and improvements we promised. As we look at it we feel that we can heartily indorse the declaration of the publishers, that it is now "the largest and best-executed magazine published in the country for the subscription price." We suppose they mean in good solid Saxon that it is giving a great deal for the money, and we agree with them. By the "well-executed" we suppose is meant the mechanical work of the Repository; and here again, without touching our own modesty, we can express our honest belief that it is unequaled in our country. In praising this we do not praise ourself, but the taste and skill of the artists and artisans who have charge of this part of the work. Of our part of the work the careful publishers simply say that "with the enlarged room and increased facilities we believe the editor will place the Repository in a high position as to literary merit among our best periodicals." Whether we have fulfilled this hope or give promise of doing so our readers must judge. And now, as we send forth our first number of the new series, we must again appeal to our agents and friends to come to our help by making a vigorous effort for the Repository. Both publishers and editor are striving hard to furnish to the Church, and to all families that desire a pure and wholesome literature, a magazine of the very best order. We believe this effort will meet the approbation of our friends; and though there may be some little disappointment in some localities that the price has not been reduced, yet we are satisfied that even where this may be the case, a little labor on the part of our friends will make it apparent that while we were really unable to make the reduction, we have done better for our subscribers than if we had done so. Let our agents, then, and all who desire to aid in this good work, take this number and show it to neighbors and friends and solicit subscribers. If your number becomes worn and soiled by this process, send to us and we will replace it.

ECCENTRIC RELIGIONS IN AMERICA.—A correspondent sends us the following communication correcting some errors of our article bearing the above title. As our statements were given on the authority of others, we gladly accept the facts from one who seems to know:

"In your article on 'Eccentric Religions in America' I notice several errors in regard to the Tunkers, to which I beg leave to call your attention.

"Your statement makes them Universalists, while in fact they are not. They have no written creed, but if their preachers may be taken as exponents

of their doctrine, they must be considered purely orthodox. Again you say, males and females 'are alike eligible for any office or service.' This is incorrect; females are never heard in public, not even in prayer, and do not hold any office whatever. Ministers are elected by the congregation, and after election regularly ordained. There is no speaking beforehand in order to test the qualities for the ministry, and very often the lot to preach falls on the most diffident of all the congregation. After election they generally try to preach, considering it a duty rather than a choice. The sect are not opposed to marriage; on the contrary they marry very young, and generally rear large families. I have been intimately acquainted with this denomination for years, and have never known one of their ministers who was not a married man; and have never heard a minister or any other member disparage matrimony in any manner whatever. In some particulars they might be called eccentric, but I believe they are purely orthodox. They do not sue and litigate before the courts, but generally pay their debts and take care of their poor. They wash one another's feet, and take the Lord's Supper in the evening. They are also conscientiously opposed to taking interest."

THE REPOSITORY AND THE FASHIONS.—A lady correspondent, unknown to us, clips the following brief extract from one of our exchanges: "It vexes me to see Peterson's and Godey's Magazines crowd out our own Ladies' Repository, which is so superior to them. '*We take them for the patterns,*' says a good sister, apologetically"—and then writes as follows:

"The inclosed item comes under my notice. I think I can sympathize with both the writer and the ladies who make such excuses for taking other magazines that have 'fashion-plates.' I do not feel the need of fashion-plates sufficiently to make an exchange of '*The Ladies' Repository*' for any other magazine that it has been my privilege to examine. But I have sometimes felt obliged to buy a number, Spring or Fall, to enable me to 'cut and make' my daughter's apparel, or to consult a dress-maker, which would cost more than the subscription for the publication for a whole year. Now it is very easy for those who are able to hire the dress-maker, or if they wish to set an example of economy for their less favored sisters by 'doing their own sewing,' to subscribe for some one having the 'plates' and yours too. But all can not do this; and in these days of rapid changes it is necessary for every one having a family of girls to look after and provide clothing for, to have some guide to go by every season. All this has been written preparatory to a suggestion I have to offer, which you will take for what it is worth. I

would be the last person to vote for a change of any kind in your valuable publication, for it seems to me as near perfection as possible. But I would ask if the 'fashion-plates' might not be added without a great increase of expense? It would be an advertisement for whoever prepared or supplied them, which, it seems to me, would well repay them for their expense and be a cheap way to advertise, and the increase in your subscriptions might perhaps remunerate you for your increased expense. I am wholly unacquainted with these matters, so if my plan is not feasible you will excuse the writer for the liberty she takes in offering these suggestions, and believe her a well-wisher to both the Repository and its editor."

We appreciate the difficulty stated by our correspondent, and have long known that a large number who ought to be subscribers for the Repository, feeling themselves unable to take both, choose one of the other magazines merely for the sake of the fashion-plates. We do not know, however, how to avoid the difficulty. The Repository is a magazine devoted to "religion and literature," is intended to minister to the mind and heart, and not to the adornment of the person. We by no means place a low estimate upon the latter, and especially do we appreciate the necessities of mothers situated as indicated by our correspondent. It is impossible, however, under any circumstances, for us to introduce such a feature into the Repository. For those who "can not take both" we suppose the question must still be left to themselves to choose between a religious and literary magazine, and a magazine devoted to fashion and light literature. Perhaps the necessities indicated by our correspondent could now be met by purchasing an occasional number of Harper's Bazar, which is a "weekly illustrated family journal, devoted to Fashion and Home Literature," which is also accompanied by patterns, and which may be bought for ten cents per number.

A PET LAMB.—We meet with many incidents which manifest a high appreciation of the Repository, and are made acquainted with many methods resorted to by some in order to secure their favorite monthly; but a friend lays before us a brief correspondence which we confess touches us a little more than any of the other incidents. A struggling farmer's wife thus addresses our friend: "Dear brother, I want you to send me the Ladies' Repository for another year, for which I will take up to your farm a nice young ewe, my own pet, and the best I have to give. I am so hungry for something to read! The cold, dark days of Winter are coming on, and I have to be confined in the house; but the winds may howl and whistle around my cot if I have a warm fire, enough to eat, and plenty of food for the mind. I shall be happy as a queen if I have plenty to read." Our friend adds, "I saw Amy yesterday. She is enjoying good health, better than usual. She received the Repository, and says you never did a better thing than to furnish her with such a literary feast once a month. She will send us the sheep as soon as con-

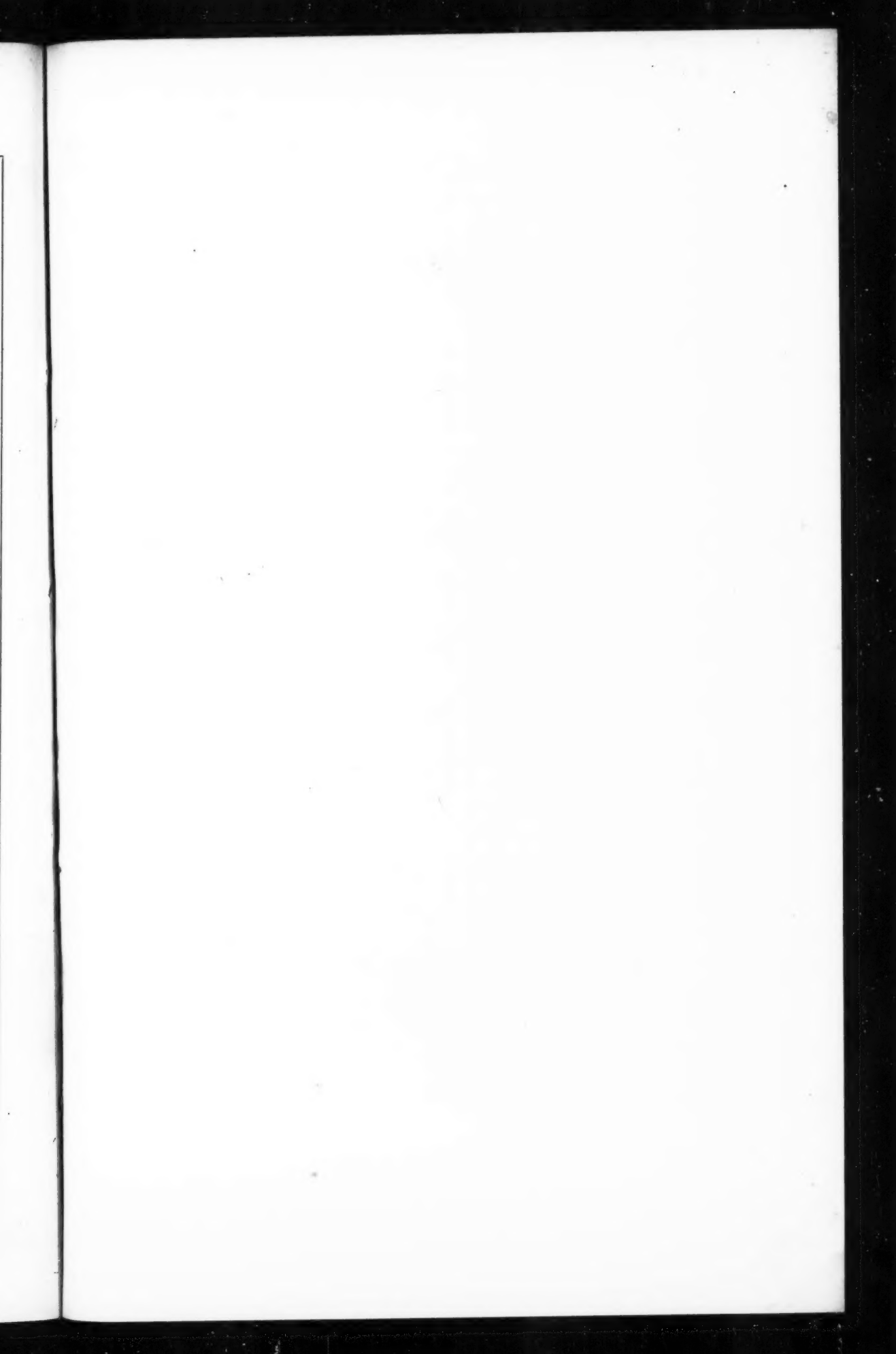
venient;" and our friend further adds that, "if any others wish the Repository, and will do as this lady has done, they shall have it. And if at the end of the year a single one of them prefers the sheep to the twelve numbers of the magazine, I will exchange without charge."

THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE.—The writer of the following we are inclined to believe writes from the heart, and breathes her own experience in her song. We like the feeling better than the poetry, and the sentiments much better than their expression—and for the sake of these give currency to the song:

"Are there no wells in Israel?  
Have all the streams run dry,  
That mine own appointed servants  
Should languish, droop, and die?  
Are the corn and fruit all wasted?  
Is the land in want of bread,  
That the chosen of my people  
Should on the husks be fed?  
Nay, the streams flow milk and honey,  
And the olive yields her oil,  
And the garners burst with plenty,  
Yet for naught my servants toil.  
Hearken to me, O, my people!  
Heed the warning voice from heaven  
While my wrath is kindled little,  
Turn, and ye shall be forgiven.  
Bring your tithes into the store-house,  
Freely mine anointed give;  
Prove me, and the richest blessings  
That are mine ye shall receive.  
Let not Zion droop and languish  
While her watchmen cry in vain,  
Lest the sword be swift in coming,  
And your mighty ones be slain.  
Rise, ye slumberers, wake to duty,  
Servants of the living God,  
Clothe yourselves in holy vestures  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood.  
God is waiting to be gracious,  
While his words of living fire  
Speak to you from earth and heaven,  
'The lab'rer's worthy of his hire.'"

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—Thinking; Kathrina; Damascus; Recollections of Paris; A Foot-Journey through the Tyrol; The Time to Pray; The Spinning-Wheel; A Welcome to Snow; Too Still; A Visit to Berlin and Potsdam.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—English Literature and John Milton; Woman and War—is excellent in style but hardly available to us; Something to Live for—is an excellent sermon, and better adapted to that use than to the Repository; The Perfecting Grace—has excellent thoughts, but its style is not after our kind; The Skeleton in the House; I am the Bright and Morning Star; Tapestry—the author has poetic gifts, but this one is not the best she can do; The Old Log House; Hopeless; A Forest Night Scene; Photograph Readings; I have Fought a Good Fight—the author can write better poetry than this, and, therefore, for her own sake, we decline it; The Songs of Youth, and Come they No More—we have hesitated on these, but think they are not up to our standard, or to the author's ability.





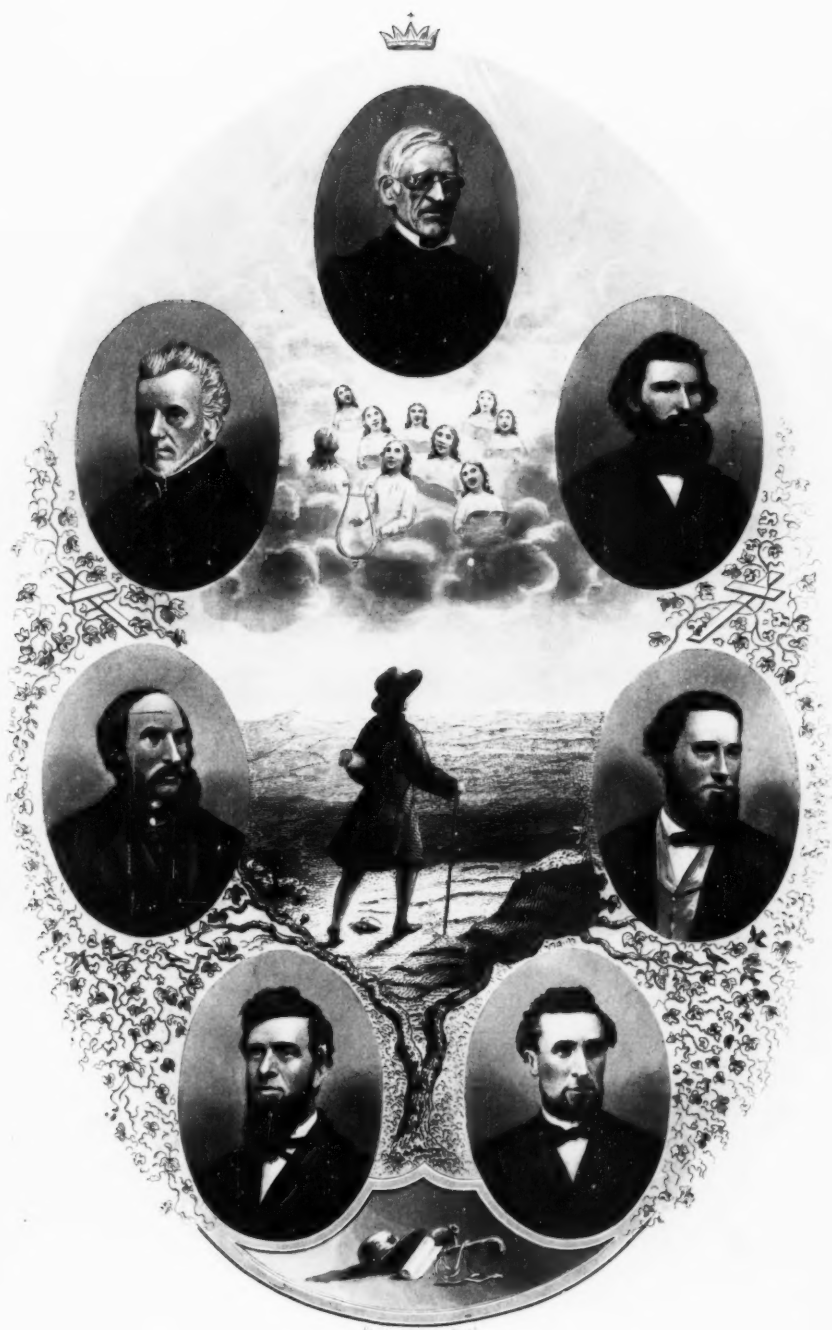
THE GREAT GORGE

THE GREAT GORGE, THE TALLER, THE TALLER









1. Dr. James M. Smith  
2. Dr. John C. Hoot  
3. Dr. John C. Kane

4. Dr. John C. Kane  
5. Dr. John C. Kane

6. Dr. John C. Kane  
7. Dr. John C. Kane

THE LANCET, LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1852.